

Charles Wesley In-Correspondence and Related Items (1776–80)

Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition, Duke Divinity School

Table of Contents

(Update: January 10, 2025)

[1776?] Jan. 22	Ann Chapman to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley	1
1776 Mar. 31	Capt. John James	2
1776 c. Apr. 15	Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley to Marmaduke Gwynne (nephew)	3
1776 May 11	Rev. John Fletcher	4
1776 May 20	Hester Farley to Sarah Wesley Jr.	5–6
1776 c. May 30	unidentified correspondent	7
[1776] June	Daines Barrington	8
1776 June 21	Daines Barrington to Samuel Wesley (son of CW)	9
1776 June 26	Samuel Wesley (son) to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley	10
1776 June 26	Samuel Wesley (son) to Charles Wesley Jr.	10
1776 June 29	Elizabeth (Gwynne) Waller to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley	11
1776 June 30	Sarah Wesley Jr. to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley	12–13
1776 July 07	Charles Wesley Jr. to Sarah Wesley Jr.	14–15
1776 July 08	Thomas Waller to Sarah Wesley Jr.	16–17
1776 July 15	Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley to Sarah Wesley Jr.	18
1776 July 16	Elizabeth (Gwynne) Waller to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley	19
1776 July 17	Thomas Waller to Sarah Wesley Jr.	20–21
1776 July 18	Sarah Wesley Jr. to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley	22
1776 c. July 20	Sarah Wesley Jr. to Dr. Thomas Griffin Tarpley	23–24
1776 July 23	Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley to Sarah Wesley Jr.	25
1776 July 27	Sarah Wesley Jr. to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley	26–27
1776 Aug. 05	Sarah Wesley Jr. to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley	28
1776 Aug. 21	Ann Chapman	29–30
1776 Aug. 22	William Perronet	31
1776 Aug. 31	Rev. Vincent Perronet	32
1776 Sept. 15	Rev. John Fletcher	33
1776 Oct. 30	William Boyce	34
[1777 Jan.]	Gustaf Adam von Nolcken	35
1777 Feb. 07	Dorothy (Furly) Downes	36
[1777] Feb. 16	Henry Hoare	37
[1777] Feb. 24	Daines Barrington	38
[1777] Mar. 11	Lady Anna Maria (Huggins) Gatehouse	39–40
1777 Mar. 13	Lady Sophia Egerton and Daines Barrington	41
1777 Mar. 15	Hester Farley	42–43
1777 c. Apr.	Thomas Griffin Tarpley to Sarah Wesley Jr.	44
1777 May	Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley to the Proprietor of the Swedes Tea	45
1777 June 16	Samuel Wesley (son of CW) to Prudence Box	46
1777 c. Aug.	Samuel Wesley (son of CW) to Prudence Box	47
1777 Oct. 24	Katherine Hutchings [Jr.] to Sarah Wesley Jr.	48–49
1777 Nov. 21	Thomas Waller to Sarah Wesley Jr.	50
1777 Nov. 22	Rev. Vincent Perronet	51–52
1778 Jan. 06	Katherine Hutchings [Jr.] to Sarah Wesley Jr.	53
1778 Jan. 28	Tryphena Bathurst to Samuel Wesley (CW's son)	54
1778 Mar. 06	Dorothy (Furly) Downes	55
1778 Mar. 29	Samuel Farley	56
1778 Apr. 05	Samuel Farley	57–58
1778 Apr. 14–15	Thomas Waller to Sarah Wesley Jr.	59–60

Charles Wesley In-Correspondence and Related Items (1776–80)

Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition, Duke Divinity School

Table of Contents

(Update: January 10, 2025)

1778 Apr. 30f	Thomas Waller to Sarah Wesley Jr.	61–62
1778 c. May 01	John Haime	63
1778 May 17	Rev. John Fletcher (to CW & JW)	64–65
[c. 1778] May 19	Mary (Granville) Delany	66
1778 June 15	Dr. Philip Hayes	67
1778 c. June 30	unidentified correspondent	68
1778 Aug. 08	Joseph Benson	69–70
1778 Aug. 11	Hester Farley to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley	71–72
1778 Aug. 21	Samuel Farley	73–74
1778 Sept. 02	Edward Walpole	75
1778 Sept. 07	Sarah Wesley Jr. to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley	76–77
1778 Sept. 09	Katherine Hutchings [Jr.] to Sarah Wesley Jr.	78
1778 Sept. 09	Garret Colley Wesley	79–80
1778 Sept. 11	Sarah Wesley Jr. to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley	81
1778 Sept. 28	John Langshaw Sr.	82–83
1778 Oct. 29	Katherine Hutchings [Jr.] to Sarah Wesley Jr.	84–85
1778 Nov. 02	Ann Chapman	86
1778 Nov. 03	Edward Walpole	87
1778 Dec.	Rev. John Fletcher	88
1779 Feb. 15	John Langshaw Sr.	89–90
1777 June 14	Katherine Hutchings [Jr.] to Sarah Wesley Jr.	91
[1779 July]	Edward Walpole	92
1779 July	[Mary (Walsh/Ledbetter) Gilbert?]	93
1779 July 22	Joseph Cownley	94–95
1779 c. Aug.	Lady Anna Maria (Huggins) Gatehouse to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley	96
1779 Aug. 26	Rebecca Gwynne to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley	97
1779 Sept. 02	Lady Anna Maria (Huggins) Gatehouse to Sarah Wesley Jr.	98–99
1777 Nov. 07	Lady Anna Maria (Huggins) Gatehouse to Sarah Wesley Jr.	100
1779 Nov. 13	John Francis Valton	101–02
1779 Nov. 15	Sarah Wesley Jr. to Samuel Wesley (her brother)	103
1777 Nov. 28	Lady Anna Maria (Huggins) Gatehouse to Sarah Wesley Jr.	104
1779 Dec. 27	John Francis Valton	105–06
1780 Jan. 20	Ann Chapman	107–08
1780 Jan. 21	Katherine Hutchings [Jr.] to Sarah Wesley Jr.	109
1780 Mar. 13	John Francis Valton	110
1780 Mar. 20	Katherine Hutchings [Jr.] to Sarah Wesley Jr.	111
1780 Mar. 30	William Perronet	112–15
1780 c. Apr.	Sarah Wesley Jr. to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley	116
1780 Apr. 02	Lady Anna Maria (Huggins) Gatehouse to Sarah Wesley Jr.	117–18
1780 Apr. 14	Katherine Hutchings [Jr.] to Sarah Wesley Jr.	119
1780 May	Rev. Martin Madan	120
1780 May 13	Sarah Wesley Jr. to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley	121–22
1780 May 16	“Omicron”	123
1780 May 18–20	Sarah Wesley Jr. to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley	124–25
1780 May 24	Lord Exeter to Charles Wesley Jr. and Samuel Wesley	126
1780 June 02	Martha (Wesley) Hall to Sarah Wesley Jr.	127
1780 June 02	Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley to Sarah Wesley Jr.	128

Charles Wesley In-Correspondence and Related Items (1776–80)

Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition, Duke Divinity School

Table of Contents

(Update: January 10, 2025)

1780 June 08	Rev. John Wesley	129–30
1780 June 11	Garrett Colley Wesley	131
1780 June 13	Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley to Sarah Wesley Jr.	132
1780 June 17	Rev. Dr. John Jones	133–34
1780 June 17	Charles Wesley Jr. to Sarah Wesley Jr.	135
1780 June 20	Martha (Wesley) Hall to Sarah Wesley Jr.	136
1780 June 28	Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley to Sarah Wesley Jr.	137
1780 July 04	Sarah Wesley Jr. to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley	138
1780 July 13	Sarah Wesley Jr. to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley	139–40
1780 July 15	Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley to Sarah Wesley Jr.	141
1780 July 30	Thomas Griffin Tarpley to Sarah Wesley Jr.	142–43
1780 Aug. 03	Thomas Waller to Sarah Wesley Jr.	144–45
1780 Aug. 10	Lady Anna Maria (Huggins) Gatehouse to Sarah Wesley Jr.	146
1780 Aug. 14	John Francis Valton	147
1780 Aug. 14	Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley to Sarah Wesley Jr.	148
1780 Aug. 20 (?)	Sarah Wesley Jr. to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley	149
1780 c. Aug. 24	Sarah Wesley Jr. to Charles Wesley Jr.	150
1780 Sept. 03	Thomas Waller to Sarah Wesley Jr.	151–52
1780 Sept. 08	Sarah Wesley Jr. to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley	153–54
1780 Oct. 12	Henry Durbin	155
1780 Oct. 12	John Francis Valton	156–57
1780 Oct. 14	Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley to Sir Edward Walpole	158
1780 Oct. 21	Rev. Vincent Perronet	159
1780 Oct. 26	Sarah Wesley Jr. to John or James Brown	160–61
1780 c. Nov.	John Pawson	162
1780 Nov. 08	Thomas Carlill	163–64
1780 Nov. 15	Rev. John Wesley to Sarah Wesley Jr.	165
[1780] Nov. 18	Robert Bremner	166
1780 Nov. 20	Katherine Hutchings [Jr.] to Sarah Wesley Jr.	167
1780 Nov. 24	Ann Chapman	168–69
1780 Dec. 01	Edward Walpole	170
[1780 c. Dec.]	Joseph Galloway	171–74

1776

Ann Chapman to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley

Bristol
January 22 [1776?¹]

Dear Madam,

The enclosed has been wrote a fortnight [ago], occasioned by my friend Hetty's² setting out in the snow as far as Bath and returning again; since which Mrs. Mary Stafford has been dangerously ill in a fever. Within this day or two the fever has left her and she begins to gather a little strength. Mrs. Ann [Stafford] looks very poorly through fatigue. They both send their dear love to you, Mr. [Charles] Wesley, and the whole family.

Mrs. [Margaret] James is also very ill.³ The other night she was taken with another paralytic stroke, which has taken away the use of her arm and side. She has also convulsion fits at times. So that her case is quite melancholy and dangerous. Mr. [John] James's asthma is very bad and the family seems confused and distressed.

I wish I could send you a better account. I hope in many respects the next will [be]. Mr. I—d(?) is better, almost recovered. The poor woman is like to get something at last. Your concern was not in vain.

Many friends desire to be remembered to you and Mr. Wesley, amongst which is Miss Owen, who would take it as a great favour if you would call on her sister who is married to Mr. Beardmore,⁴ hosier, in Woodstreet.

I must now beg excuse for this scribble, and conclude. Mrs. [Jane] Jenkins, Miss [Mary] Norman, and very many more join in love with

Your much obliged friend and servant,

Ann Chapman

Address: "To / Mrs. Wesley."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWF 24/2.

¹The letter could not be before 1776 (Beardmore marriage) or after 1780 (Mary Stafford died in Apr. 1780). The wording about Mary (Owen) Beardmore suggests it was written shortly after the wedding.

²Hester Rutter (1730–1810).

³She would die in March; buried Mar. 11. See John James's letter to CW, Mar. 31, 1776.

⁴John Owen (d. 1779), who made his fortune as a shipping agent in Portsmouth, and his wife Hannah (c. 1720–85), retired in 1772 to Publow, Somerset. Hannah and her children ran a boarding school for girls in Publow for several years and were closely connected to the Methodists. The youngest daughter, Mary (1750–1809), wed Joseph Beardmore in London, Jan. 7, 1776. Soon after this Mrs. Hannah Owen and her second daughter, Hannah Francis (1749–1820), moved to Highgate in London. The person making the inquiry was their oldest daughter Elizabeth Owen (c. 1739–1803), who remained in Publow to continue the school for girls. In 1790 she would marry William Pine, JW's printer in Bristol.

From Captain John James¹

Barton [Hill, Bristol]
March 31, 1776

Honoured and Reverend Sir,

I do assure you, it greatly adds to my distress to find my children never wrote an answer to your very kind and affectionate letter.² Being then very much out of order, I begged, and they promised to write for me. But this day I find (on enquiry) they omitted yours, and others—for which I must beg your pardon. They will not repeat the fault again.

Your good hope for me I cannot lay claim to; at least, very faintly at intervals. But [I] do beg your serious and constant prayers, that I may spend an eternity with my dear Jesus. I want no better chance. For it will not admit of a doubt, even such as me, at that awful hour, must have our anxious thoughts. And I dropped a word, to which she twice replied, “I shall pass over very safe.” I hope; but looking inward it is gone. I have been happy here many years, for on this very day, thirty years [ago], I was married to our departed friend.³

We join in love and duty to you and yours. I am, dear sir,
Your much obliged friend and humble servant,

J. James

Address: “To / The Rev’d Mr / Charles Wesley / Foundry / London.”

Postmarks: “Bristol” and “2/AP.”

Endorsement: by CW, “March 31. 1776 / J. James last!”

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/501/90.⁴

¹Capt. James is writing CW on the occasion of the death of his wife Margaret (Jenkins) James, who was buried Mar. 11, 1776 at their parish church of St. Philip and St. Jacob in Bristol. John would be buried alongside her on Nov. 25, 1778.

²CW’s letter of condolence on Margaret’s death is not known to survive. The children mention include at least his two daughters: Margaret Jr. (b. 1751) and Sarah (b. 1753).

³James is adjusting day and year to new style, for their wedding date of Mar. 20, 1745 old style.

⁴For a digital copy and “as-is” transcription, see:
<https://www.library.manchester.ac.uk/services/digitisation-services/projects/rapture-and-reason/>

Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley to Marmaduke Gwynne (nephew)¹

[London]
[c. April 15, 1776]

Dear Duke,

Your kind letter I have just received. You may be sure, I wish you and your partner all happiness. So does Mr. [Charles] Wesley and the children, although we regret with you your not having obtained your father's consent. But he may be reconciled if you behave with discretion and forbear any disrespectful words which may come to his ears. Be upon your guard, I entreat you. I doubt not your doing all in your power to make your companion happy.

For your sake I should be glad if Mr. [Charles] Wesley had any interest with those in power; but he really has none at all. If my brother Gwynne has, I hope he will gladly exert it in your behalf, and not delay applying where he is likely to succeed.

Sally desired I would tell you she was very sorry she could not see you to take her leave before she left Brecon, and that she will be very glad to hear from you at any time. We hope our friends are well, though I have not had a line from your sisters since I wrote to them from Bristol.² Mr. Wesley joins with me and my young folks in proper dues to you and your partner. Believe me to be, dearest Duke,

Your affectionate aunt and servant,

S.W.

Source: copy on verso of letter to SGW; MARC, DDCW 7/80.³

¹Marmaduke Gwynne (1749–86), son of Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley's brother Marmaduke Jr. (1722–82) married Bridget Williams (1755–87) on Apr. 4, 1776 at Felin Newidd, Breconshire.

²Sarah, Jane, and Charlotte Gwynne.

³This is likely a copy for SGW's records. It is written on the verso of an address page of a letter to SGW, postmarked Jan. 3.

From the Rev. John Fletcher

Madeley
May 11, 1776

My Dear Brother,

What are you doing in London? Are you ripening as fast for the grave as I am? How should we lay out every moment for God! I have had for some days a cold, which has hindered me from making an excursion I designed, etc. I thank God I look at our last enemy with great calmness. I hope however the Lord will spare me to publish my end of the controversy, which is a double dissertation upon the doctrines of grace and justice, which I hope will reconcile all the candid Calvinists and Arminians, and will be a means of pointing out the ways in which peace and harmony might be easily restored to the church.¹

I print at Salop a second political pamphlet, which may be of some use to those who regard Scripture more than patriotic whims.² (I have a young clergyman here who helps me.³ If he could stay, I would follow your brother in his northern progress. Our friend Phillips from Wales is here and desires to be remembered to you.⁴ He came to see me for the benefit of change of air.)

I still look for an outpouring of the Spirit inwardly and outwardly. Should I die before that great day, I shall have the consolation to see it like Abraham and [John] the Baptist, and to point it out to those who shall live when God does this. I thank God I enjoy uninterrupted peace in the midst of my trials, which sometimes are not a few. Joy also I possess, but I look for a joy of a superior nature. The Lord bestow it when and how he pleases. I thank God I feel myself in a great degree dead to praise or dispraise. I hope however it is so, because I do not feel that the one lifts me up and that the other dejects me. I want to see a Pentecost-Christian church, and if it is not to be seen at this time on earth, I am willing to go and see that glorious wonder in heaven.

How is it with you? Are you ready to seize the crown in the name of the redeemer reigning in your heart? We run a race towards the grave. John is likely to outrun you, unless you have a swift lift. The Lord grant we may sink deep into the redeemer's grave, and there live and die, and gently glide into our own.

Farewell in Jesus.

Remember me in much love to Mrs. [Sarah] Wesley, my goddaughter [Sarah Jr.], your sons, and Mrs. [Bridget] Carteret and her sister [Anne Cavendish] when you see them.

Address: "The Revd. Mr. C. Wesley / London."

Endorsement: by CW, "Fletcher / May 11. 1776."

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/495/53.⁵

¹I.e., Fletcher, *The Reconciliation; or, An Easy Method to Unite the Professing People of God; ... Containing: Bible Arminianism and Bible Calvinism, A Twofold Essay* (London: Hawes, 1777).

²John Fletcher, *American Patriotism farther confronted with Reason, Scripture, and the Constitution* (Shrewsbury: J. Eddowes, 1776).

³Alexander Benjamin Greaves (c. 1751–1834) was curate at Madeley 1776–79.

⁴Edward Phillips, rector of St. David's church, Maesmynis and CW's former rival for the affections of Sarah Gwynne Jr., would die in Sept. 1776.

⁵A close transcription of this letter, showing Fletcher's original spelling, cross-outs, and the like is available in Forsaith, *Labours*, 336–37. Also a transcription in Fletcher, *Posthumous* (1791), 229–31.

Hester Farley to Sarah Wesley Jr.

Bristol
May 20, 1776

I intended to have wrote to thee, my dear Sally, long before this time, but one thing after another prevented me.

We now anticipate the pleasure of seeing thy dear father [CW], and I say how much we wish the whole family to accompany him. I would undertake to have the house prepared for your reception, rather than lose the opportunity of embracing my beloved friends. Indeed my dear, I long to see you all and shall be thankful when the time is fixed for your return to Bristol—where, be assured, you yet have many friends left whose delight it will be to give you every proof of love in their power. Many to whom you were particularly united in the bonds of tender affection are received into glory. Yet let not those that remain be totally forsaken by you. That would be matter [of] grief to them, but none would more sensibly feel it than myself. For I love you with *that love* which neither time nor place will remove. From that motive, my dear Sally, I am solicitous for thy prosperity in those things which pertain of life and godliness. I was encouraged to hope (by thy letter to Polly Lewis¹) they were not altogether forgotten by thee. Be *careful* not to despise the day of small things, remembering, “He that is faithful in a few things shall be made ruler over more.”² Receive, my dear, the gentle touches of conviction with humility and thankfulness, and obey from the heart *every* discovery of the heavenly Father’s will. Pray unto him for wisdom strength and power to become his devoted follower, and he will communicate his grace unto thy heart and give thee that repentance which need never be repented of—which will prepare thee for the reception of his peace and love.

I suppose thy father has read in the London papers the melancholy accounts from Georgia, the place of my dear brother’s residence.³ His wife and family are happily sheltered under her mother’s roof in the country, [so] that he is not apprehensive of any danger reaching them. May they ever be preserved under the protecting arm of the Preserver of mankind. My brother experiences many anxious hours on their account, yet is sensible of the great kindness of providence in casting his lot among us at this time of general confusion. Where it will end, time only can determine. It certainly must be the prayer of every one that the Author of all our mercies would be graciously pleased to put an end to it.

¹Mary (“Polly”) Lewis (1746–1824) was converted at age 15 and two years later was appointed by JW to lead a class of young women. She would serve over fifty years as a class leader. In 1780 she would marry James Ewer (1754–1815) of Bristol. See her obituary in *WMM* 3 (1824), 647. Mary was the daughter of Thomas Lewis, the steward of the Bristol society, and his wife Susannah (Watts) Lewis.

²Matt. 25:23.

³Samuel Farley (1733–86) was the only son of Felix and Elizabeth (Grace) Farley who survived to adulthood. He assisted his mother in publishing *Farley’s Bristol Journal* after the death of his father through the early 1760s. He then immigrated to Georgia, where about 1769 he married Grace Parker, daughter of Henry (d. c. 1756) and Ann Parker (d. 1787), a prominent Savannah family. Samuel served in the Georgia Commons House in the early 1770s, until growing incursion of forces from the rebel colonial government in the north into Georgia led him (as a Loyalist) to leave for England in June 1775 (leaving his wife and family in Savannah with her mother). When the British regained control of Savannah in 1778, Samuel returned to his family (see his letter to CW, Mar. 29, 1778). With the surrender of Savannah in 1782, Samuel was among Loyalists who sought refuge St. Augustine, Florida (under Spanish control), where he served as a Justice of the Peace. When this arrangement collapsed, Samuel and his family relocated to the Isle of New Providence in the Bahamas, where he died in 1786.

All your family will be glad to hear our worthy friend [Ann] Chapman has safely gone through the operation of having the wen taken off her head.⁴ At her request I was present, and surprised to see how well she bore it, exquisite as the pain was. Praises and thanksgiving are due unto him who so wonderfully supported her and kept her mind in great peace and resignation. She is now as well and rather better than could be expected. This agreeable intelligence is more particularly intended for thy father and mother, to whom she begs her kind love.

Friend Staffords are indifferent well, Mary has a cold.⁵ Captain [John] James's daughters intend leaving Bristol in a month.⁶ The Captain is very poorly.⁷ Peggy I hear is to be married to the gentleman [you were] told of.⁸ My mother is troubled with her old companion, a cough; my brother is well. Each join with your friends in general in love and respect to thy father, mother, and brothers; friend [Elizabeth] Waller and her sister [Rebecca Gwynne].

Permit me now, my dear Sally, to subscribe myself,

Thy very affectionate friend,

Hester Farley

A favour of a friend to London, [then] the penny post will convey to thee.

Address: "S. Wesley Junr. / No. 2. Chesterfield Street / Mary-bone / London."

Postmarks: "27 MA," "28 MA," and "Penny Post W."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 7/61.

⁴A "wen" is a sebaceous cyst.

⁵Sarah Stafford had died in 1770; so the reference is to Mary, Ann, and Susanna.

⁶Margaret James Jr. ('Peggy') and Sarah James.

⁷He would die in 1778.

⁸This marriage apparently did not take place, as Sarah Wesley Jr. refers to Margaret as 'Miss James' in her letter to CW, May 18, 1780.

From an Unidentified Correspondent

[c. May 30, 1776]

The Experiences of Elizabeth Appleton

We bless God for sending our dear sister Betty among us. It has been a great blessing to our souls; and though she is now dead, she yet speaketh. Her conversation, her prayer and praises, her affliction, her lifted eyes and smiling looks are still fresh in our memory, and I trust will never be forgotten by us. The following account is from sister Sarah who was constantly with her to her dying moment.

Thursday, May 9, she found much of the presence of God. She said, “Glory be to God, I never felt such a day as this in my life. I seem to be in another world. I expect great trials for this.” I said, “My dear, that is a temptation from the enemy, who would rob you of your present happiness.” She said, “I always found it so.” Yet she continued praising God, and telling of the great things he had done for her soul.

Her afflictions increased much, yet she bore all with that patience and submission as I never saw any before. She praised God for his fatherly chastisements, and said, “I would not be without this affliction for ten thousand worlds. Lord give me patience that I may hold out to the end.”

One night she desired we would pray with her that the Lord would shine upon her and give her an assurance of his favour. After we had prayed with her she broke out in prayer and praises to God. She seemed as if she could grasp the whole universe. In particular she earnestly prayed for the inhabitants of this wicked town, that there might be a shaking among the dry bones. She bid us say the Lord’s Prayer and heartily joined in it. She said, “Glory be to God, I am better in soul and body.” Her sleep came upon her very suddenly, but she did not receive much refreshment from it. When she awoke she was much tempted that she should loose her senses and earnestly prayed that the Lord would continue to her the use of her reason, which I believe was granted to her even to her dying moment. She often acknowledged with gratitude the kind favours she had received from her friends in London.

Friday, the 17th, her body was laden with affliction and her soul was in great agonies. It seemed as if all the powers of darkness were permitted to try her. But about 5 o’clock on Saturday morning the Lord caused all her enemies to fly at his presence. She said with a loud “Yes, Lord I believe! Glory be to his holy name, he hath spoke to my heart these words ‘Look and see how far the heaven is from the earth, so far hath the Lord removed thy sins from thee!’ Glory be to his holy name for condescending to a worm, a sinner, saved by grace!” She earnestly exhorted us to beware of every thing that would hinder our growing in grace, etc. She said, “You grieve me much when you pray for my recovery.” Her constant prayer was to be made ripe for glory and then to be received where the wicked cease from troubling and her weary soul be forever at rest.

On Sunday morning [May 19] she said, “I believe I shall die this day.” I said, “Then it will be a blessed Sabbath to you.” She, “O yes.” A half an hour before she departed I asked her if she found the Lord present with her? She said, “Yes.” A little after she seemed as if she was going to sleep, and so departed.

Address: “For Mr. Chars. Wesley.”

Endorsement: by CW, “Betty Appleton / happy death 1776.”

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/501/21.¹

¹For a digital copy and “as-is” transcription, see:
<https://www.library.manchester.ac.uk/services/digitisation-services/projects/rapture-and-reason/>

From Daines Barrington¹

King's Bench Walk, No. 5 [London]
June [1776]

Sir,

I think myself much obliged to you for having permitted me to peruse your memoranda with regard to your eldest son.² They cannot but be highly interesting to every lover of music, and show that no cathedral or church can be supplied with so able an organist as they will meet with in the favourite disciple of [Joseph] Kelway. I cannot but think therefore that Mr. Charles Wesley should not decline another offer of the same sort, as it is not only a credible piece of preferment but will not interfere with his teaching such scholars as he may choose to instruct.³

Give me leave also to express my wish that at your leisure you would collect the same sort of anecdotes with regard to that most amazing prodigy, Master Samuel Wesley.⁴

I am, sir,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

Daines Barrington

Endorsement: by CW, "Judge Barrington / to C. W. June 1776."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 1/86.

¹Daines Barrington (1727–1800) was an English lawyer, antiquary and naturalist; who served as a judge of Great Sessions for north Wales from 1757. He took great interest in CW's musical sons, most particularly in Samuel; cf. Barrington, *Miscellanies* (London: J. Nichols, 1781), 289–310.

²See CW, *Journal Letters*, 450–55.

³CW Jr. was offered (and declined) a position as an organist in 1774, which required also taking on students; see CW, *Journal Letters*, 455.

⁴CW obliged; see *ibid.*, 461–67.

Daines Barrington to Samuel Wesley (son of CW)

King's Bench Walk, No. 5 [London]
June 21, 1776

Mr. Barrington desires that Master Wesley will accept of the poor refuse of music which Mr. Barrington was once in possession of. The parcel is really not worth his acceptance, but if a few bars of the music should happen to please Master Wesley, it will make Mr. Barrington very happy.

[on back]

Lord Barrington present his compliments to Mr. Charles Wesley;¹ is much obliged by his kind invitation received while he was in the [... remainder missing].

Address: "To / Master Saml. Wesley / at the / Revd. Mr. Wesley's / Chesterfield Street / Mary-Bone / with a parcel."

Endorsement: by CW, "Judge Barrington / to Sam June 21 1776."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDP_r 1/5.

¹William Wildman Shute Barrington (1717–93), 2nd Viscount Barrington, the older brother of Daines Barrington.

Samuel Wesley (son) to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley¹

Guildford
June 26, 1776

Honoured Mama,

I intended to have wrote yesterday. But as my sister [Sarah] and Miss Russell did,² I thought it did not signify. I am much pleased with Guildford, though not with Mr. Russell's organ. If you please, do tell papa that I intend to begin a fugue tomorrow on the subject he sent with me. I am very much diverted with many things that are in this house, which is very large.

My duty to papa, love to Charles, and accept both yourself from, honoured mama,
Your dutiful son,

Saml Wesley

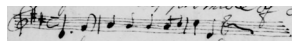
P.S. Mr. S[amuel] Russel has been making such a noise with his tongue that you see what a hand I write.³

Source: holograph; London, British Library, Add 35012 f 2 recto.

To his brother Charles

Dear Charles,

Excuse my not writing yesterday as I intended. But as I know you will, I shall make no more apologies. We conveyed Harley⁴ safe to Mr. Russell's, where he is very much pleased. I performed my promise of singing that of Dr. [Samuel] Arnold's⁵



They had almost done dinner when we came and were very much surprised to see us that day, as they did not expect us till the next.

The customers coming into the shop are not very welcome visitors to people writing letters, as you may see by this nonsense.⁶

I now conclude with remaining
Yours affectionately,

Samuel Wesley

P.S. Prudence [Box] and sister [Sarah] desire their duty to papa, mama, and love to you.

Source: holograph; London, British Library, Add 35012 f 2 verso.

¹Samuel and Sarah Jr. (with their nanny Prudence Box) were spending several weeks at the home of John and Ann (Parvish) Russell, in Guildford.

²One of the three daughters of John and Ann (Parvish) Russell, none of whom married: Ann (1743–1806), Catherine (c. 1750–1803), and Elizabeth (1749–1830).

³Samuel Russell (1744–1824) was a son of John and Ann (Parvish) Russell.

⁴The Wesley family's dog.

⁵Samuel copies the tune reproduced here in his letter.

⁶The shop of John Russell Sr., who was a printer and book-seller.

Elizabeth (Gwynne) Waller to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley¹

[Marylebone²]
Saturday night, June 29 [1776]

I hope this will find my dearest sister, brother [CW], and Charles [Jr.] safe in Bristol. Sister Beck wrote to acquaint you the night before last that Lady Ann [Hamilton] had called and told us that Sally and Sammy were well at Guildford.³ We were displeased at Sally's not writing a line to you.⁴

Yesterday morning sister Beck called on your servant, who gave her two letters that she had but just received; the one we found came from Guildford, the other is a letter for brother Wesley from Bristol. We wait sending them as Lady Ann has promised a frank. As you have heard of their welfare, you cannot be uneasy. If we have a frank in time I will enclose this.

Mr. [James] Waller returned yesterday quite hearty. He joins in love and was sorry you were all gone, but hopes your stay will not be long. We shall be glad to hear from you, and I desire to know how your foot is and whether the ointment Mrs. Catlyn gave was of service. I know it is very good for a bruise. We miss you much. Pray do not stay longer than a month. All here as if named join in duty and love. Believe me to be, dearest sister,

Yours most affectionately,

E. Waller

P.S. I have not been quite free from the headache since the day we dined in Newport Street. Your maid said brother Wesley was not quite well the morning you set out, but hope the journey was of service. Sally has now wrote to Tom.⁵ She and Sammy are well.

Address: "To / Mrs Cs Wesley / New Room / Horse Fair / Bristol."

Postmark: "29/IV."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWF 22/51.

¹CW, SGW, and CW Jr. spent late June through Aug. in Bristol; Sarah Jr. and Samuel were hosted in Guildford by the Russell family during this time.

²The Waller family now lived on High Street, near St. Giles, in Marylebone.

³This letter of Rebecca Gwynne to SGW is not known to survive.

⁴Cf. Sarah Jr. to SGW, June 30, 1776.

⁵This letter of Sarah Jr. to Thomas Waller is not known to survive.

Sarah Wesley Jr. to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley

[Guildford]
Sunday, June 30 [1776]

I was exceedingly surprised when I opened my dear and honoured mama's letter and found you had not received mine, which I wrote *the same evening* I arrived here (after a very pleasant journey), in which Miss [Elizabeth?] Russell had added a few lines desiring Charles's company. How it could of miscarried I am at a loss to imagine.

All this family unite in endeavouring to render Guildford agreeable to us; nor are their endeavours unsuccessful. Sammy does not seem to have a wish beyond his enjoyment. He daily (almost) lets off a cannon before we are down to breakfast, and in the evening crackers, etc.¹ His music, I think, he is not so attentive to as I could wish. If you could hint this to him, without acquainting him I mentioned it, he may perhaps pay some attention to it. He has wrote to papa and told him he played to Lady Gatehouse,² who was very lavish of her encomiums on him and said Mr. [John] Russell had not spoke half enough of his genius. Whoever hears him is astonished, but it is a great favour we can get him to play (thought the company comes here). Nor would he, I believe, if he was not to be rewarded with gunpowder. He has contracted a great intimacy with the man who makes it and is continually desiring him to let some off, for he strictly remembers his promise of not doing it himself.³ I think his appetite (if anything) is better than it was.

I was very glad to hear you had no accident from the swiftness of your stages, and all are as well as when we last parted. I wish I could say I also am, but I have caught such a dreadful cold [that] yesterday they could not hear me speak scarcely, and today my voice is not perfectly articulate. But this shall not prevent my going to a country church (about two miles off) this evening. The churches are served but once a day here. We propose drinking tea at a country house Tuesday or Wednesday. Sammy goes tomorrow to Mr. [Martin] Madan.⁴ He goes with less reluctance, as Mr. William [Russell] goes with him, and Prudence [Box], who follows him wherever he goes. And I am sure it is enough to tire her.

I intend asking Mr. Madan to send me a frank and then I will write longer. I shall next post to papa, with or without one. Tell my dear Charles [Jr.] also I think myself in his debt. Sammy joins me in duty and love to papa and you and Charles. I beg I may have the favour of a speedy answer, as my seeming omission proceeded (from⁵) the carelessness of the postman. I must now, my dear mama, subscribe,

Your affectionate and dutiful

S. Wesley

Love to all friends, especially Misses Stafford⁶ and Mrs. [Elizabeth] and Miss [Hester] Farley, who I hope

¹These were fireworks.

²Lady Anna Maria (Huggins) Gatehouse; see her letter to CW, Mar. 10, 1777.

³The man making the gunpowder was James Higgenbotham (1757–83), who would soon receive his MA from Oxford University. In 1782 he was granted a D.Med in 1782, by which time he had changed his surname to "Price." He resided in Guildford with his father, and was fascinated with experimental chemistry (aka alchemy). He remained a close friend of Samuel Wesley, and on his death (at the age of 26 by suicide) he bequeathed Samuel £1,000 and his house in Guildford. See his last letter to Samuel, shortly before his death, dated July 28, 1783, for more details

⁴Madan had a house in Epsom, about 10 miles away.

⁵A small portion is torn away by the wax seal.

⁶Ann, Mary, and Susanna.

are all well. Prudence sends duty.

Address: “Mrs. Charles Wesley / at the new-room / Bristol.”

Postmark: “1/IY.”

Source: holograph; Pitts Library (Emory), Charles Wesley Family Papers (MSS 159), 1/11.

Charles Wesley Jr. to Sarah Wesley Jr.

Bristol
Sunday, July 7, 1776

You are very good, my dear Sally, to excuse my [not] writing the first letter, which I certainly ought to have done. But since we have been here I have hardly had half an hour at my disposal. We dine out every day. We were yesterday at Mr. Lediard's who desires his compliments to you and love to Sammy.¹ Samuel Hemmings was with us, he is a principal performer at Kingsbury's, Vauxhall, and plays concertos of his own.² Tell Sammy in my next to him I will send him a bill of the Grand Performances.

Tomorrow we go to Dr. [Abraham] Ludlow's. Hannah I have seen. She is grown very much. Tuesday we are to dine with Mrs. Stokes, the second time for many years.³ Mrs. Staffords seemed pleased at your kind remembrance of them. They and Mrs. [Elizabeth] Farley, Miss [Hester] Farley, Mr. [Samuel] Farley, and Miss [Ann] Chapman, and Mrs. or (commonly called) Nancy Shepherd desire their l(ove).⁴ They are all by me and desire I would <name> them one by one. I regret much not be(ing) with you at Guildford, but hope before <...> we shall see you and the agreeable fam(ily) you are with, if you don't go too soon, b(efore) we come. Give my respects and thanks for their kind invitation. It is not my fault I have not yet accepted of it.

Friday we dined with Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, whose business increases daily.⁵ I have only seen Miss [Mary] Jones at the [New] Room. She is going [on] a little journey with Mrs. Philips.

I send this in a frank of Lady Ann [Hamilton]'s. I hope she will send it safe to you. Mrs. Wraxell is still very uneasy about her daughter.⁶ As she will have it, she attends all public diversions—although mama has told her to the contrary. She did not vouchsafe to take any notice of me. Miss Hill in the Old Market (as usual) is not in Bristol.⁷ I did not call there, though papa and mama did. Thursday we dined with Mrs. Hooper in the (Old Market), whose tongue, with a Miss Collins from Wales, ran so fast papa and I were obliged to come soon away.

¹Thomas Lediard (1732–c. 1794) was a “drysalter” in Bristol, who married Ann Fagg (1731–62) in 1758. They were the parents of James Lediard (1759–1833), whom CW mentions in a letter to CW Jr., Aug. 30, 1782. Only Mr. Lediard is mentioned here, because he was again a widower, following the death of his second wife Elizabeth (Webb) Lediard.

²Samuel Hemmings (b. 1757) was the son of Michael and Elinor (Naylor) Hemmings of Bath. He was described as a musician, when he married Jane Brown in Bath in Aug. 1778; his trade in later years was a milliner.

³Mary (Fall) Stokes (c. 1707–87), the widow Joseph Stokes (1706–73) and mother of Mary Stokes (1750–1823), a correspondent with JW.

⁴About an inch on the right margin, near the bottom of the page is torn away, affecting six lines. Ann (“Nancy”) Shepherd appears in a list of a Wednesday evening band in Bristol, along with SGW, around 1765; see MS Spencer, fly leaf.

⁵Nicholas Ellis married Mary Henderson in Bristol in 1766. They ran a “bright smith” or metal working shop on Milk Street, and appear among the married bands in 1770 in the Bristol Society Register.

⁶Anne (Thornhill) Wraxall (1727–1800) was the wife of the Bristol merchant Nathaniel Wraxall; the concern was likely with their older daughter Catherine (b. 1756), rather than the younger Rebekah (b. 1761).

⁷Elizabeth Hill (b. 1746), the daughter of Jeremiah and Mary (Marten) Hill, who lived in the Old Market area of Bristol.

Mr. and Miss James are all gone to Wales.⁸ They went a day or two before we came. Tell Sammy I shall soon write to him. Mr. Burgum met us at Temple Gate, who enquired very civilly after you and Sammy.⁹ I think you are tired of my nonsense by this time. I have wrote in a great hurry, therefore hope you'll excuse it.

I am, my dear Sally,
Yours most affectionately,

C. Wesley Junr.

⟨...¹⁰⟩ after you left us Lady Ann [Hamilton] met Mr. [Martin] Madan ⟨on Ches⟩terfield Street. She was lamenting the loss of her “Selina,” and Mr. Madan the loss of Sammy. She told him you promised her an ode on her birthday. When you write to my aunts be so good as to tell Mr. Chouquet I have not done the music for him, but am now about it.¹¹ Once more, Farewell. Our love to Prudence [Box].

Address: “Miss Wesley / at Mr. Russel’s / Guilford / Surry.”

Postmark: “9/IY.”

Source: holograph; Pitts Library (Emory), Charles Wesley Family Papers (MSS 159), 1/12.

⁸Captain John James and his daughters Margaret and Sarah.

⁹Henry Burgum (1739–89), a pewter in Bristol, currently successful in business, was a patron of the arts and friend of the Wesley family. He was not a favourite of Samuel, however, because of his decision that Samuel was too young to play in a public recital in March 1774. See “An Epistle to Dr. [Abraham] Ludlow,” in *MS Nursery*, 3–5. Burgum’s fortunes later declined, he declared bankruptcy in 1783 and was imprisoned for a time in 1786; see his letters to CW of Jan. 5 and July 21, 1786.

¹⁰The missing portion affects two lines on this side of the leaf.

¹¹Jacques Mathieu (“James”) Chouquet (b. 1741) was a business associate of James Waller.

Thomas Waller to Sarah Wesley Jr.

[Marylebone]
Monday, July 8, 1776

Without a beginning there could be no ending. But when that ending will be I am sure I can't tell, for see where I have begun. This is because you scolded me in your last.¹ But pray why may not my pen spout as well as other folks's [pens]. Why may it not make a scratch as well as a "droll sentence." Thank you for the compliment, though I should have been as well pleased had you said "Love fun." You *know* Tommy loves *humour*. Therefore one would *take him in his own way*. But I shall say as Mr. [Hugh?] Price did to my mother once, "Enough said."

What would one's letter *be* without a *right honourable* in it? Why nothing, a mere nothing. And as I am resolved my letter shall be *something*, must tell you Lady Ann [Hamilton] was here the night before last, full of grief a la mode for the death of dear Sir John her cousin.² Ah Sally so it is. But then thank God there is a Sir Edward alive, for there would have been no doing without him.³ I wish you had been here the other night. I ought to let you know first that Sir Edward was expected here, the intention I suppose to may *our* Lady rummage up their *old black Jaques(?)*. But be that as it may, he is a very well behaved young gentleman. I think you have see him today and will send your impressions to me.

That's true Sally but my thoughts whirl about like a weather-cock. Now let me think. Oh, I have it. Yes. No. And now for a *droll sentence*. Though granted one mercy on me, what am I about? Why, I'll tell you. I am sitting in the, nay our, drawing room, at my mother's favourite table covered with green. There I am a writing. Looking *wondrous* wise (but between you and me with as thick a head as ever was clapped on shoulders; I tell you this by way of secret, for fear you should not have known that before), with a dish of strawberries on one side of me and a plate of cherries on the other. So that when I am more than half stupid I take of the one or the other to quench on my fancy. But believe it is all in vain. Therefore must content myself, as the Jew doctor told me at the ma[s]querade(?), to go in the ward of incurables.

My aunt Beck desires me to tell you that she sent to enquire after your aunt Hall and has the pleasure to let you know she is much better now.⁴ I'll believe you if you say, "Thanks to Tom for his letter, which gave me *much pleasure*."

[turn of sheet] When I come to this side of the paper I always make those strokes you see which hinders the [wax] seal from hurting the writing. I have told you of this often enough, but you don't mind, for your last was so torn that I could not make out many words. I beg you will remember in your next, for I think it very necessary *for people who wish* not to have a *single* letter lost.

Says Lady Ann to me the other day with a careless air, "Have you heard from Sally?" "Oh yes, madam, twice." "I have but once." [I] would not add she never asked to see them. When she was here the night before last she said, "Oh, I have had a letter from Selina."⁵ "And I too," said Mr. [James] Chouquet. "Have you," said Lady Ann, "may one see it?" "To be sure madam," says he. "Indeed it is partly addressed to you." "Oh, I understand you," says she, "it is in answer to that you wrote for me." "The same," says he. They both gave a nod. I wish I had more paper, I would make you laugh with an account. But a burnt child dreads the fire, you know. Indeed, I am sorry for the mess that I made the last time. I

¹Sarah's letter to Thomas is not known to survive.

²Sir John Glynne, 6th Baronet (1713–77), died on July 1.

³Edward Clive, later 1st Earl of Powis (1754–1839), had been elected as Member of Parliament for Ludlow in 1774. This explains his connection to the Gwynne family.

⁴Rebecca Gwynne and Martha (Wesley) Hall.

⁵Her nickname for Sarah Jr.

was told you would not pay anything for your letter as you were at the post office.

I must mention aunt Beck again. She says she is much obliged to you for your letter,⁶ but thinks you have too many correspondents that you would hardly have time to read hers. This is what I am told to say.

And now Sally I am come to my last scrap of paper and on it have a *real favour* to beg. I shall look on it as a *favour*, and *favours* you must know are things that I *never* ask but from people whom I have a *friendship* for, so think you will not deny me. The 12th of this month is my sister [Rebecca]'s birthday. A few lines of that occasion will be conferring an obligation on,

Your unalterable cousin,

T. Waller

N.B. She knows nothing of this, believe me. Love to Sammy, not forgetting now.

Address: "Miss Wesley / Mr Russel's / Guilford / Surry."

Postmark: "8/IY."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWF 22/52.

⁶Neither this letter nor those mentioned in the prior paragraph are known to survive.

Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley to Sarah Wesley Jr.

[Bristol]
Monday, July 15 [1776]

My dearest Sally's letter I have just received, and am very uneasy to find you have met with such a fall.¹ Though I am thankful it pleased God to preserve you from greater hurt, and I hope the pain [in] your neck is owing only to the bruise, and not to any bone being broke. Your papa and brother are equally anxious about you. Though I don't doubt but the kind [Russell] family you are with have got the best advice to relieve you, I wish you would not wear such heels to your shoes, which makes you more liable to fall. Let me hear again soon how you are.

I am glad to find little Sam continues well and makes himself to agreeable to his good god-father.² Your papa had given leave for him to be a night at Epsom, if desired, and I suppose you will go also (as you are invited). If you return to London next week, it will be sooner than we can easily leave Bristol. I commend your caution of not staying too long with your obliging friends, but perhaps they won't let you return then. However, we shall leave it to your discretion.

Your valuable god-father met us today at dinner.³ [He] sends his love and blessing to you, and (hearing you have a poetical genius) desires you would send him a hymn, from the feelings of your heart. I fear he is not long for this world; he is in a consumption by appearance. But if the prayers of many will avail, I hope his useful life will yet be spared.

We intend going to Wick tomorrow, and I doubted whether my return would be soon enough to write in the evening, which makes me answer yours directly—though Charles has sent a letter to his brother lately.⁴

Your father unites with me in love and blessing to you; and your brother Charles sends his love, in which Misses Staffords, Mrs. [Elizabeth] Farley's family, Miss Hagley, etc. join. Pray give our best respects to Mr. Russells and Miss Russells.⁵ I hope Sammy does not over-fatigue himself. Remember us all to Prudence [Box], whose care we don't doubt of. I have been at Mrs. Stockwell's about her mother's things. I wish they had been sold sooner, as a quarter's rent is required.

May every blessing attend you; must break off in great haste, and I am my dearest Sally's
Ever affectionate mother,

Sa. Wesley

Address: "Miss Wesley, / at Mr. Russell's in / Guildford / Surry."

Postmarks: "Bristol" and "17/IY."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 1/51.

¹This letter from Sarah Jr. is not known to survive.

²Martin Madan, who had a home in Epsom.

³Rev. John Fletcher.

⁴This letter is not known to survive.

⁵John Russell Sr. (now a widower); his sons Samuel, Thomas, and William; and daughters Ann, Catherine, and Elizabeth.

Elizabeth (Gwynne) Waller to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley

[Marylebone]
July 16 [1776]

I should long ere this have answered my dearest sister's kind letter but waited for more letters to enclose in the frank, and have now but one.¹ I know you will readily excuse sister Beck² when I tell you she is gone with Lady Ann [Hamilton] and Becky³ to Mr. [Samuel] Wathen's. The latter has long had a complaint under the nails of her great toes. It looked to me as a bruise. As soon as I knew of it I applied the green oil, and a poultice of bread and milk with the oil at night. This she tried but twice and the oil was not used as often as I could wish, as all my little doctoring was rejected. Lady Ann [Hamilton], who would have been very clever had she be taught surgery when young, examined Becky's feet and prevailed with her to show them to Mr. Wathen. So that I hope she will soon get them well.

My son [Thomas] has lately heard from your daughter [Sarah] and son [Samuel] at Guildford, both well and happy. If they should return to town before you and my brother [CW], we will take all the care we can. I need not say more to convince you, I hope. Prudence [Box] has been pretty well, as they say nothing to the contrary.

I met Mr. Wyatt a few days ago, who asked kindly after each and hoped you would not make a very long stay in Bristol. I read the part of your letter relative to Mr. [James] Chouquet, and he and Mr. [James] Waller approved of it and beg you will bring some of the salve up for a trial. Sister Beck, I believe, will be the first patient in town. She roars sadly at times with her corn, so I desire you will hasten back on her account. I am afraid I shall be one of the incurables. Sister Beck will take care that your servant shall not want. Puss and all the dumb animals are well, I believe. There is an increase in the rabbits, but the maid dare not go to look too close or the doe would eat them.

My son, who is the only one of our family [here] at present desires his duty to you and my brother. Our love and best wishes to dear Charles [Jr.] and all enquiring friends. I am, dearest sister,

Yours most affectionately,

E. Waller

Address: "To / Mrs Wesley / at Charles Street / Bristol."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWF 22/53.

¹SGW's letter to Elizabeth is not known to survive.

²Rebecca Gwynne.

³Rebecca Waller.

Thomas Waller to Sarah Wesley Jr.

Marylebone
Wednesday, July 17, 1776

If I am asked a question it is my place, you know, to answer it. I will.¹ You say had I not a whole sheet of paper in the house when I wrote to you last? Why as to a sheet of paper, I suppose I might have got such a thing if I had wanted it. Wanted it did I say? Fool if I had, for it would have made my *want* appear. No Sally, you must not expect anything more from me than an answer. How can you think of such a thing? It is very cruel. You never consider your correspondents are wide, consequently their abilities different. Cannot you make a differentiation between those who can scratch up a letter in a minute and those who are puzzling their brains a *whole* morning over a *poor half sheet of paper*? Make this distinction, I say, and for the future take the *will* for the *deed*. And now, to use your own expression, “enough is said.”

If I was not to tell you the reason, *I suppose* you would in your next say you took it unkind I had not wrote before. I will tell you then. I have been very ill with a kind of a fever and cold. Nay, I believe it would have been a downright fever, had I not had timely assistance from Mr. Shirley,² who has made me pretty well I thank ye. Now had it not been for this reason, I *certainly should* have wrote before, as you seemed to express a desire to hear from me. I should have been glad to have had it in my power to have done *my* thing *you* asked, if it was but to make you laugh. Indeed Sally there is a pleasure in obliging, *even* in trifles; at least I find it so.

Lady Ann [Hamilton] was here last night. She comes here often to give us airings in her carriage Thursdays. But she was here last night, I say, and gave me a message to give *you*; which, if I can remember, [I] will give it [to] you *verbatim* (a bit of Latin for you; though [I] don't know whether I have spelled it right.³ Excuse it, Miss). Her Ladyship commented at supper last night, “Oh, pray have you wrote to Sally yet?” “No madam,” says I, “but think I shall tomorrow.” “Well if you do, will you be so good, my dear, as to tell her that I certainly should have wrote to her long ago but that really my eyes are so weak that upon my word I can hardly see *at all*.” (Does not “at all” in writing appear as if it was looking *two ways for Sunday*). “Very well madam,” says I. “Yes, and tell her,” says she, “that I am out from morning to night, and from night to morning.” Here her Ladyship pulled her ear a little, and this Sally I think was all.

Pray do you know that some of your poetry is published? If you don't, I assure you it is, and has been seen by a number. Miss Bratheton told me she had seen it, and knew it to be *yours*. I think I should have liked to have done it *myself*, if they were to have been published. Tell Sammy I should have said he was *very good* for writing, was it not a *repetition* of his *own words*. But however I am much obliged to *him* for *his*. Tell him also that I have the pleasure to inform him that his Lady from Angola [i.e. an Angolan rabbit doe] has lain in and is as well as can be expected. [I] believe she has brought two or three young gentlemen or ladies, but do not choose to look, for fear the *tender mama* should make a meal of them. All the rest of his family are in perfect health. You must also let him know that Mr. [James] Chouquet expects he will go on with the songs, as Charles is only to write an overture.

I have wrote so close and small in this letter that I really think I must make an end, and for a good reason, because I have nothing more to say. Yes, but I have. Pray how is Miss Russell's *rump*, poor soul. But to lay joking aside, how is your bruises? I really think, Sally, you had a near escape, though suppose you are better or Sammy would have said so. Tell me in yours, and that soon.

¹Sarah Jr.'s letter, to which Thomas is replying, is not known to survive.

²Mr. Shirley provided medical care; see Rebecca Gwynne to SGW, Nov. 4–6, 1770.

³He spelled it “*verbatim*.”

My uncle [Charles] Wesley wrote to my father and begged that when Sam come to town that he would ensure our house—for that there was *great fear* but that it would be blown up with his fireworks. I am glad to find you are coming so soon to town. You would have laughed to have seen Lady Ann the other day in her coach a-reading your last letter to me (the only one she has seen). She clapped on the “dame’s barnacles” to read it. But when she came to the part where you say “your intended description of Lady Ann and Mr. Chouquet,”⁴ “Say what?” says she, “How? What description?” Her whole face was agitated. I smiled and said, “Oh madam, it was only you know when you and Mr. Chouquet compared letters.” “Oh,” says she, with her mouth a little open and her eyebrows drawn up. “I assure you I did not show you half Sally’s letter. If I had, she would have been very angry.” At this word she gave me back my letter. “Did you not?” says I. “No,” says she. She spit out of the window, then drew herself up. I am sure Sally I finish my narrative *now*, don’t I.

We are all to dine tomorrow at Dick Baldwyn’s, where I suppose Miss will be.⁵ I really think I have now quite exhausted my whole stock of news. Except I tell you such as that we have got a most intolerable stink in the house, which almost poisons us to death. It puts my mother quite in the stickle, and my aunt [Rebecca]. Oh bless me, I had like to have forgot to tell you that she is very poorly with the cholic, but hope she will be better soon. She got it, I believe, by eating beans a lady cut yesterday. Be that as it may, Sally, I am

Your,

T. Waller

P.S. We all join in love to you, Sammy, and not forgetting Prudence [Box].

As there was a little dog and his name was Ball,
I asked him for a bit and he gave me all;
What a good dog he was.

Pray write very *soon*.

Address: “Miss Wesley / Mr Russel’s / Guildford / Surry.”

Postmark: “17/IY.”

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWF 22/54.

⁴Sarah Jr. referring to a portion of Thomas Waller’s letter to her of July 8.

⁵Richard Baldwyn (b. 1748), the son of Edward and Mary (Gwynne) Baldwyn, had moved to London after the death of his parents; Miss would be his still unmarried sister Mary Baldwyn Jr.

Sarah Wesley Jr to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley¹

[Guildford]
Thursday, July 18 [1776]

I have the pleasure to inform my dear mama my neck feels no remains of my fall, except a scar which is not near so great as it was. I have got a few visible bruises on my hands, but they are not painful. The shoes I had on when I fell were quite low flat heels, so it could not be owing them.

Yesterday Sir Fletcher Norton's son and daughter came to hear Sammy and were very much delighted.² Another gentleman was also here who seemed to be a judge of music (he is acquainted with Dr. [John] Worgan). He gave Sammy a subject and appeared absolutely stupid with amaze[ment] to hear how he pursued it. Nor was his surprise lessened when he saw him, the moment he came from the harpsichord, go and play at cricket with some other boys. He has got acquainted with the whole town. I think of going sometime next week to Mary[le]bone. The assizes will be the 7th of August and the servants must have a week before to settle the house. Indeed it is in consideration to them I should choose to go so soon, as the whole family is very obliging and desirous of our stay, which has been made very agreeable!

The sessions are held this week and the shop is continually filled with counsellors and right honourables. One of them was so kind as to give me a frank, in which I send this.

We have had a young Oxford scholar here for a few days. He came on a visit to Mr. Russell and *we were soon acquainted*. He was a poet, and no wonder we were not long *strangers* to each other.

I heard from Tommy [Waller] this morning, they were all well. I hope Misses Stafford, Mrs. [Elizabeth] Farley and Betsy [Farley] are assured I should have liked to have accompanied you to Bristol. My most affectionate respects attend them all. Sammy (with me) sends his duty to papa and you. Charles he has wrote to,³ and sent him a bill of his fireworks which Mr. [John] Russell printed for him and which he scattered over the town, so we had a good assembly at the exhibition, which was very well conducted.

I must now bid my dear mama adieu, remaining
Her dutiful and affectionate daughter,

S. Wesley

P.S. Prudence [Box] is surprised Mrs. Stockwell can acquire a second rent, as she begged leave to have the use of the furniture for *that time* and let out the room. She has had it now more than a quarter and lies under an obligation to Prudence, who (with her duty) desires the favour of you to let a set of brass weights and tea-chest (her late mother's) be conveyed to London when any parcels from the [New] Room are [sent].

Address: "Mrs Wesley."

Source: holograph; Pitts Library (Emory), Charles Wesley Family Papers (MSS 159), 1/13.

¹Replying to her mother's letter of July 15.

²Fletcher Norton, 1st Baron Grantley (1716–89) and his wife Grace (Chapple) Norton (1711–1803) had five sons and two daughters,

³This letter is not known to survive.

Sarah Wesley Jr. to Dr. Thomas Griffin Tarpley¹

[Guildford]
[c. July 20, 1776²]

My Dear Friend,

I cannot help convincing you of one (and I believe I may say the only one) failure in your accustomed penetration, by sending a portrait of your little favoured friend drawn by another hand—it has not the merit as a *picture* that yours has. But it surely has the likeness of the original.

Her height is low – but what of that?
Swift could not boast of height;
Dryden they say was wond'rous fat
And Pope was scarcely strait.³

The many men (the wise aver)
Do many minds display;
Some do black eyes – some blue prefer
And some perhaps like grey.

Her eyes (with deference I speak)
Expression seldom lack
And when a bloom adorns her cheek
They soften more than black.

Her shape – tho' at the top 'tis square,
Come down with wond'rous haste,
And with a fashionable air
It forms a slender waist.

... More anon.⁴

When reading your last favour⁵ I could not help making a remark where you say you “have paid

¹Thomas Griffin Tarpley (b. 1748) was born in Richmond, Virginia. His family held an estate on the Rappahannock River. As a younger son, Thomas chose to pursue medicine, studying at the University of Edinburgh, 1770–73. While there he met and married (in Mar. 1773) Catherine MacKenzie (1748–83), a daughter of Kenneth Mackenzie (Lord Fortrose) and Mary (Stewart) MacKenzie. Tarpley may have returned to Virginia briefly, but the emerging colonial rebellion led to his return to England, where he set up practice in London, Hanover Square. Tarpley unsuccessfully tried to claim proceeds from his estate, leaving his family (with four children by 1778) in need. He served as a medic for the Royal Army in 1779, then he settled his family on the Isle of Jersey. Tarpley became a particular confidant of Sarah Wesley Jr.

²The date is based on Sarah Jr.'s annotation and her visit with the Russell family in Guildford, from which she arrived back in London on July 26, 1776.

³Jonathan Swift, John Dryden, and Alexander Pope.

⁴The verse is by Sarah Jr. herself.

⁵This letter is not known to survive.

few sacrifices to the graces.”⁶ Genius has no sacrifice or debts to pay. It is exempt from them. But it may bring a *present*, which by being unasked, unrequired, becomes an obligation which the graces must repay by their smiles. Need I add [that] their smiles of gratitude are conspicuous in you?

I think myself so much indebted to you for your kind compliance with my request for speedy answer that I can apply no term which will convey the grateful sense I have of it. Read it my dear friend in the mute eloquence of silence.

There is in this town a lady whose musical abilities (like the needle to the magnet) attract those of my brothers. Last Sunday evening we had an oratorio, which much engrossed the performers (who consisted of Charles, this lady, and me) and the hearers, that we did not break up till 11:00.

Perhaps you may have heard of her in the musical world—one Lady Gatehouse.⁷ We are invited to her house this evening. O that Park Street was within the reach of an invitation!

You will perceive by this our stay is prolonged. Friday will see us once more united in the metropolis. Cannot you continue to call in the evening?

Endorsement: by Sarah Jr., “This was a letter written to Dr. Tarpley – age, about 16.

Source: holograph; Pitts Library (Emory), Charles Wesley Family Papers (MSS 159), 1/10.

⁶Three sister goddesses in Greek: Aglaia, Euphrosyne, and Thalia, givers of charm and beauty.

⁷Lady Anna Maria (Huggins) Gatehouse; see her letter to CW, Mar. 10, 1777.

Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley to Sarah Wesley Jr.¹

[Bristol]
Tuesday, July 23 [1776]

I rejoiced to find by my dearest Sally's letter (which came to hand on Sunday) that the effects of her dangerous fall was no worse—for which we cannot be thankful enough to our great Deliverer. I suppose this will find you and your brother [Samuel] returned to London, where I hope we shall find you *well*, though it will seem rather dull after the agreeable family and place you have been in, especially as your father does not intend leaving Bristol till a fortnight hence. But you have a good house and friends to go to in your aunt [Elizabeth] and uncle [James] Waller.

Charles was very ill for two days last week through a surfeit of fruit and cream, but it happily went off after taking rhubarb. I believe it was partly occasioned by drinking beer which was a little sharp where we dined.

I shall be very glad to find that Sammy's visit has been of any service to Mr. William Russell's profession.² And that he has given such universal satisfaction is an agreeable intelligence. When he is in London I hope he won't get acquainted with any boys in our neighbourhood. You or Prudence [Box] will always go with him when he goes out. And I should wish him to have his dinner at the hour you are used to in the country, lest he should not be so well. Especially as he won't now change the air for the better, regularity is more necessary.

I hope Prudence has had her health in the country. Tell her I have got her mother's box and a little table in my kitchen. All the things that were sold would yield but 23 shillings, 11 of which I have paid for her and must pay mantua makers from Kingswood. The bedstead was so full of bugs the broker would not buy it, so I left that for [Mrs.] Stockwell, who says they would readily part with it; else I suppose they will burn it. They have never let the room since her mother died, nor don't intend it, by all accounts. They were very kind to her and saved some expense in letting her be buried in their ground. I have seen no books. Her bible is with Mrs. Staffords.³ Her gown I will endeavour to send up. You will make up Prudence's receipt and get sister Beck or brother Waller [to] pay her.⁴

Your brother [Charles Jr.] and all of us are going out to dinner, so I can only add that your papa unites with me sending our blessing and love to you and dear Sammy, and Charles gives his kind love to you both, in which we all unite to our friends at Mary[le]bone. And I am,

My dearest Sally's ever affectionate mother,

Sa. Wesley

Remember us to Prudence and the maid. Mrs. Staffords family, Mrs. [Elizabeth] Farley's, etc. unite in kind remembrance to you and Sammy.

Also Miss Hagley sends best respects to Lady Ann [Hamilton], Mrs. Catlyn, [and] Miss Heath.

Address: "Miss Wesley."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWF 21/2.

¹Replying to Sarah Jr.'s letter of July 18.

²William Russell was a musician and teacher.

³The three remaining Stafford sisters.

⁴Rebecca Gwynne or James Waller.

Sarah Wesley Jr. to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley

[Marylebone]
Saturday, July 27, 1776

My Dear Mama,

Tuesday morning we left Guildford, after having spent the month very agreeable there. Mr. Russell and his lady came there on the Monday,¹ so we had the pleasure of seeing them before we went. They, and indeed all the family, seemed very much to regret the assizes coming so soon, as to prevent its being convenient for all of us continuing there. We received every civility during our stay and they expressed great concern at parting with us.

We came that morning to Epsom and were received in a very *friendly* manner by Mr. [Martin] Madan and his daughters,² and a *civil* one from Mrs. Madan,³ which was rather *more* than I expected. Again did Sammy exhibit to the great wonder and delight of all his hearers, which were not a few. Mr. Madan and his son [Martin Jr.] were equally assiduous to entertain him with fireworks and *trap ball*. Mr. Madan would not permit us to go till the Thursday, notwithstanding I had wrote to tell my aunts I should be with them Wednesday. They were very civil to Prudence [Box], to Sammy's (as well as my) great satisfaction. We left Epsom early Thursday morning. Mrs. Madan, as I said before, was civil. But I fear they all thought the kindness they showed us a greater favour than *I did*.

We came safely to London by dinnertime, and were received with great affection by my aunts and cousins.⁴ I called that day on Mrs. [Mary Ann] Arnold, who insisted on my dining with her the *next*, which I did. And my aunts drank tea there in the evening and stayed (at her desire) at the gardens. The Dr. [Samuel] and Mrs. Arnold send their love. The latter insists on my not spending *one day* at home She would have me call her house so, and seems as fond of me as Lady Ann [Hamilton], though in a different way, being not so *extravagant in her praises* as she is *friendly in her advice*. I take the notice she now favours me with the more kind, as you all are from me.

I saw Lady Ann the night I came to town, who pressed me very much to spend a day with her; nay, *insisted* on it. My aunts had no objection, and I imagined you would not, therefore I promised her. She showed me papa's letter to her, and read it *with tears*.⁵ She bid me tell him so, with her love and that of the rest of the family.

This morning Sammy has had a letter from Mr. Madan in which he says he shall call on him next Thursday to take him to play to some gentleman out of town a few miles. He is to bring him back with him to dine at his house at Knightsbridge. I should be glad if you will let me know whether you choose it or no by the return of the post.

Everyone says Sammy looks *much* better. Prudence begs to know if she is to dine every day at my aunts. I should think it would be better, as Sammy is here and they (I am sure) would choose it. We have boarded here since our arrival. When we go home of a night it is very dull without any of you. I beg, my dear mama, you will return as soon as you can. It will give us all pleasure, and none more than

Your dutiful affectionate daughter,

S. W.

¹John Russell Jr. and his wife Hannah (Fadden) Russell, who lived in Westminster.

²Martin and Jane (Hale) Madan had three daughters: Ann Judith (1753–1830), Maria (1755–1829), and Sarah (1761–1861)

³Martin's mother, Judith (Cowper) Madan (1702–81), who aligned strongly with the Calvinist wing of the revival.

⁴I.e., Rebecca Gwynne and the Waller family.

⁵This letter is not known to survive.

I am, as you may see, in haste, and I hope you will excuse it. Hope Charles is quite well. I shall write to papa and him very soon. I should have wrote before; had waited till I came to London, and had not till now a moment space. Adieu my dear mama, once more. Pray let our meeting be speedy. Love to all friends, Mrs. Staffords, [Elizabeth] Farley, etc. My brother [Samuel] sends his duty (with me) to papa and you, and love to Charles. My aunts send their love. Nanny has been very careful of the house. Prudence fears you forgot her *certificate*, as you did not mention it. I have wrote to Mr. [John] Russell and his daughter to thank them for their civilities.

I have had a *very bad* blood-shot eye, occasioned by eating pig at Guildford which disagreed with me, and in straining made both eyes *terrible* to behold. They were bad some days. One is quite well now, the other almost.

Address: "Mrs C Wesley / at the new Room / Bristol."

Postmark: "27/IY."

Source: holograph; Pitts Library (Emory), Charles Wesley Family Papers (MSS 159), 1/14.

Sarah Wesley Jr. to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley

[London]
[August 5, 1776]

My Dear and Honoured Mama,

I am commissioned by aunt Beck to inform you she has taken care that the quilts and beds are washed and aired, the chimneys cleaned, and all things ready for your reception, and my uncle [James] Waller prepared to advance the money papa will have occasion for. Meanwhile what Nanny will require, my aunt Beck has and will supply her with. My aunt began this morning to answer yours, but the heat of the weather and a most wretched pen obliged her to desist and employ me.

Yesterday I dined at Lady Ann [Hamilton]'s and met there Mr. [William] Bromfield. Sammy went to Mr. Ashlin's with Prudence [Box]. Wednesday Mrs. [Millbery] Foottit has engaged us to dinner. She send her kindest love.

My cousin Jack Price supped here once since our return.¹ All the family at Hereford are well.

I have received a letter from Miss Russell, who (with the rest of the family) desires her respects and thanks to you for our company at Guildford. Sammy was not fatigued by his journey with Mr. [Martin] Madan to Walthamstow, who says he is a great favourite at Epsom, especially of Miss Maria [Madan]'s, who took as much care of his not being tired with playing as you could have done. This evening I drink tea at Mrs. [Mary Ann] Arnold's who begs her affectionate respects; as does Lady Ann, who is very importunate for my coming for a night. For an answer I refer to you and papa, who I am much obliged to for his letter and shall answer it very soon.²

Sammy joins me in proper remembrances to our friends at Bristol, and duty and love to papa, you my dear mama, and Charles—who I expect to have a letter from him before he returns. The same cause which prevented my aunt Beck's writing must now put a stop to mine—viz., heat and a bad pen. All the family in High Street add their love and respects as due. I will now beg leave to conclude with subscribing,

My dear and honoured mama's affectionate obedient daughter,

S. Wesley

P. S. Aunt Beck bids me say Sammy has been very orderly. Great care is taken he should not overheat himself.

Address: "Mrs C Wesley / ~~at the new Room / Bristol,~~" changed to "at the Foundery / London," and marked "returned from Bristol."

Postmarks: "Bristol" and "5/AV."

Source: holograph; Pitts Library (Emory), Charles Wesley Family Papers (MSS 159), 1/57.

¹John Price (b. 1756), the son of Hugh and Joan (Gwynne) Price; they now resided in Hereford.

²CW's letter to Sarah is not known to survive.

From Ann Chapman

Bristol
August 21, 1776

Dear and Honoured Sir,

We were glad to hear by Mrs. [Elizabeth] and Miss [Hester] Farley of your pleasant journey and good health, but much more with the favour of yours from London.¹ It is no small satisfaction to us that we have had your company, though for a short season.² We wished for your continuance with us, and have some cause to fear since you left us it will be a dreary winter to the Bristol society. It is suspected that Mr. [John] Helton, who was to be the assistant here, will not come—as Mr. [Hugh] Saunderson is stationed here. And Mr. Floyd, I find, does not generally please as a preacher.³ So the people are mourning and complaining the the best are taken away and we are likely to be left in the lurch.

In their way from Conference we have had for a few nights a lively searching preacher. His name is Taylor, a north-country man, and it is generally wished we could keep him, as he seems suited to awaken and keep awake our naturally supine spirit.⁴ At present we are roused with his powerful preaching. But fears arise that, for want of abiding help, we shall sink again. Dear sir, if you can put in a word for us to your brother [JW], *do*. People here are discouraged and say it is of no use for them to speak. I believe they think of Mr. [John] Wesley as so do of our king, that he will not hearken to any remonstrance. It is a very painful thought, and what I earnestly pray may not prove true.

I was yesterday to see Miss Burdock. She is very low indeed, and writes bitter things against herself. [She is] very thankful to hear of you, and desires to be remembered to and by you. Mrs. [Mary] James is near the same. Mrs. Staffords are pretty well now; Mrs. Ann [Stafford] has had the headache much. They desire their dear love and all that is kind to you, Mrs. Wesley, and family. Mr. Marsh is not quite recovered, but is able to attend preaching. Him and his wife also thank you for your kind remembrance of them.⁵ Miss Marsh is very ill, in a slow fever. Doctor [Abraham] Ludlow attends her. Mrs. Maurice is better.

Mr. Salmon seldom comes to the [New] Room.⁶ I must go see about them, but I assure you it is a great cross for one to visit fine folk. I have been very much engaged lately and could not possibly. Therefore, dear sir, I beg you will excuse my seeming neglect of your injunction.

Mr. [John] Fletcher is gone back to Madeley, as we fear to die there, being little or none the better for the Bristol waters. He has particularly requested Mrs. Johnsons to come to see him,⁷ and I believe Mr. [James] Ireland has prevailed upon them to think of going. They are gone out of town, I believe, and perhaps may see him before they return. I know you cannot wish him better nurses. But oh what a loss should we sustain, should he be taken from us! Surely we shall have cause to mourn! I hope, dear sir, you have still power to pray for his life. Your prayers, I have reason to believe, are often prevalent for the

¹This letter is not known to survive.

²CW, SGW, and CW Jr had returned to London about Aug. 10, after over a month in Bristol.

³Orig., “Lloyd”; but surely referring to John Floyd, an itinerant who had settled in retirement in Bristol (see JW, *Works*, 10:441).

⁴Thomas Taylor (1738–1816), a native of Yorkshire, met JW in 1761 and soon accepted his invitation to become a travelling preacher. He was stationed by the Aug. 1776 Conference at Haworth. See *DEB*, 1087–88; Jackson, *EMP*, 5:1–107; and Vickers, *Dictionary*, 346.

⁵The Bristol Society Register of 1770 includes a Thomas Marsh and his wife Ann.

⁶This may be Thomas Salmon, a currier; it is likely his wife Patience (How) Salmon, married in 1764, who appears in the Bristol Society Register in 1770 as Patty Salmon, a nurse.

⁷I.e., the sisters Elizabeth and Mary Johnson, of Bristol.

sick, and his life I need not tell you how dear and precious. We may ask for his glory, who worketh so powerfully by his servant the good pleasure of his will in the salvation of souls.

I am straitened for time. Mr. Barker is just going. [I] can only say that our friends are⁸ near the same as you left them. Mrs. [Elizabeth] and Miss [Hester] Farley send their love to all. Please to join me with them, to Mrs. [Sarah] and Masters and Miss Wesley, and believe me to be, dearest sir,

Your most affectionate, though unworthy, servant,

Ann Chapman

A line when you've leisure will be always welcome and esteemed a great favour.

Address: "To / The Revnd. Mr C. Wesley / London."

Postmarks: "Bristol" and "23/AV."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDCW 2/13.

⁸Orig., "is"

From William Perronet

Shoreham
August 22 [1776]

Dear Sir,

I thank you for your favour of the 19th.¹ I suppose that before this time you may have heard, from better than that of a newspaper, of my brother's death.² It pleased God to deliver him out of a sad scene of sorrow and pain and woe last Monday sennight. He was apparently as well as usual in the morning, but before noon was seized with a fit of coughing, which it is supposed burst a blood vessel, as he was presently after taken with a bleeding at his nose. He said to the person who was with him "I am dying," and in about half an hour went off with the greatest calmness and resignation.

My father [Vincent] received the news with much resignation. He begs his respects to yourself, Mrs. Wesley, and family, and wishes much for the pleasure of your company. I wish you would write a few lines to him.³

My love to all your family, and to Mr. [James] Waller's [family].

Your sincere friend and servant,

W. Perronet

Address: "The Revd. Mr. Wesley / No. 1. Chesterfield Street / near Welbeck Street, Marybone / London."

Postmark: "24/AV."

Endorsement: by CW, "Aug. 22. 1776 / W. Perr[one]t. of Cha[rle]s. / departed."

Source: holograph; Duke, Rubenstein, Perronet Family Papers, scrapbook, p. 47.

¹This letter is not known to survive.

²Charles Perronet died Aug. 12, 1776; see *Gentlemen's Magazine* (1776): 434.

³CW did so, as evident from Vincent Perronet's response which follows.

From the Rev. Vincent Perronet

[Shoreham]
August 31 [1776]

My Very Dear and Reverend Brother,

I thank you for your very kind and Christian condolence.¹ Sympathizing joys and tears are duties becoming Christians here below. The gospel was not designed to destroy our passions, but to direct them aright, and to regulate all their motions.

My late, dear Charles led a painful, sorrowing life almost all his days. I speak as to the outward man. But as to his heart, I believe [it] was always sincere before God. He felt inward comforts, which this world could neither give nor rob him of.

God wisely and graciously adapts all our sufferings to our wants and necessities, and kindly makes poor nature often to groan, out of pure love and compassion. All glory to his great name! I can speak this from my own happy experience. My ways have been spread with briars and thorns by far the greatest part of my life, and many a bitter cup has my heavenly Father poured me to drink! But to the praise of his grace, he enables me to see the suitableness and necessity of his dealing with me; and at the same time to rejoice and to bless his holy name. What love! What condescension is here! Is it not abundant goodness in the Lord to guide us in our spiritual and temporal concerns? But how astonishing is that grace which stoops so low as to give us the reasons why he deals thus and thus with us! Oh my dear brother, how good is God! You know him to be so by frequent experiences. We can both say with the royal psalmist, "They that know thy name will put their trust in thee."²

How long my stay below shall be is only known to God. When he has nothing more for me to do, or suffer, I have an humble full assurance that through the merits and mediation of the Lord Jesus he will send me home. Where, I trust, I shall one day see my whole dear family, and yours, and rejoice with all the other children of God through a glorious eternity.

Love to my dear sister, yourself, and dear family. The Lord Jesus be with all of us!

Thine, most affectionately,

V. P.

P. S. Though we have been twice disappointed of seeing your (for reasons undoubtedly wise and good) yet we will not yet despair. And then I hope to show you a letter of condolence on the (supposed) death of your dear brother, which the public papers had positively announced, but being blest with a contrary account before I sent it to you, I have it still by me.³

Address: "To / The Revd. Mr Wesley / Chesterfield Street / at / Mary-la-bonne."

Endorsement: by CW, "Aug. 31. 1776 / V. Perronet, bereaved / yet resigned!"

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/472/17.

¹CW's letter of condolence to Vincent Perronet on the death of his son Charles Perronet is not known to survive.

²Ps. 9:10.

³Mentioned in Perronet to CW, Sept. 27, 1775.

From the Rev. John Fletcher

Madeley
September 15, 1776

My Very Dear Brother,

I thank you for your kind letter, which I have just received.¹ I have just preached in my church for the first time since my return, and hope I am not the worse for it. I went a fortnight ago to consult a pious gentleman who lives near Litchfield, who is famous for his skill in the disorder of the breast, and for the help he gives gratis to the poor. He assured me that I am in no immediate danger of a consumption of the lungs; that my disorder is upon the nerves and comes from overdoing in close thinking. He permitted me to preach and write with moderation, and gave me medicines which I think are of service to me to take off my feverish heats. My spitting of blood is stopped, and I may yet be spared to travel with you as an invalid. I would have written a second letter to our pious hostess at Bristol,² if I had consulted self. But it would have been ungenerous to put her upon an autumn journey without absolute necessity.

If God adds an inch to my span, I see my calling. I desire to know nothing but Christ and him crucified, revealed in the Spirit. I long to feel the utmost of the power of the Spirit's dispensation. I will endeavor to bear my testimony to the glory of that dispensation, both with my pen and tongue. In so doing I shall only second your brother and you, though some of our injudicious or inattentive friends will probably charge me with novelty for it. Be that as it will; let us make a stand for the truth as it is in Jesus, and trust the Lord for everything.

I thank God I feel so dead to popular applause that, I trust, I should not be afraid to maintain a truth against all the world. And yet I dread to dissent from any child of God, and feel ready to condescend to everyone. Oh what depth of humble love and what heights of gospel truth do I sometimes see. I want to sink into the former, and rise to the latter. Help me by your example, letters, and prayers. And let us, after our forty-year abode in the wilderness with Moses and John [the Baptist], break forth after our Joshua into the Canaan of pure love. My heart yearns over poor believers entangled in the wilderness. I want to see Christians who are the living pictures of Christ. But I want first to be numbered among them. I am ashamed and yet thankful to see so much.

Draw me on, draw all about you, and let us all take the kingdom by force.

Adieu.

Miss Adams is yet in the village. How long her patience will out, I know not.³

Endorsement: by CW, "Fletcher / Sept 15. 1776."

Source: holograph; MARC, MAW Fl., 36.1.⁴

¹CW to Fletcher, Sept. 12, 1776.

²Elizabeth and/or Mary Johnson (they lived together, but Elizabeth owned the house).

³Miss Adams, who had served as a housekeeper for Fletcher, had hopes of becoming his wife.

⁴A close transcription of this letter, showing Fletcher's original spelling, cross-outs, and the like is available in Forsaith, *Labours*, 338–39. See also the earlier transcription published in Fletcher, *Posthumous* (1791), 236–37.

From William Boyce

Wednesday, October 30, 1776

Dr. Boyce's compliments to all the good family, and [he] has enclosed an order for the chapel organ loft on Sunday next. He is at present confined to his chamber by the gout in ⟨one¹⟩ of his knees, therefore it is doubtful his being ⟨well⟩ enough to be there by Sunday. This can make no difference in regard to Mrs. [Sarah] Wesley's being there, with the Bristol ladies.

Address: "Mr. Charles Wesley / No. 1. Chesterfield Street / Marybone."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 7/109.

¹A small portion is torn away by the wax seal, but the missing words are obvious.

1777

From Baron Gustaf Adam von Nolcken¹

Soho Square [London]
Tuesday noon [January 1777]

Baron Nolcken presents his compliments to Mr. [Charles] Wesley, and should be exceedingly obliged to him if he would permit him to bring tomorrow morning three ladies of his acquaintance, Lady Dowager Essex,² and the two Lady Capells,³ who in consequence of his account of Master [Samuel] Wesley's masterly and surprising performance are extremely desirous of hearing him.

Address: "The Rev. Mr. Wesley / Chesterfield Street / Marybone."

Endorsement: by CW, "Baron Nolcken / Jan – 1777."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 7/74.

¹Gustaf Adam von Nolcken (1733–1812) was the Swedish Ambassador to Great Britain.

²Elizabeth (Russell) Capell (d. 1784), widow of William Capell (1697–1743), 3rd Earl of Essex.

³Diana Capell (1728–1801) and Ann Capell (1730–1804), daughters of Lady Elizabeth.

From Dorothy (Furly) Downes

Leeds
February 7, 1777

Reverend Sir,

I am ashamed when I see the date of your letter, that it has been so long unanswered.¹ But I delayed some time, not knowing till last week whether you passed your winter in London or Bristol.

Blessed be the Lord, I have great reason to set to my seal that he hath done all things well. I am fully persuaded it was himself that directed my way hither. The family I board with are very careful and tender of me. And I have abundant reason to praise the Lord that he hath taught me in every station, therewith to be content. Indeed my present one calls for thankfulness also. I have found the people here very loving. They have shown me much more kindness and respect than I could expect or can deserve.

My health, though thank God better than in London, does not permit me to be so much among the poor this winter season as I hoped and intended. And I have also had more call to be among the better sort (so-called) than I expected. The Lord seems to be deepening his work among them. I felt much more than I expected the being at such a distance from all my relations and spiritual friends. Yet blessed be the Lord, I find his presence makes up the loss of all friends, etc., so that there is no complaining in the soul. And the Lord teaches me my happiness consists in feeling “Thy will be done.”² I have suffered so much by giving way to my own [will] that I dare not allow myself to choose, well knowing he cannot err.

I long to hear how Mrs. Wesley and the family are, and shall hope soon to hear from you both. Mr. [John] Atlay often sends books here and John Miers will take care of ⟨your⟩ letter for me.³ Or if he should not, send soon. You have my direction I think, sir. Please to let me know whether Miss [Ann] Chapman is living, and also how Mr. [John] Fletcher does. I think it will be an awful providence if he should be taken away. Blessed be the Lord that your brother and you are yet spared. May the Lord yet lengthen out your days and increase your usefulness.

Please to remember me in kindest love to Mrs. Wesley and family, Mrs. [Elizabeth] Waller, Miss [Rebecca] Gwynne, etc. I am, reverend sir,

Your unworthy friend and servant,

D. Downes

P.S. Please to give my love to all at the Foundery. And I shall be obliged to you to let Mrs. Caley know I wonder [that] I do not hear from her.⁴ Pray do you ever see Mrs. [Anna Maria] Gausson? I have not heard from her.

Address: “Revd. Mr Charles Wesley / Foundery near Moorfields / London.”

Postmark: “11/FE.”

Endorsements: by CW, “[sister Downes]] 1777,” “[S[ister] Downes / Feb. 7. 1777,” and “[[at Atkinson’s old church yard]].”⁵

Source: holograph; MARC, DDPr 1/20.

¹CW’s letter is not known to survive.

²Matt. 6:10, etc.

³John Miers was an active lay Methodist in the Leeds circuit; see *WHS* 17 (1930), 157.

⁴Sarah (Dyer) Cayley (c. 1729–91) of London

⁵The last is written in shorthand at the top of the first page; referring to Rev. Miles Atkinson (1741–1811), a lecturer at Leeds, St. Peter. See JW, *Journal*, May 2, 1779, *Works*, 23:130.

From Henry Hoare¹

Adelphi [Terrace], London
February 16 [1777]

Sir,

I flatter myself you will not think me too presuming in a request I have to make, which if attended with any inconvenience I beg you will without ceremony mention it. I have applications from several ladies and gentlemen of our acquaintance who are very desirous to hear your sons' most wonderful performance. Should next Saturday at 12:00 be quite convenient and agreeable, you would much oblige me. Should that day not suit, any one in the week after. My party would be ten [persons], but you may depend that your indulgence to me should not make me too troublesome in the future.

Begging the favour of a line, I remain,
Your most obedient servant,

Henry Hoare, Gent

Endorsement: by CW, "H. Hoare's request / Feb. 16. 1777."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDP_r 1/40.

¹Henry Hoare (1705–85) was a wealthy London banker who maintained a splendid garden at his estate Stourhead, in Stourton, Staffordshire.

From Daines Barrington¹

[London]
Monday, February 24 [1777²]

Sunday [February 23]

The Duchess of Ancaster³ presents her compliments to Mr. Barrington and is extremely obliged to him for the amusement she has received in reading the account of the two young gentlemen,⁴ and also for his having procured her the pleasure of hear[ing] their surprising performances.

Mr. Barrington presents his compliments to Mr. [Charles] Wesley, and is sorry that he sent the two accounts to the Duchess of Ancaster on Saturday last, and received them with the above message at noon [Monday].

Mr. Barrington will endeavour to bring them with him on Friday next, and to introduce Mr. Musgrave and Mr. Dansey. Mr. Southwell also will be there and probably introduce two others.

The Bishop of Oxford hath already recommended (at least as Mr. Barrington conceives) Master Samuel Wesley to the Bishop of London to be a singing boy extraordinary.⁵ Which, if it should take place, will leave his education entirely to Mr. Wesley as before. Mr. Barrington also believes that the Bishop of Durham hath done the same.⁶ But if the recommendation should be attended to, Mr. Barrington can easily waive it, saying as is most true that he had not sufficiently consulted Mr. Wesley on this head.

Lord Kelly tells me that he hath mentioned the names of your two sons at both the concerts.⁷

As for the scheme of the Queen's concert, it will never do.⁸ The grown musicians and professors will never admit a child among them.

Endorsement: by CW, "D. of Ancaster's / Thanks / Sam refusing Pre / ferment."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 1/87.

¹Barrington adds his note on the same page, below that he received from the Duchess.

²Feb. 24 was a Monday in 1777, and is the earliest year CW's accounts of both sons would have been available.

³Mary (Panton) Bertie (d. 1793), second wife of Peregrine Bertie (1714–78), 3rd Duke of Ancaster.

⁴CW's manuscript accounts of his sons found in *Journal Letters*, 450–55, 461–67

⁵Richard Terrick (1710–77) was currently Bishop of London, and Robert Lowth (1710–87) Bishop of Oxford. When Terrick died on Mar. 31, 1777, Lowth was his successor.

⁶John Egerton (1721–87) was currently Bishop of Durham.

⁷Thomas Alexander Erskine (1732–81), 6th Earl of Kelly, was himself a musician and composer.

⁸Actually, Charles Jr. did perform before both the king and queen in Nov. 1776; see CW, *Journal Letters*, 456–60.

From Lady Anna Maria (Huggins) Gatehouse¹

[Guildford]
Monday [March 10, 1777²]

My Dear and Worthy Friends,

Permit me to acknowledge with great gratitude your kind and friendly reception of me and mine; particularly that mark of your esteem toward my friends,³ strangers to you, whereby ye may have entertained angels on earth.⁴ However, your generous hospitality can never be forgot by me. I was happy beyond measure. Such a week I must not expect to enjoy often. But if you will give me an opportunity of receiving you both at Guildford, I will do my endeavour with Aunty⁵ to make it tolerably agreeable.

We both unite with our friends the Pollens, etc., in best respects and good wishes to all. Mrs. [Mary] Pollen's thanks for the useful and pretty pocketbook.

Adieu, much revered couple, [with] esteem and love,

Your affectionate and obliged friend,

A. Gateh.

Don't let me forget the worthy family of the [James & Elizabeth] Wallers, etc.; particularly the musical genius who feasted my ears so exceedingly. But respects to them all.

I hope you attended the nuptial⁶ concert. I shall long to hear from you. Adieu my beloved friends.

My Much Esteemed Friend Charles [Jr.],

Thanks innumerable are due to you for your kind and harmonious attention to me. You are good nature itself. I hope you have not suffered by pleasing me so much. Your melody dwells on my mind. I hate to touch the harpsichord. How rapidly time passes when we have everything almost we can wish for! God preserve you, and may you be rewarded according to your great merits.

My Charming Youth [Samuel],

Let me say I think myself more particularly obliged to you for your constant attendance and the pleasure that sparkled in your sweet eyes when you played and sang to me. As you do not always choose

¹Anna Maria Huggins (1724–93) was the daughter of William and Anne (Tilson) Huggins. Her father was a friend of Handel, and CW Jr. related that she sang at least one duet with Handel before her marriage—see *Literary Chronicle* (May 5, 1827), 283; and David Hunter, “Mr Handel Sings Duets with Lady Gatehouse,” *Handel Institute Newsletter* (Spring 2006) 17: 4–6. Anna Maria married Sir Thomas Gatehouse (1721–c. 1776) in 1747. They lived in Nether Wallop, Hampshire until the death of her father in 1761, when they moved to Headley Park, an estate near Sleaford, Hampshire owned by the Huggins family. She resettled in Guildford, Surrey after the death of her husband and sale of Headley Park to her son-in-law, Walter Blunt, in 1776. She was friends of the Russell family in Guildford, and became a lasting friend with CW's family, particularly Sarah Jr. and Charles Jr.

²This letter is clearly early in CW's family friendship with Lady Gatehouse. The children had met her while in Guildford in June 1776. She would entertain them at her home later this year.

³Rev. George Pollen (1753–1812) and his wife Mary (Goode) Pollen (1751–1816). George was just taking over for his uncle, Rev. Thomas Pollen (1728–77) as the rector at Little Bookham, Surrey, just outside Guildford.

⁴See Heb. 13:2.

⁵Lady Gatehouses's sister, Maria Anna Huggins (1727–83), never married and lived with the Gatehouse family in Guildford..

⁶Orig., “nupual”; the spelling is corrected by a youthful hand on the address page.

to cast your pearls before swine, for which I commend you, you lavishly bestowed them where they were received as inestimable.

Forget not your kind promise of visiting us at Guildford this summer. You shall do everything you like. And a hint from you we will endeavour to improve, that you may not have a wish. The height of mine [wish] is to be in your favour and good graces, being

Your obliged friend,

A. G.

My Dear Miss Wesley,

Though last, not least in love. I am too impertinent to trouble all the good family in this scribbling way. Make an excuse for me. I am zealous to show my gratitude. Thanks for the repeated kindnesses you showed me during last happy week. Methinks there was much unsaid. It was an harmonious hurry. My attention was entirely taken up by music. I could think of nothing else, and as usual neither slept or ate and drank enough to be happy, you'll say. And yet it had not the effect on me as on some people, to act a soporific. Suffice I have enjoyed a week of pleasure. Completely so. Such a halcyon one I shall not see again!

On my return I met with a melancholy letter from Bath that my eldest and dearest friend was very ill. Yesterday, that she is given over. I was quite disordered. My good friends the Pollens spent the afternoon with us, which in some measure allayed my sorrows. And I am come to my reflection and resignation. This must be the case with those that live longest.

We dined at Leatherhead and came home by 8:00. Aunty rejoiced to see me, was frighted because it was so late. Everyone ran out to receive me, even some good neighbours who were anxious. Believe me, the dogs, nay even the cat came out into the street to me. And when I came in, Polly saluted me with "How d'ye do!"

Thank God I am beloved by many, and by you my dear, not a little. My next shall be better. Excuse scrawl and nonsense from

Your sincere and affectionate,

A. G.

Address: "The Revd. Mr. Wesley No 1 / Chesterfield Street / Marybone."

Postmark "13/MR."

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/428/1/63.

From Lady Sophia Egerton and Daines Barrington

[London]
March 13, 1777

Mr. Daines Barrington's best compliments to Mr. Wesley. And [he] begs that he would return his brother, Mr. John Wesley, Mr. Barrington's best thanks for his valuable present, which he shall not fail to peruse when he is somewhat more at leisure than he happens to be at present.

[This note appended to the following]

Albermarle Street [London]
Wednesday, March 12, 1777

Lady Sophia Egerton¹ presents her compliments to Mr. Daines Barrington, and returns him many thanks for the book,² which has afforded her much entertainment. And she hope that he has not kept it too long. Lady Sophia Egerton is very happy to hear that Mr. Westley will allow her the pleasure of hearing him, which she shall beg the favour of doing when her health will permit her.

Endorsement: by CW, "Lady Sophia Egerton's / Thanks."

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/428/2/87.

¹Anne Sophia (Grey) Egerton (1730–80), daughter of Henry Grey, Duke of Kent, was the wife of John Egerton, Bishop of Durham.

²Likely the manuscript account of CW Jr. or both sons.

From Hester Farley

Kingswood
March 15, 1777

My Dear Friend Wesley,

I am sorry to have occasion to date a letter from this place. But I am requested by the family to acquaint thee with the very unexpected change that has been made in it within these few days.

Our dear and valuable friend Arthurs was last Wednesday morning seized with an apoplexy and some symptoms of a palsy on her right side.¹ In which situation she continued till 6:00 this evening, when it pleased the Lord to receive her to himself. The nature of her disorder will not allow me to give so clear an account of her as I wish; yet imperfect as it may be, I know it will be acceptable. [I] shall therefore say something on that head.

The morning she was taken, her husband and son Charles were preparing to set off to attend a trial at Gloucester, and wishing to take their leave of our friend, she was desired to rise. After waiting some time and not seeing her, Charles gave her a second call. She answering him as one awakening from sleep, he went to her bedside and, perceiving her voice to be very low, apprehended she was ill. And on his father's coming up, they both shook her, to endeavour to rouse her, which she was not the least sensible of. Dr. Drummond (to whom she was partial) was immediately sent for,² who gave it as his opinion that she was taken for death, to the surprise and shock of all around her. Her daughters-in-law³ and myself (with several of her neighbours) had the painful pleasure of attending her in her illness; through the whole of which she did not (I believe) endure a quarter of an hour's pain. Such was the compassionate love of God to fulfill the request of her soul, which always was that she might not have a long and painful illness.

She appeared to have some intervals of sense, and to be often in prayer. And when her husband and children were yesterday morning at her bedside, she seemed to know them all—though, having lost her speech, could testify it only by smiling on them. To her son Charles, when he shook hand with her, she imperfectly said, “There go.” And then lay quite calm and easy. Since then she has not known anyone.

What her family and fiends feel upon so awful an event can only be conceived by those who have experienced what it is to be separated from them to whom we are united by the tender ties of nature and affection. The visitation, I believe, is for *good*, and I hope will be made a *lasting* blessing to all belonging to her. To me it has been a *solemn* and affecting season. I *deeply* feel it is a solemn <...⁴> and an awful one to die <so> agreeable to her own desire. She is to be in<terred> at Marshfield. It was always her wish that her beloved friend Wesley should attend her funeral, and her family would be glad, could it be so. But the distance will not admit of it.

They unite in kind respects, and beg to be remembered at the throne of grace. I heard from home Sunday my dear mother [Elizabeth] and brother [Samuel] are tolerable well. Our very kind love attends thee and each of our good friends in Chesterfield Street. I remain, in haste,

Thy respectful and affectionate,

¹Hester (Brisco) Martin (c. 1717–77) married Charles Arthurs (1714–83) of Stapleton (near Kingswood) in 1749; their son Charles was baptized in Dec. 1750.

²Archibald Drummond M.D. (1717–1801), a physician in Rudgeway, Gloucestershire, just north of Bristol. Farley spelled “Dromound.”

³Wives of her sons by her first marriage to George Martin: Martha (Prosser) Martin, wife of Samuel (b. 1744); and Susannah (Bullock) Martin, wife of George (b. 1746).

⁴Small portions of the manuscript are torn away along a folded edge. This missing text in suggested when possible.

Hester Farley

Address: “ C. Wesley Senr. / Foundery, near Moor-Fields / London.”

Postmarks: “Bristol” and “17/[].”

Endorsement: by CW, “March 15. 1777 / H. Farley of s[ister] Arthur’s / release.”

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/501/60.⁵

⁵For a digital copy and “as-is” transcription, see:
<https://www.library.manchester.ac.uk/services/digitisation-services/projects/rapture-and-reason/>

Thomas Griffin Tarpley to Sarah Wesley Jr.

Park Street [London]
Monday evening [c. April 1777¹]

Dr. Tarpley presents his best respects to Miss [Sarah] Wesley, and begs the favour of her company, with Mr. Charles [Jr.], Wednesday next at 5 o'clock, or half after. Dr. Tarpley has so often sued, but sued in vain, for Mr. [Charles] and Mrs. [Sarah] Wesley, that he is in despair about them. He trusts to Miss Wesley's and her brother's good nature to indulge him in this request—which he is sure they will not deny him when they know he is much interested in it.

Compliments to all the fireside.

Address: "Miss Wesley / Chesterf[iel]d St. / 9."

Source: holograph; DDWF 26/80.

[possible response]

To Dr. Tarpley

On the messenger hope a request I convey –
O let its sincerity sue!
I wish for the happiness promis'd today
For pleasure presented by you!

Too kind is your heart as a fault to upbraid
The misfortune which last night detain'd me –
To hear at a concert quartettos ill-play'd
My stars as a penance ordain'd me.

The fops were more dull than e'er fops were before
The ladies (kind creatures!) were bolder
So drest! that each cap had a fight with the door
And ev'n mine was *as high as your shoulder!*

But this eve if you grant the petition I've sued
To please you shall music endeavour,
No head-dresses quarrel – no fops shall intrude
And *I'll be as little as ever!*

1777

S.W.

Source: Pitts Library (Emory), Charles Wesley Family Papers (MSS 159) 5/24, notebook, pp. 18, 15.²

¹The date must be between 1775, when Tarpley and the Wesley family first met, and 1780 when Tarpley had moved to Jersey. In 1777 Tarpley was living in London (see the preceding letter of Samuel Wesley to Prudence Box). The date of April is suggested from Sarah describing the poem that may be a response as written while she was seventeen (in Frank Baker's transcription of a notebook once owned by F.J. Bonham, p. 15).

²The fourth stanza (coming on a new recto) has become separated from the first three.

Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley to the Proprietor of the Swedes Tea¹

[London]
[May 1777]

Sir,

The salutary effects which I have experienced by the use of your tea demand a grateful acknowledgement. I was often troubled with inward chills, a depressions of spirits, and a trembling in my hands, especially after breakfast, for which I had recourse to common herb tea, but that occasioned a thirst and did not relieve me. Being informed of the medicinal uses of your Swedes tea, I resolved to try it and soon found surprising relief. I have now continued drinking it constantly near two years, and I think it the most agreeable, as well as useful, remedy for nervous complaints that has ever been discovered. If you think my recommendation can be of any service, you are welcome to make what use you please of this.

I am, sir,

Your humble servant,

Sarah Wesley

Source: published transcription; *Lloyd's Evening Post* (May 30, 1777), p. 522.

¹ From an advertising handbill: "The Swede's tea:(now rendered into an English compound by a very distinguished botanist) is a collection of salutary herbs used for breakfasting, and a cheap and wholesome succedaneum [i.e., substitute] for the foreign teas. It is strengthening, pleasant, and reviving; free from the evils which attend the use of tea, and of power and virtue to remove and cure them. Adapted to the constitutions of the people of England by the late learned and ingenious botanist, Sir John Hill, M.D." It was an infusion of several herbs of the genus *Achillea* (common name Yarrow).

Samuel Wesley (son of CW) to Prudence Box

Bristol
July 16, 1777

Dear Prudence,

I promised to write to you (when I was in London) as soon as I arrived, which (quite as soon as I arrived) was impossible, for we did not get in till past two o'clock and then we were forced to go directly to Mrs. Staffords to whom Mama gave your duty.¹ Mrs. Ann was in a sad taking because we chanced to bring Harley [the Wesleys' dog] with us. To let her go in the kitchen she denied, so we were forced to take her to Mrs. [Elizabeth] Farley's, who took her gladly

I am sorry to say that your silk handkerchief (that I used to wear about my neck) was either left at the inn or stole, but Mamma says she will buy you another. I shall give your letter to Mr. May tomorrow morning.² I cannot stay now longer to write, so must conclude,

Samuel Wesley

P.S. Give my love to rabbits, cat, hawk, dormouse, chickens, and bird.

Mrs. Wood,³ Mrs. [Elizabeth] Farley, Miss [Hester] Farley, Nurse Sevier, Mrs. Staffords, etc. give their love to you.

Address: "Mrs. Prudence Box / at the Revd. Charles Wesleys / No. 1 Chesterfield Street / Marybone / London."

Postmarks: "Bristol" and "18/IY."

Source: holograph; Cambridge, Fitzwilliam Museum, Samuel Wesley letter collection, letter 1.

¹The home shared by Ann, Mary, and Susanna Stafford.

²William May was a shoemaker, who lived in Stokes Croft; see Sarah Wesley Jr. to Charles Jr., c. Aug. 20, 1780.

³Likely Margaret Wood, who appears in a 1770 married women's band in the Bristol Society Register. See her Jan. 7, 1772 letter to JW giving her spiritual journey in *AM* 8 (1785): 56–59.

Samuel Wesley (son of CW) to Prudence Box

Bristol
[c. August 1777]

Dear Prudence,

I received your letter a few days ago.¹ Mamma informs you that she was not the person that intended to alter your room, and says you may sleep in the same you did when we were in town. We shall come soon, I hope, to London. I am quite sick of Bristol. Your mother's and your books I shall take care to bring up as Mamma intends to send your mother's large box. *Nicholas Mooney*,² your [*Primitive*] *Physic* book, etc. I have put all together with hymn books. I must stop in my letter a little while now as I am going with a young gentleman to fly the kite.

2 o'clock

Am now going to dinner on fish. Our old fish-woman is still alive and well. We often buy of her. I hope all my family are well. I hope to see them soon. Give my love to all that ask for me, as Dr [Thomas Griffin] Tarpley, Dr [Samuel] Arnold, etc., and to know how Mrs [Mary Ann] Arnold is. Pray write me word.

I am yours,

S. Wesley

Mamma and my sister send their love.

Address: "Mrs. Prudence Box / Marybone."

Source: holograph; Cambridge, Fitzwilliam Museum, Samuel Wesley letter collection, letter 2.

¹This letter is not known to survive.

²Likely JW's abridgement, *Some Account of the Life and Death of Nicolas Mooney* (1773); rather than the original, *The Life of Nicolas Mooney* (Bristol: Farley, 1752).

Katherine Hutchings [Jr.] to Sarah Wesley Jr.¹

Bristol
October 24, 1777

My Dear Miss Wesley

Your of the 21st instant found me with a pen in hand in order to acknowledge your former favour.² How can you reproach me with a real misfortune? Whence shall I seek indulgence when the bosom of friendship is cruel? Could you for a moment suppose I wished to renounce a correspondence which is the pride and glory of my life? Or that I had taken offence at your letter, which contained the ardor of affection, expressed by the pen of eloquence. My warmest *friendship*, not my politeness, shall assign the cause of a silence which was truly painful to me. I am just returned from Mr. Haynes's of Sis[t]on, where I had not one moment to myself.³ You will forgive me when I assure you writing was a thing impossible. While I am at home you may depend upon my future punctuality; abroad my time is the property of others.

I have done chiding for the severity of your last. But I must rebuke you for the partiality of your former letter. Remember my dear, unmerited praise is the keenest satire. Love me with all my faults and imperfections, for I will not accept even your friendship on the terms of deceiving you.

I must tell you an adventure we had. Mr. Cornish grew impatient at our long stay at Sis[t]on and one morn sent a chaise with a charge we should return to dinner. Into it got Mrs. Cornish, her maid with the infant, and your friend.⁴ We proceeded cheerfully for a mile, when the perch snapped in two and down such we. There was no getting out unless the chaise could be lifted up, which the man in vain attempted. He sighed, scratched his head, and looked what shall I do? "Take off the horses and go seek for help," said I. Mrs. Cornish's maternal fondness filled her with a thousand alarms. The maid was silent. Our situation now was really odd, for the man was soon out of sight. Had some courteous knight glowing with the spirit of chivalry now passed, what honour might he have attained. But alas, neither knight nor squire was near. Thus helpless we remained till the driver, attend by two rustics set us free. We dispatched a billet to Mr. Cornish wishing him a good stomach to his dinner and walked back with our Sis[t]on friends, who soon came to our aid.

Were I to repeat half the compliments I have been charged with for you, not two sheets of paper would contain them. The captain sends his in folio.⁵ Whenever we meet I have a fresh cargo. They are all expressions of the greatest esteem and highest admiration. You are ever our subject of conversation. Miss

¹There is a connection here to Katherine Jason, who married John Hutchings (CW's Oxford friend) in 1740, but was within a few years abandoned by him (see her letter to Martha [Wesley] Hall of Mar. 15, 1759; MARC, MA 1977/428/1/157). The Katherine who died in 1794 is described as a widow in her will, wherein she made mention of a nephew but no children, and included a small bequest for Sarah Cornish. She may be the woman writing Sarah Jr., but the handwriting differs from that in her 1759 letter and letters to Sarah Jr. end about 1783. This suggests that this correspondent is the daughter of John and Katherine (Jason) Hutchings, born in the early 1740s and dying by the mid-1780s—albeit neither baptism nor burial records have been found to confirm this. See her reference to reaching the age of a confirmed spinster in her letter to Sarah of Oct. 29, 1778.

²Neither of Sarah's letters to Hutchings are known to survive.

³Rev. Christopher Haynes (1741–1806), a son of Thomas Haynes (1698–1776) of Wick, Gloucestershire, had taken his BA (1762) and MA (1765) from Oxford University. He was currently vicar of Siston, Gloucestershire.

⁴William and Sarah (Hill) Cornish, married in 1763, lived in Abson, about 4 miles east of Bristol and 1 mile north of Wick.

⁵Captain Joseph Haynes (1744–1814), a brother of Christopher Haynes.

Bidy Dyer is married.⁶ Mr. [Christopher] Haynes was charmed with your remembrance of him. I was much pleased to hear him speak of you a few days ago in a very large company. Believe me he did justice to your merit. Mr. Deveral, when I told him you was afraid your friends would be unmindful of you, exclaimed, “If I forget her, may my right hand forget its cunning.” Mrs. Deveral presents compliments to you and your brothers. Mr. and Mrs. Cornish claim a place in your remembrance. We all think of you as we ought.

How does my dear Mrs. [Martha] Hall? Say everything that is kind on my part to her. My mama joins me in best respects to your good family.⁷ I shall make no excuse for this incoherent scrawl. I would not have trusted you with it had I a doubt your love would conceal its defects. I am, more than words can express,

Your faithful,

K. Hutchings

Address: “Miss Wesley / at the Foundry Moor Fields / London.”

Postmarks: “Bristol” and “28/OC.”

Source: MARC, MA 1977/428/1/144.

⁶Bridget Dyer (1754–1823)—a daughter of William Dyer (1722–1805) and Bridget Charleton (1726–92)—married Rev. John Selwyn (1753–1823) on Oct. 9, 1777 in Bristol. William was a cousin of John Dyer, the trustee of the New Room.

⁷If it is the daughter writing, mama is Katherine (Jason) Hutchings.

Thomas Waller to Sarah Wesley Jr.

[London]
Friday, November 21 [1777]

Loving Cousin,

Your unexpected billet came safe to hand (I mean to mine) out of aunt Beck's packet.¹ "Here," says she, "Tommy my dear. I have got a letter for you." "From whom," says I. "Sally, my dear, but it is open," and so it was. I read it and thank you. I write to thank you as well as to tell you that the stanzas will be very acceptable. I shall like to see what sort of a figure their *orbships* will cut in verse. I know one of them looks very well at present.

Where do you think we were last night? Think! I will leave room for you [open space]. Well, I will tell you. Dr. [Samuel] Arnold's. Yes, your folks and ours with Dr. Lloyd's family made *such* an evening as I have not spent a great while. "But where is Sally?" "At Molesay." "God bless," says one. "Dear one," says another, "How sorry," says a third. "Let's drink her health," says I. "Undoubtedly," says the Dr. "Well," says I, "Sally's cheeks must glow by this time." "Which," says the Dr. "she might." "For certain," says I, "when her friends are thinking of her." Sally, I do not know how it is; whether my not having seen her [in] a great while or what, but stop or you will say I am Mandeville.² I scorn it and will say that Mrs. [Mary Ann] Arnold is one of the sweetest women in the world.

The Dr. was last night everything that the Dr. could be. Mrs. Arnold played charmingly her own, which has that originality in it that was strikingly pleasing. Your brothers seem to think so too. They also played. The Dr. and your mama sung; and what's more, I sang. Yes I did, I *sang*. Your little mama, Sally, your little mama, did the job complete. "Really I can't." "Tommy you shall." "My dear madam it is impossible." "You foolish boy, what do you talk of? Dr. he has a sweet voice. Well really Tommy you shall." But this time I was brought up to the harpsichord. "He will never do it," says Sam. "Play 'Where ere you are,'" Charles says. O I cleared my voice and sang it, and shall sing it again, for the Dr. said what is not my place to tell you, I might have a many little things to tell you if I could think of them, but can't, as my mind is filled with last night; therefore shall grow quite tiresome. Though I am

Your loving cousin,

Thos. Waller

Friday

Your mama must direct this as I don't have now a good reason.
Write soon and please me.

Address: "Miss Wesley / John Littlehales Esqr / Moulsoy House / near Hampton / Surry."

Postmark: "21/NO."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWF 22/62.

¹Neither the letter to Waller nor that to Rebecca Gwynne is known to survive.

²Bernard Mandeville (1670–1773), author of *The Fable of the Bees; or, Private Vices, Public Benefits* (London: J. Roberts, 1714).

From the Rev. Vincent Perronet¹

Shoreham
November 22, 1777

Reverend and Dear Sir,

How much soever I love peace and union, especially amongst the professed disciples of Christ, yet from that fierce and fiery spirit which has too often manifested itself amongst those who are called “Christians” I never could entertain much hope that any effectual plan of reconciliation could ever be thought on.

Our dear brother [John] Fletcher has indeed shown his good will towards it, as you yourself had done many years ago. But how little did it answer the benevolent design?

That worthy good man, only by demonstrating that Calvinism and the truths of the gospel did not always agree together, has lately provoked a red-hot gentleman to pay him a most terrible visit, full of wrath, indignation, and abuse.² However, our dear brother has abundant reason to be thankful that the times are altered since the great Calvin could call for green wood to convince poor Servetus!

As to the doctrine of general redemption, if anyone who believes that God, who is love itself, hath created thousands and ten thousands of souls to be tormented through endless ages, for what they neither did nor could prevent, I should really esteem such a person rather an object of pity and prayer than one who was fit to be disputed with. What! That God who delighteth in the exercise of loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth? That God who condescends to appeal to his creatures for the equity of his ways? That God who swears by himself, “that he wills not the death of a sinner, but that the wicked turn from his way and live”³ Has this God determined from all eternity both the sin and death of millions of souls? May God give repentance to the broachers of such blasphemies!

Indeed, their sentiments appear so horrible to many that they cover them over with milder terms. Thus the infernal doctrine of reprobation is softened into “preterition,” as if altering the term any way amended the thing itself. Will a reprobated soul feel less torment in hell from this artifice? Or will these artifices vindicate the equity or loving-kindness of the Lord? But still this doctrine must appear more shocking when considered in a gospel light. For doth not the Holy Spirit assure us that, “God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that the world through him might be saved.”⁴ And that “he tasted death for every man”⁵ Moreover the same Holy Spirit expressly affirms, that “God is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.”⁶ And how completely and perfectly is the glorious doctrine of general redemption summed up in this one heart-reviving scripture, “God is love!”⁷ Great God of love, can we affront thy sovereign goodness more than to explain all these glorious declarations so far away as to make the God of love the author of eternal misery to millions of souls, and thus turn the lover of a lost world into a sovereign cruel tyrant!

What a glorious sovereignty have some found out for the God of love! It would even shock an emperor of Morocco to think on it! But how greatly are we obliged to St. Au[gu]stin[e], both for the doctrine of reprobation and the lawfulness of converting heretics with the sword! Lewis XIV of France could not be persuaded to persecute his Protestant subjects, till his confessor had showed him the opinion

¹If this letter was elicited by one from CW, the latter is not known to survive.

²Perronet is likely referring to one of Rowland Hill’s recent tracts.

³Ezek. 33:11.

⁴John 3:16.

⁵Heb. 2:9.

⁶2 Pet. 3:9.

⁷1 John 4:8

of that ancient father.⁸ This determined that haughty monarch to such a furious persecution of his innocent subjects as brought such ruin upon his own kingdom. And what is very remarkable, the Dominican order of the Church of Rome, who are distinguished for their zeal for St. Austin, have always had the care of the Inquisition allotted to them. And indeed, the guardianship of that infernal tribunal and the doctrine of reprobation suit well together.

May God deliver every sincere Christian from all the delusions of the enemy! From whatever may bring dishonor to God, or may pervert the pure gospel of Christ, and bring destruction upon the souls of men!

May God prosper all your endeavours to bring many souls to grace here, and to glory hereafter. I am, with much esteem, my dear brother,

Your's affectionately,

Vin. Perronet

Address: "To / The Revd Mr Wesley / at the Foundery."

Endorsement: by CW, "Revd W Perronet / Nov. 22. 1777."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 2/17.⁹

⁸Perronet's family was among these Protestants subject to persecution in France!

⁹A transcription was published previously in *AM* 20 (1797): 255–56.

1778

Katherine Hutchings [Jr.] to Sarah Wesley Jr.

[Bristol]
[January 6, 1778]

I am going to plead an excuse for what I think my dearest Sally has pronounced unpardonable. I proceed with a degree of courage as I trust I have an advocate in your bosom. Long have I been afflicted with a continual headache, which robbed me of the pleasure of writing or conversing with my friends. When your last favour came to Bristol I was away from home, and have ever since my return been a melancholy prisoner. I am sure your good nature will prompt you to wish my faults had been greater, and my sufferings less.

Why does my dear Miss Wesley talk of an extorted letter? I boast an heart which pays a just tribute to your merit, and is truly sensible of the honour of your correspondence. Nothing during our separation can afford me so much happiness as hearing from you. Do me the justice to believe I am incapable of making professions of friendship that are not real. Indeed my dear, I sincerely love and admire you. Will you not show me some indulgence, though I delay telling you so? I seldom answer my correspondents in less than a month, or six weeks. Will you not accept me on these terms?

Though I dislike as much as you can possibly do even the appearance of cold indifference to the bosom of friendship, I will confide the real cause of the delay. I am restrained in that as well as a thousand other points, by the limits of a very narrow income. The last day I spent abroad was at Mr. Deveral's. Mr. and Mrs. Deveral charged me with everything that was kind and polite for you. Mr. Deveral hopes to see you soon. I am almost tempted to envy him, but avant! thou mean and selfish passion. May your meeting be happy.

I have not seen your friend the Captain [Joseph Haynes] for a long season. Before I was ill we met often. You was ever our sole subject of conversation.

Mr. [William] and Mrs. [Sarah] Cornish are much pleased with your kind remembrances. You have secured their love and admiration. Mrs. Cornish seems likely soon to present her lord with a seventh son.

I hope to hear from you very soon. Your condescension will convince me you excel in every point. My mama joins me in compliments to you and your family. That the blessings of every season may unite to crown you with happiness is the ardent wish of

Your,

K. Hutchings

Address: "Miss Wesley / at the Foundery / Moor Fields / London."

Postmarks: "Bristol" and "6/IA."

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/428/1/154.

Tryphena Bathurst to Samuel Wesley (CW's son)¹

Russell Street [London]
January 28 [1778]

Lady Tryphena Bathurst's compliments to Mr. Samuel Wesley; is much obliged to him for his *Sonatas*,² and promises herself very great pleasure in learning them.

Endorsements: by CW, "Lady Tryphena's / Thanks to Sam 1777 [sic.]" and "Lady Tryphena to Sam / Jan. 1778."³

¹Tryphena Bathurst (1760–1834) was the daughter of Henry Bathurst (1714–94), 2nd Earl Bathurst. or Tryphena (Scawen) Bathurst (1730–1807), his wife.

²Samuel Wesley, *Eight Sonatas for the Harpsichord or Piano-forte* (London: for author, 1777).

³CW adds a list of other names after the endorsement: "Duke of Ancaster [Peregrine Bertie] / Lord Dartmouth [William Legge] / Dean of Exeter [Jeremiah Milles (1714–84)] / Mr. [Henry] Hoare, etc.

From Dorothy (Furly) Downes

Leeds
March 6 [1778¹]

Reverend Sir,

I have so long delaying writing that I am almost ashamed to write. Many things, but chiefly want of time, or perhaps more properly want of spirits, have prevented. Your letter was very welcome,² for I had begun to think you had quite forgotten me, and you may perhaps have thought I had forgotten my old friends. But I do not find old friends are easily forgot. For though new ones are acceptable in a strange place, yet *tried* friends can never loose their value.

Here are a few of the very old standards who remember you. But most of the first Methodists are gone to receive their reward, and some of them have left children that are treading in their steps.

I spent a few days at Miss [Mary] Bousanquet's last summer. I think she is grown both in grace and wisdom. Her household is indeed a city set on a hill, and has been a great blessing in that neighbourhood. She is now at Bath or Bristol. She also spent some time in Leeds, and I found her conversation much blessed to me. I think she has out run her sister in the spiritual race.³ May I follow her so far as she follows Christ.

Though I was humbled to see how much she has got the start on me, yet blessed be the Lord, I do find he is unto me a God. And that he condescends to receive me for one of his people. And that his presence makes glad my heart in all places, and all times, and under all trials. So that there is no complaining in streets. Indeed, I have abundant reason to praise the Lord for his goodness and mercy towards me, both spiritual and temporal.

I shall hope soon to hear from you, for I long to know how your and my kind friend Mrs. Wesley's health is, and how it fares with the rest of the family. My kind love to them all. I hear Mr. Baynes is dead.⁴ Pray how did he die? If Mr. [John] Richardson is living, please to give my respects to him. If you direct to me in Wade Lane, Leeds, it will come same to the hand of, reverend sir,

Yours, etc.

D. Downes

Please to remember me to Miss [Rebecca] Gwynne, Mrs. [Elizabeth] Waller, etc.

My love to brother and sister Jaco,⁵ [Elizabeth] Macdonald, [Sarah] Cayley, and all enquiring friends.

Address: "Revd Mr C Wesley / Foundery near Moorfields / London."

Postmark: "Leeds."

Endorsement: by CW, "s[ister] Downes / Mar 6."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDP 1/21.

¹The year "1777" is written in pencil in the manuscript; but William Baynes died in Dec. 1777.

²This letter is not known to survive.

³Anna Maria (Bosanquet) Gaussen.

⁴Orig., "Baines." Rev. William Baynes, who assisted as a curate at the chapels in London in his last years, died in Dec. 1777; see JW, *Journal*, Dec. 27, 1777, *Works*, 23:73.

⁵Peter and Elizabeth (Curtis / Hawksworth) Jaco (1727–94). They married in 1763.

From Samuel Farley

Bristol
March 29, 1778

Dear Sir,

After waiting near three years in the pleasing expectation of peace, the trumpet of war is sounding afresh. America unnaturally allied with France against England must produce such a change in the political system of Europe that the ablest statesmen will be puzzled to settle for a century to come. Where or how the contest will end the God of armies only knows. Revenge might stimulate the Americans to this agreement, but if the French support their usual *punica fides*,¹ they will sell them in three years, as they did the Spaniards last war. And it is not improbable but this will bring about a reconciliation on better terms than any red-heeled commissioners could ever obtain from those rough, unpolished demagogues in greasy night caps and old woolen jackets.

Such being the present unhappy state of public affairs, I have endeavoured to settle my mind for a voyage to America.² And as I would wish to go before war is declared, I have taken my passage in a vessel bound from hence to Barbados, from thence take ship to Martinique, and proceed to Charleston or Georgia. Some difficulties I may probably meet within my passage, but I trust that the same God who brought me to my mother's house in peace will convey me to my desired haven in safety. And as I know that the prayer of the righteous availeth much, let me entreat you not to forget me in your addresses to the throne of mercy. Let the same love you bore my father [Felix] descend to me. Is it not my birthright? Deprive not then of my best inheritance. Certain I am you will not. And may the Almighty remember you in the day that he maketh up his jewels.

I had designed to embrace all your dear family before my departure, but as that will happen in eight or ten days, I must be deprived of that happiness my heart earnestly longed for. Pray give my sincere love to Mrs. Wesley and your dear children. Assure them I shall always remember them with the tenderest affection. I owe you all many thanks for your repeated kindnesses and concern for my welfare. My mother [Elizabeth] and sister [Hester] join in love to you and yours.

Farewell my dear friend and father. God preserve and keep you happy here, and very late may he remove you from your family on earth to join the saints above. Till then, continue to pray for

Your friend and servant,

Sam. Farley

Address: "The Revd Mr. Charles Wesley / No 2. Chesterfield Street / London."

Postmarks: "Bristol" and "31/MR."

Endorsement: by CW, "March 29. 1778 / Sam. Farley / imbarcking."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDPPr 1/28.

¹"Faith of a Carthaginian," a Roman jibe denoting treachery.

²Samuel was returning to his wife and children in Savannah, Georgia.

From Samuel Farley

Bristol
April 5, 1778

My Dear Friend and Father,

Your truly affectionate letter made my heart dance with joy.¹ I now go rejoicing in the possession of your blessing, and doubt not but God will hear and answer your prayers on my behalf. May he give me that divine wisdom which is better than life itself, that I may so act and speak as shall prove to his honour and glory and my own present and future peace of mind. Critical as my situation must be, nothing shall make me afraid while he is on my side. And by his help I will leap over this wall also. Many are the difficulties through which his mercy has conducted me in safety. Therefore will I rejoice in God my saviour.

My dear mother and sister (who send their love to you all) are made willing to resign me, for the sake of those to whom the link of nature strongly draws me. In want or woe I will share with the partner of my bosom, till death the mighty hunter earths us one or both.² It adds not a little to my consolation that I shall have my family live in peace and joy, seeing they do not mourn as those without hope but commend themselves and me to the common Father of us all. Tomorrow I bid them adieu, perhaps forever, till we meet to part no more in that kingdom where our tears shall be wiped away, and sorrow and pain cannot come.

I have just now heard of my wife, by a gentleman who left Savannah in November last, when she was in good health but mourning my long absence; and the more so as she had received no letters these two years past, although I have wrote by every opportunity. The Georgians have exchanged their Dutch governor for a gentleman who served his clerkship with the same master I had to study under. Many of the Tories (as they term them) have left the province and their effects to the management of their enemies, who I suppose will not fail to sequester it to their own use.

I believe with you that the die is cast, but not much in favour of the Americans, who will one day repent of their connexion with France, having already experienced the ungenerous advantage she has taken of their necessities. I am credibly informed that all the rice and indigo which has been carried thither did not sell for half its value, and even what payments were made consisted for the worst of goods changed at four times their worth. It is therefore impossible in the nature of things that their commerce can be of long continuance, for interest in the life of trade. Not to mention how many merchants on the other side of the Atlantic are reduced to want by the villainy of their new friends. America will find a time to revenge the wrongs she has received from this perfidious people in a manner they do not at present dream of.

And now my dear sir, let me thank you for the obliging contents of your last favour. God bless and prosper you in all things, and continue you the comfort of the afflicted, the joy of your family and friends, and a blessing to all around you. Remember me kindly to your worthy spouse and children. I should have embraced them with tears of sorrow and joy, had it been my lot to sail from London. But it has pleased God to order it otherwise. His will be done in you and for you and them, with all the true Israel of the new Jerusalem on high. Adieu my valuable friend and father. Cease not to love and pray for

The most unworthy of your sons and servants,

Sam. Farley

Address: "The Revd Mr. Charles Wesley / Foundery / Moore Fields / London."

Postmarks: "Bristol" and "7/AP."

¹CW's reply to Farley's letter of Mar. 29 is not known to survive.

²Farley was leaving his mother Elizabeth (Grace) Farley and sister Hester Farley, to return to his wife Grace (Parker) Farley and children in Savannah, Georgia.

Endorsement: by CW, “Farley sailing / April 5. 1778.”

Source: holograph; MARC, DDPr 1/27.

Thomas Waller to Sarah Wesley Jr.

Terriers¹
Tuesday, [April?] 14[–15, 1778²]

I write now, though you will not have it till this day [in a] week, if then. But that depends on my father (or perhaps Mr. [James] Chouquet, who I believe comes down with him), for I don't like you should pay for nothing. Not a word more of that, or you will scold.

Not I, Sally. I have no objection to a journal. On the contrary, I like it very much. There is a frankness in that mode of writing which I think shows friendship, and I would imitate it myself (you know I am fond of imitations) if it did not make too trivial an account. Alas this is my case, for was I to tell you I got up at such an hour, dined at such an hour, supped at such an hour, and then went to bed at such an hour, oh how entertaining it would be. No, it is impossible.

I was glad to hear by your mama's letter you were all so well—not excepting Sam. I fancy my aunt Wesley thought by making a kind of complaint to my mother about my not letting my letters be seen, that she would make my comply. If she did, begging aunty's pardon, she is mistaken quite you may assure her, for I never wish my letters to be seen but by the person whom I write to—except those parts which are addressed to her, or anyone in particular, and then I *trust you* to read them. For instance, read to Charles: “Charles, Tom says he was not pleased with you for bringing up his letter into the dining-room in that manner, before all the company, poor Tom.” “Dear Sally, why?” “What was in it, I am sure.” “Well Charles, but if he don't like it, it is not for you to displease him.” “Look,” says my aunt Wesley [SGW], “sure Tommy methinks is very odd.” “Well mama, but if Tom ...” And so Tom, have done with your “wells,” and your “buts,” and your “says,” and say no more. For thy flights are nothing but nonsense by this means. Then what's to be done? Put my name directly? No, I may mind. Thanks for that thought. I'll lay the paper by and write again tomorrow, or only let me stop a little bit, just by way of *rest*. You smile, but don't you know nothing tires more than folly—even one's own?

It is very cold today to what it has been. What fine weather we have had: *too hot* for the time of year. We have taken walks every evening as if it had been July. I wish you were with us. [I] am pretty sure it would not be disagreeable to you. Can't you persuade *part*, if not *all*, your family to come and spend some little time here?³ Tell you mama there is charming air here. Besides, a number of Methodist reside at [High] Wycombe. They have got a meeting-house here. So have the Quakers.

Wednesday [the 15th], yes it is indeed. You must know just as I wrote the word “Quaker” dinner came up and put a stop [to my writing]. [I] intended to resume my [pa]per after, but found myself so stupid that it was not practicable. [I] read a chapter in Pearson's;⁴ it would not do. Took up Thomson's *Seasons*;⁵ just the same. “Well,” thinks I, “I'll lay it by til tomorrow. Tomorrow is a new day! Aye, the day might be new, but I was just the same. I will ask my aunt to take a walk. Perhaps that may enliven. “O my dear, really?” (with a look to the window) “It is too sharp an air, I think, to venture out without

¹The Waller family were spending this spring and summer in Terriers Green, just north of High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire.

²The year is suggested by their stay near High Wycombe. The 14th was a Tues. in Apr. and in July of that year. The comment about the weather being unseasonably hot, as if it were July, argues for Apr.

³SGW and the boys would join the Waller family at Terriers Green in Sept.; Sarah Jr. did not come with them.

⁴Apparently John Pearson, *An Exposition of the Creed* (London: John Williams, 1659).

⁵James Thomson, *The Four Seasons, and other Poems* (London: Millan, 1735).

running the risk of getting cold.” So I found nothing was to be done but to sit down quietly and fill up this *scratched* paper.

You say you are to drink tea with Mrs. Pryce soon. When you do, give my kind regards to her and Miss Pryce.

I am at this minute sitting before the window which looks to a very large wood, where my aunt and I had liked the day before yesterday to have been lost. I fear you laugh, Sally. Well never mind, laugh on, as we are come out of the wood. I'll tell you how it was. “Tommy,” says my aunt,⁶ “let's take a little tour.” “With all my heart ma'am,” says I, “but where?” “A little in that wood, child.” “Very well ma'am.” And away we went, four in company: aunt and I, Thisbe and Topine.⁷ “Which way do you go to it?” “My dear,” says aunt, “O, this way. A charming day Tommy.” “Delightful,” said I. And [I] began to sing, aunt to whistle. “Poor creatures,” said she, “it will do the dogs good. Tom, do you think we shall have rain?” “No doubt ma'am,” said I, “but not yet.” “O very well, if we shan't,” and began her tune again. By this time the wood thickened upon us. “There's no fear Tom,” says my aunt. “No ma'am, no!” exclaimed I, with a half sneer. “Nay, now Tom, if you take me . . .” “Where?” said I. “Well, it is very beautiful, if it is safe.” “What's to hurt us?” said I. We were (I was going to say, in the middle of the wood). We must have been four or five miles at least, as this wood, I have since learned, reaches ten miles. But it was quite enough for us. We were in the wood. “Do you know, Tommy,” continues aunt, “I have not enjoyed the country so much since I left Garth as I have done for this week past.” “It is a fine country indeed,” says I, “but had we not better go that path?” “Hey?” says my aunt. “What? Don't you know the way?” “How should I ma'am? You [and] I never was here before.” “Good Lord,” says my aunt in louder tone. “Child, what did you bring one such a way for?” “I bring you such a way! Was it not your own doing?” “Very fine truly,” muttered aunt. Here we scolded, till I *thought* I saw a way. “O very well,” says aunt, and began to whistle again. On I marched. Thisbe with tongue lolling out and panting, as if she was in the last agonies. “Aye,” says my aunt, “it will kill the poor little bitch.” “I declare,” says I, “it [is] nothing but an hedge, and now I don't know the way.” “Hey!” uttered aunt in a kind of scream. “My dear ma'am,” says I, “don't alarm yourself so. I never saw anything like you. Besides, here [is] a house,” says I (which at that moment I happened to see) “and very near us too.” Hope now filled both our breasts, and my aunt's joy was much heightened by our seeing a wood cutter and his little boy. “Would you be so kind,” said my aunt, “as to tell us the nearest way to Mr. Fladgate's?”⁸ “What?” says the old man. “Did you come through the wood?” “Yes,” says we at once. “Well,” says he, “then I think you had better go back again.” “The Lord defend me,” says my aunt. “Though you may go through the lane, but you will find it very dirty.” “Never mind; only will you be so good as to take up Thisbe?” The old man was deaf and my aunt did not ask him again, as she was too much taken up with thinking she had got out of the wood. But [she] vowed and protested I should never take her any more such walks.

Why, where am I to put the direction [i.e., address]? I have made a charming letter of it. That's as I think you say. And I think it's time to put:

T. Waller

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWF 22/64.

⁶Rebecca Gwynne.

⁷Two dogs.

⁸The Waller family were staying with or near the Fladgate family, in Terriers Green. See Sarah Jr.'s address in her letter to SGW, Sept. 7, 1778.

Thomas Waller to Sarah Wesley Jr.

[Terriers]
April 30[–May 1, 1778¹]

I wish you joy. Whenever I want to do a thing there is always a stop put to it, at least at the moment I wish it done. I might have said “hour,” if not hours (though that I can [not] very well tell, as I have lost the *hand* of my watch). But no matter, for you will not understand me if I go on in this foolish way. So now you find I am going to write *sensible*.

I designed to write yesterday but was not well (N.B., I have got the gout), so imagined a little turn out (as my aunt² calls it) would do me more good. Not that it did, though [I] am certain as much as writing would or could have done, for I hate writing. Mind that *Miss*, and thank me.

But to proceed in what manner? Not absolutely a *journal*. Well it was my undoubted intention to have done my letter to you this morning, and now to begin, you must know, you see pray how is Mrs. Mitz?³ You know, has she recovered the loss of Mrs. Pit?⁴ Does she give a *descriptive* account of her death? Does she say in what manner her jaw fell, and her eyes turned? Has she not made your mama shake her head, wink her eyes and cry “Look!” And you father groan?

And now to begin again, with telling you that we have the militia here, have had a review a little way off this morning; went by here at 7 o’clock, awoke poor mother. “It’s the men Tommy, my dear” says she. “What, the soldiers going to be reviewed?” “Yes,” says she. “Well,” thought I, “I know what I will do. I will get up, eat my breakfast, dress myself (that is put my ?), sit down and write my letter to Sally, which I can do in an hour’s time, and then I shall be ready to see all pass in their return.” This was my scheme. How well it seems, such contrivance. Yes, but it did not answer. For though I got up, just as I do of another morning, yet my breakfast was now and then disturbed with an “O Tommy, Tommy, here’s a carriage.” And then with “Brother, brother, who’s in that couch?” By this means the meal was lengthen[ed], till Molly was not come to make the bed.⁵ I never *retire* to my *dressing* room till the beds are made, so contented myself with playing a sweet tune on the music; but was often called from it to have a peep at [a] soldier or his *trull*.⁶ “My dear,” says mother, “the room is ready.” (She had been helping to make the bed.) Well, I entered, took down my brown suit of clothes to brush, and thought they took up more time than usual. And as to the water, the duice(?) take it. I believe it would never boil. At last I conquered it, as *many* a good mother does her child, by applying a great bunch of twigs to its bottom. Notably done, was it not? Not so then my shaving, Sally. I had like to have cut my life off, I was in such a rush. And so I am now, and so I am always. But in the present cast, Abraham (our man) is come to lay the cloth, and I fear he will want *this* table. I wish he would let me go on. He will not.

It’s 2 o’clock. We dine at 2:00. And we have dined. What then? Why, I am to go on, if I can. I will. It is impossible for *me* to answer for myself. God help me.

Friday [May 1]. My father is come, and I am full of gratitude to you and [your] family for your very kind attention to my grandmother.⁷ I was a *good action*, and ... but I *feel* more than I can express.

¹The date is confirmed by Apr. 30 being a Thurs. in 1778

²Rebecca Gwynne.

³Arabella Fountaine (1741–1823), daughter of John Fountaine, one of CW’s classmates at Christ Church, married Abel Mitz (b. 1738) in Dec. 1759.

⁴Possibly referring to a pet, given what follows.

⁵Mary (“Molly”) Maund, had been a servant to Martha Gumley; see Rebecca Gwynne to SGW, Dec. 3, 1770. She now assisted the Waller family.

⁶*OED*: “a prostitute.”

⁷James Waller’s mother, Ann (Smyth) Waller (1692–1781).

Now that's done with, let me return from where I left off. I have looked back but do not think it is worthwhile, as it would only be letting you know how, and in what manner, I was hindered from completing this (if you think it could be *ever* made *complete*, I leave to your better judgment). And then it must have been done in such *nonsensical twists* that it is evident I had better let it alone. Yet you have curiosity, and if not gratified will in your next *declare* I am an *imitator*. What's to be done? Really, I cannot tell. Except I lump it in a few words and tell you that after shaving—no, it is not to be done in a few words, but will promise to sum it up in as little a quantity as I can—and that after shaving (are you not glad I am *shaved* at last) I (what is called) whipped on my clothes to get at it.

Alas, this was not to be done, for Mrs. Fladgate⁸ (who is a very well-bred woman) came at that moment to pay us a morning visit, and let us know *who* was *who* as they passed by. *Very kind!* Here she stayed half an hour; when, to our surprise, what should we see but all coming back. “Bless my days,” Mrs. Fladgate [said], “This is something very odd, for they never were used to come back so soon.” By this time we all were at the windows, in our *best attitudes* no doubt. And to add, I had my opera glass out to look at the ladies—who to be sure felt themselves honoured by this attention. Whether they did or no, I looked, and looked again, till at last I thought the gentlewomen seemed to know me. I withdrew my glass as the post-chaise drew up to the door. “Kitty my dear,” says Mrs. Fladgate, turning to her sister, “I really believe it is Mrs. Donburn” (or some such name she called her). No matter, away they flew. “I hope you are well ma'am” and “Pretty well, I thank you Miss” were the echoes of the court.

“Well,” thought I, the show is almost over and I shall *write*.” It is over, out came my table, unlocked my drawer, pulled out this sheet of paper, and have given you joy—when to the encouragement of bad humours “tridle, didle, dat” goes the door. “Walk in,” says my mother. “Oh, Mrs. Fladgate,” cries aunt, “this is good of you now.” “Ma'am I am sure,” says she, “I could not think of leaving you so abrupt, but they were ladies from [High] Wycombe.” “Were they so ma'am,” returned mom. (To cut short, this kind of conversation lasted half an hour longer, and then, Sally, I took up my pen in earnest.)

I have given you a long tale, have I not?

And where's the end of my history book
And in it I give you leave for to look

What a turn for poetry has
Your friend,

Ths. Waller

I am sorry to hear of Mrs. Arnold's loss.⁹ Suppose that's the reason Becky has not heard from her. My respects when you see that family. Also to Mrs. and Miss Pryce. And if chance should fling Miss Penson in your way—but you have wrote to her, for what I wonder? If you should be that way inclined again, tell her I cannot conceive the reason she has not answered my letter, dated Good Friday.

I have no notion of your making a complaint of me in mother's letter, when (if you will recall) your White Conduit House letter did not come so soon as I expected.¹⁰ Remember that and write soon. Were any of the crooks at the White Conduit House? Tell me in your next, and all you know.

Pray, does Mrs. Foot[e] intend to lay, I mean to have a child, or no?

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWF 22/60.

⁸This may be Ann (Cox) Fladgate (c. 1736–1816), wife of John Fladgate (1728–81). John was a watchmaker in London and would have known James Waller. They could have had a country home in Ferriers and invited the Wallers to join them.

⁹Mary Ann (Napier) Arnold may have suffered a miscarriage.

¹⁰The White Conduit House was a building in Islington, that served as a type of resort away from London city center.

From John Haime¹

Whitchurch
c. May 1, 1778²

Reverend and Dear Sir,

About two years since your brother desired me to write something of my experience and of the work abroad. But I told him I could not do it—I had no talent for it, nor memory. He seemed to insist upon it, but I declined it. His words have followed me at times ever since. About a quarter of a year since, I was much pressed in spirit to write some little thing, so that I could not rest till I gave up my will. I have begun. I have written ten sheets of paper all ready. I believe I shall write ten more. Your brother has read what I have written already, but I have written no farther than where the Duke came to hear me preach.³

John Haime

Endorsement: CW, “Jn Haim / June 1, 1778 / ad 12th.

Source: secondary transcription; MARC, MA 1977/502/1/44.

¹John Haime (1710–84), a native of Shaftesbury, first heard CW preach in 1742, while serving as a soldier. He soon organized a religious society for his fellow soldiers. Upon his discharge from the army in 1747 he served as a travelling preacher for two decades. See Vickers, *Dictionary*, 146.

²Since CW’s reply to Haime is dated May 7, 1778, this letter must have been written by about May 1, and included a copy of the account Haime was preparing. Haime wrote to JW on June 1, 1778, including a transcription of CW’s letter; see *AM* 20 (1797): 354–55.

³JW serialized Haime’s autobiographical account in *AM* 3 (1780): 207–17, 255–73, 307–13; and later issued it as a tract, *A Short Account of God’s Dealings with Mr. John Haime* (1785). Haime’s mention of the Duke of Cumberland hearing him preach appears in §46 of the account (which has 73 paragraphs in total).

From the Rev. John Fletcher (to CW and JW)

Macon, in Burgundy¹
May 17, 1778

Reverend and Dear Sirs,

I hope that while I lie by like a broken vessel, the Lord continues to renew your vigour, and sends you to water his vineyard, and to stand in the gap against error and vice. I have recovered some strength, blessed by God, since I came to the continent; but have lately had another attack of my old complaints. However I find myself better again, though I think it yet advisable to avoid speaking in public.

I preached twice at Marseilles, but was not permitted to follow the blow. There are few noble, inquisitive Bereans in those parts.² The ministers in the town of my nativity have been very civil. They have offered me the pulpit; but I fear if I could accept the offer it would soon be recalled. I am loath to quit this part of the field without casting a stone at the giant, sin, which stalks about with uncommon boldness. I shall therefore stay some months longer, to see if the Lord will please to give me a little more strength to venture upon a little attack.

Gaming and dress, sinful pleasure and love of money, unbelief and false philosophy, lightness of spirit, fear of man and love of the world—are the principal sins by which Satan binds his captives in these parts. Materialism is not rare. Deism and Socinianism are very common. And a set of free-thinkers (great admirers of Voltaire and Rosseau, Boyle and Mirabeau) seem bent upon destroying Christianity and government. “With one hand” (said a lawyer, who has written something against them) “they shake the throne, and with the other they throw down the altars.” If we believe them, the world is the dupe of kings and priests. Religion is fanaticism and superstition. Subordination is slavery and tyranny. Christian morality is absurd, unnatural, and impracticable; and Christianity is the most bloody religion that ever was. And here it is certain, that by the example of Christians-so-called, and by our continual disputes, they have a great advantage, and do the truth immense mischief. *Popery will certainly fall in France in this or the next century*, and I make no doubt but God will use those vain men to bring about a reformation here, as he used Henry the Eighth to do that great work in England. So the madness of his enemies shall at last turn to his praise, and to the furtherance of his kingdom.

In the meantime it becomes all lovers of the truth to make their heavenly tempers and humble, peaceful love shine before all men, that those mighty adversaries, seeing the good works of professors, may glorify their Father who is in heaven and no more blaspheme the worthy name by which we are all called Christians.

If you ask what system these men adopt? I answer that some build upon deism, a morality founded on self-preservation, self-interest, and self-honour. Others laugh at all morality except that which violently disturbs society; and external order is the decent covering of fatalism, while materialism is their system.

O dear sirs, let me intreat you in these dangerous days to use your wise influence, with unabated zeal, against the scheme of these modern Celsuses, Porphyrys, and Julians—by calling all professors to think and speak the same things, to love and embrace one another, and to stand firmly embodied to resist those daring men; many of whom are already in England, headed by the admirers of Mr. [David] Hume and Mr. [Thomas] Hobbes. But it is needless to say this to those who have made, and continue to make, such a stand for vital Christianity. So that I have nothing to do but pray that the Lord would abundantly support and strengthen you to the last, and make you a continued comfort to his enlightened people: loving reprovers of those who mix light and darkness, and a terror to the perverse—which is the cordial prayer of, revered and dear sirs,

Your affectionate son and obliged servant in the gospel,

¹Fletcher was on a visit to France and Switzerland, to visit family and for his health.

²See Acts 17:11.

J. Fletcher

P.S. I need not tell you, sirs, that the hour in which providence will make my way plain to return to England, to unite with the happy number of those who feel or seek the power of Christian godliness, will be welcome to me. O favoured Britons! Happy would it be for them if they knew their gospel-privileges. My relations in Adam are all very kind to me; but the spiritual relations whom God has raised me in England exceed them yet. Thanks be to Christ, and to his blasphemed religion.

Source: published transcription; *Arminian Magazine* 11 (1788): 384–86.³

³Also appears in Fletcher, *Posthumous* (1791), 256–59; and *AM* 17 (1794): 384–86.

From Mary (Granville / Pendarves) Delany¹

St. James's Place [London]
May 19 [c. 1778²]

Mrs. Delany presents her compliments to Mr. [Charles] Wesley and is very sorry she is not well enough to come to his house to hear Master Wesleys play, as he was so obliging to desire her. But [she] will take it as a favour if he will permit Master Wesleys to come to her house and play upon her harpsichord. She is very sorry she has only a single (though very good) one.

If next Thursday or Friday afternoon at half an hour after 6:00 will be convenient to them, it will be very agreeable to Mrs. Delany. She begs an answer by the bearer.

Address: "To / The Revd Mr Wesley / Chesterfield Street / near Marybone."

Endorsement: by CW, "M. Delany."

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/428/2/64.

¹Mary (Granville / Pendarves) Delany (1700–88) was the oldest daughter of Bernard and Mary (Westcomb) Granville and a niece of George Granville, Lord Lansdowne. Her uncle used some pressure to secure her marriage in 1718 to the wealthy and elderly Alexander Pendarves, who died in 1725. As a widow she often visited her mother and sister in Buckland, becoming part of the network of Cotswolds friends of JW and CW during their Oxford years. In 1743, after the Cotswolds group had scattered, Mary became the second wife of Patrick Delany, the intimate friend of Jonathan Swift. She corresponded with many of the leading cultural figures of the day. See *ODNB*.

²CW first let Samuel join Charles Jr. in performances in fall 1777.

From Dr. Philip Hayes

Oxon [i.e. Oxford]
June 15, 1778

Dear Sir,

I was favoured with yours by our friend Mr. [Richard] Green, for which I thank you, and also for your kind wishes respecting my health.¹ I am sorry to say too many of the musical profession judge and think very narrowly, sometimes most uncharitably, of rising merit. But let ill nature balk for a while, merit must in the end stand forth, by all confessed. Nor need my young friends² be discouraged at some few idle remarks. Never shall I say otherwise than I always thought of their shining abilities, which I have even mentioned in the highest terms, and so in justice will continue to do. Alas! I only wish for the power of patronage to convince you of the sincerity of my professions. However, they have my best wishes for their success, not only in regard to their publications but through life. I shall with much pleasure endeavour to dispose of their productions, which merit the notice of the public in general. The will, for the deed, I hope will be accepted, if I should not be able to do so much as I could wish.

Mr. Green has left me another book of Sam's lessons and it was want of recollection in me not to desire to have a few more when in town, which may now be done whenever you think proper. I beg my sincere respects to Miss [Sarah] Wesley and my young friends from

Your affectionate servant,

P. Hayes

I thank God my mother is pure well.³

Address: "To / The Revd Mr Charles Wesley."

Endorsement: by CW, "June 15. 1778 / Dr. Hays encou- / raging."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 7/65.

¹CW's letter to Hayes is not known to survive.

²CW Jr. and Samuel.

³She was now a widow; her husband William died in July 1777. She may be the Anne Hayes buried in the same churchyard in 1786.

From an Unidentified Correspondent

c. June 30, 1778

A Brief Account of the Sickness and Death of Mrs. McDonald,
who died Sunday, June 28, 1778¹

On Friday morning she as usual attended the preaching, which she scarcely missed five mornings in the year.

She was likewise present at the intercession. Went to see some of her poor sick friends in the afternoon. And was as well and cheerful all the evening as she had been for several years. About 2:00 on Saturday morning she was seized with convulsions in her bowels, and though she continued all day and the following night in the most excruciating pain, [she] always expressed an unshaken confidence in God and perfect resignation to his will. When Mr. [Peter] Jaco asked her on Saturday night, “Do you find Jesus precious to you now?” She cried out “Yes, he is precious indeed! O my sweet Jesus! Thou art altogether lovely!” In the fore part of the night Mr. Allen asked her, “Do you find all is right? Is the intercourse open between God and your soul?” She answered “O yes, love, love. I find nothing but love. Precious love! Precious Jesus! He is come for me. There he is, do you not see him? O love, unbounded love.” She often through the night spoke of the new heaven and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

About 3:00 on Sunday morning Mrs. [Elizabeth] Jaco, perceiving she changed very fast, asked her, “How do you find your soul now? Have you any doubt or fear?” She immediately replied “No, nothing but love! Unbounded love. I am going to my blessed Jesus!”

She continued praying and praising till about 4:00, the without struggle or groan she fell asleep.

Endorsement: by CW, “[S]ister] Mcdonald’s death / June 21 1778.”

[shorthand annotation at bottom of first page²]

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/501/104.³

¹Elizabeth MacDonald was a servant at the Foundery for several years and was buried June 30, 1778 in Bunhill Fields cemetery.

²[[Thursday the Doctor preaches [i.e., Thomas Coke], recommend dlgs(?) baptism.]]

³For a digital copy and “as-is” transcription, see:
<https://www.library.manchester.ac.uk/services/digitisation-services/projects/rapture-and-reason/>

From Joseph Benson

Leeds
August 8, 1778

Reverend and Dear Sir,

Our Conference is now ended; the best I was ever at.¹ Your brother [JW] has manifested the most meek and patient spirit throughout the whole. He has preached better than ordinary and has had the largest congregations both morning and evening I ever observed at Leeds or anywhere else. His body is strong and his mind vigorous. He seems more concerned for the prosperity of the work of God than I ever knew him, has closely examined the characters of the preachers and two have been set aside for misbehaviour. The Lord has indeed been amongst us and has (I trust) made our meeting together profitable to many. I hope we shall go forth with fresh commissions in the power of the Spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ, happy in our souls and blest in our labours. Pray for us dear sir that the pleasure of the Lord may prosper in our hands, and that he may abundantly succeed our endeavours for his glory.

Inasmuch as you had signified in a letter to Mr. [William] Smith a desire to hear from me,² and as I remembered you showed me much love when in London seven years ago, I took the liberty of writing you a few lines.³ But as I was conscious of my unworthiness and suspected I might inadvertently and undesignedly have dropped some sentiments or expression in my letter which might have displeased you, I did not wonder so much as I otherwise should have done that you took no notice of my letter. And as I have learned more than ever to die to persons and things, and satisfy myself with the approbation of God and the testimony of my own conscience, I was not uneasy. But though I was sorry to lose your regard, yet was enabled to resign this up like everything else to God, persuaded the time will come when you and all my other friends will see that, however weak I am, my intention is or has been pure to glorify God in my whole conduct ever since I entered this connexion. Though alas, I have come greatly short!

I have talked freely with Mr. [John] Fletcher (as I have wrote to your brother) on the subject you mention.⁴ I do not think my sentiments differ much from those of the former, whatever they may do from those of the sentiments of the latter of these eminent ministers [i.e., JW]. But whether or no, I cannot think otherwise than I do, till I see (which I am satisfied I never shall) the Scripture in a different point of light.⁵ I believe from my heart everything the word of God teaches concerning the divinity of our Lord, and that in the most plain and obvious sense; and more than this you do not, cannot require of me. I preach the old Methodist doctrine as contained in the Minutes of Conference, and four volumes of *Sermons*, and have reason to think the Lord blesses my labours. I am happy in general in my own soul, and know that my one end and aim is to promote the glory of him who hath called me out of darkness into his marvellous light. And hence I have no doubt but you do and will wish me good luck in the name of the Lord, even if I have not the same reverence for the Athanasian doctrine (which I think unscriptural) with yourself.

A line will be very acceptable when convenient, directed to the Preaching House, Manchester. I am, dear sir,

Your obedient servant,

¹For the minutes of the 1778 Conference in Leeds, see JW, *Works*, 10:473–83.

²CW's letter to Smith is not known to survive.

³This would be the letter that (apparently after several months) elicited CW's letter of July 27, 1778; to which Benson is now responding.

⁴The notion Benson had taken from Isaac Watts of the preexistence of Christ's human soul; see CW to Benson, July 27.

⁵Actually, Benson did come to reject his current stance within a few years; see Richard Treffry, *Memoirs of the Rev. Joseph Benson* (New York: Lane & Sandford, 1842), 77–78.

Jos. Benson

P.S. Mr. and Mrs. [Smith?⁶] are here and beg their best respects to you. My respects to Mrs. [Sarah] Wesley and love to the dear children

Address: “The Revd. Mr. Ch. Wesley / ~~at The Foundery~~ / at the New Room / ~~London~~ / Bristol.”

Postmark: “28/AV.”

Endorsement: by CW, “Benson Aug. 8. 1778.”

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/501/24.⁷

⁶Benson forgot to give the surname; William and Jeanne (Vazeille / Matthews) Smith are the most likely, given the prior mention of William.

⁷For a digital copy and “as-is” transcription, see:
<https://www.library.manchester.ac.uk/services/digitisation-services/projects/rapture-and-reason/>

Hester Farley to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley

Bristol
August¹ 11, 1778

I fear the letter which I wrote my dear friend Wesley some months ago did not reach her, or that my long silence so much displeased her she chose not to indulge me too soon with an answer. Yet as I know every information relative to our happiness will be acceptable to my dear friend and her good family, I take the first opportunity to acquaint them with our having heard from my beloved brother [Samuel]. His letter is dated May 23, Granada, where he arrived safe after a passage of five weeks and four days. He was sick most part of the way, which denied him the satisfaction of eating one meal with an appetite, a circumstance unpleasing in itself yet happy in its *effect*, as it prepared him for a climate the extreme heat of which might otherwise have been productive of a fever. He purposed sailing in a few days for Barbados, from whence (by the fleet) we expect to hear again from him. Thus far hath the Lord helped; may his loving kindness follow him all his days.

From some observations I made, there is reason to believe my dearest brother returned much the better for his visit to England, for during his stay here his mind was led into a more serious consideration of religion than ever. He felt there was a joy attainable to which he was a stranger, and frequently sighed and prayed for the possession of it. With much pleasure and satisfaction I often think of him, and the many agreeable hours I spent in his company. Ere now I hope his family are rejoicing around him and their mutual happiness daily increasing by the increase of each other's love.

But I have trespassed on my dear friend Wesley's patience in dwelling so long on this subject. Permit me now to enquire after the family's welfare, and when it is we are to expect to see *you* in Bristol? It has been talked of for some months past. But when our friend intends putting his threats into execution we must leave him to determine,² only wish him not to wait the decline of the summer season.

The last letter to sister [Ann] Chapman met her at Bath, where she has been near a fortnight with her aunt Henshaw's family, who are at present in great affliction on account of their mother's death.³ She died last week. Her life was one continued scene of folly and dissipation, yet it pleased the gracious and merciful Redeemer to call her even at the eleventh hour, and (give⁴) her an evidence of his love before (her final) departure.

Our worthy Friends Staffords are indifferent well. The addition of their sister Susanna's company will add greatly to the cheerfulness of them all.⁵ I am commissioned to unite them in kind love with my mother [Elizabeth] and cousin Ann Grace⁶ to my friend Wesleys and their amiable sons and daughter, together with friend [Elizabeth] Waller and sister [Rebecca Gwynne]. How shall I excuse myself to my dear Sally? All I can say is to acknowledge my fault and promise amendment. Our kind respects wait on friend Sulger.⁷ Please to communicate to him the pleasing intelligence we had from America. I have only room to subscribe myself

¹Orig., "6th Mo,"

²CW would arrive in Bristol about a week later, but the family did not come with him.

³Mrs. Mary Henshaw was buried in Bath on Aug. 7. She was the mother of Elizabeth (Henshaw) Chapman, wife of Ann's uncle Walter Chapman.

⁴A small portion is torn away by the wax seal; recreated as likely missing text.

⁵Susanna may not have been living in the same house with Ann and Mary until now.

⁶Ann Grace (b. 1752) was the daughter of James and Mary (Hoskins) Grace.

⁷This was apparently the Swiss-born Moravian minister John Henry Sulger (1743–99), who was just locating to Bristol and would marry Frances Peters there in 1779.

My dear Mrs. Wesley's obliged and respectful,

H. Farley

P.S. My brother [Samuel] desires his kind love and respects.

Address: "S Wesley / Foundery – Moor Fields / London."

Postmarks: "Bristol" and "14/AV."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWF 24/5.

From Samuel Farley

Pensacola, in West Florida
August 21, 1778

My Dear Father and Friend,

From the island of Grenada I did myself the pleasure of informing you not only of my safe arrival in the West Indies, but the singular circumstance of the gracious visitation of God to my soul during the passage.¹ And blessed by his holy name, he has been pleased to afford me many manifestations of his loving kindness even unto this moment. O that I may be faithful to the sacred witness in my heart, the consolation whereof is sweeter to me than the honey or the honeycomb. This

Lays the rough path of peevish nature even
And opens in each breast a little heaven.²

Pray for me that my faith may be increased, that neither the world, the flesh, or the devil may any more have dominion over me. But, forgetting the things that are behind, I may press forward to the prize of my high calling in Jesus Christ my saviour. I look up to you as my dear father in God. Therefore am I bold to claim an interest in your petitions to the throne of grace; and that you wrestle mightily for me with the angel of the covenant, nor ever let him go till he blesses me—even me—also, for I am the plant of your hand and of right the child of your care.

Hitherto has he who ruleth all things well conducted me in safety, even to the neighbourhood of Georgia. And by his special providence I have escaped the greatest danger that the madness of the times has produced in America. A few weeks ago almost every man capable of bearing arms in the province of Georgia was pressed to go to the siege of St. Augustine, a place so fortified by nature and art that the best military judges affirm it to be impregnable. This, added to the inclemency of the season, must render it impossible for the besiegers to succeed in their enterprise. And it is not likely that out of five thousand who set out from Savannah, that one-half of them will ever return from a march of eight hundred miles through woods and swamps in the rainy, sickly months, when the most careful person cannot avoid the fever, ague, and pleurisies peculiar to the climate. Their general is a young lawyer who never saw a regiment of soldiers in his life. Two of his captains are a couple of boys who were my own clerks. And most of his other officers are of the same standard in age and military capacity. These quixotic adventurers have to cope with an experienced general, at the head of four thousand Englishmen, well provided and within the strongest fortress in America; five hundred Indians to harass them in their march and cut off their retreat. So that in case of a defeat they will either perish by famine or be destroyed by the savages. In the meantime a party of 300 Creeks are gone to Georgia, who will burn and destroy all before them, the province being entirely defenceless.

This give me unspeakable sorrow for the fate of those who are nearer and dearer to me than all the world besides.³ And what adds to my grief, I cannot as yet be permitted to go thither, although I am within a few day's ride of my own house. However, my prayer and confidence is that the Almighty will take them into his holy protection and hide them under the shadow of his wing till this evil cloud is passed by. His will be done.

The beginning of strife is as the letting out of water, and Pensacola is likely in its turn to feel the calamities of civil war. A party of Indians in amity with America has threatened to cut off the back settlements, and an express is just arrived with advice that they had set out ten days ago "to stop the path

¹This letter is not known to survive. Farley may mean the letter sent to his mother and sister, asking them to pass on the news (see Hester Farley to SGW, Aug. 11, 1778).

²Matthew Prior, "Charity."

³His wife and children in Savannah.

and spill blood,” as they sum it, in revenge for some white men’s scalps which have been brought there from Georgia. In consequence of this intelligence the governor yesterday sent several companies of soldiers to different parts of the province. Also a number of seamen from the Man of War to guard the rivers and wait for the Indian canoes in their way hither. All the women and children are coming in from their plantations, with their Negroes and other moveable effects. We are not under any uneasiness for the town, it being well garrisoned with two regiments and several ships of war lying in the harbour. Every precaution is taken to prevent a surprise. Scouting parties are ranging in the neighbourhood and no person [is] suffered to leave the town without an order from the commanding officer.

Thus my dear sir, you see I am kept by one danger from falling into another. But I hope it will please God soon to put an end to both. Nor do I in the least doubt but he will in his own good time bring me to my family, in peace and safety. He has delivered me out of many evils. And though he bring me through the valley of the shadow of death, he has promised not to leave me or forsake me. Therefore will I praise him for all that is past and trust him for all that is to come.

Tell my dear Mrs. Wesley and her beloved children that I think (about⁴) them and pray for them oftener than the day, and (..) them for you, my father, and all the ministers of the gospel, with the congregations committed to your charge, that God may give you the healthful spirit of his grace, and make you burning and shining lights, that the world, seeing your faith and good works, may glorify our Father who is in heaven. Forget not your absent son when two or three of you are gathered together wrestling in mighty prayer for that peace which passeth all understanding—a blessing which the world cannot give or take away. So may the God whom we serve continue to fill you with the fulness of his love, till the day that he maketh you his jewels. Amen.

I am, my dear father in Christ,

Your affectionate son and servant,

Sam. Farley

Address: “The Revd. Mr. Charles Wesley / at the Foundry / Moore Fields / London.”

Postmarks: “Plymouth Ship.lre” and “16/OC.”

Endorsement: by CW, “Sam. Farley at Pensacola / Aug. 21. 1778.”

Source: holograph; MARC, DDPr 1/29.

⁴The end of two lines are obscured by the wax seal, but the missing text is fairly obvious in this first case.

From Edward Walpole¹

Wimpole Street [London]
Wednesday, September 2, 1778

Sir,

Your polite and very obliging message to me by Mr. Roberts some time ago, so long unanswered, and to appearance not attended to, puts me now to great difficulty in this address to you. I trust nevertheless that you can have no doubt of the satisfaction I should have in your acquaintance, exclusive of the great compliment you have paid me in offering me the opportunity of joining my admiration of the wonderful abilities and genius in music of the young gentleman, your son, to the testimony of all the great masters in the kingdom.

I ought sir to wait on you, and would, but that I seldom stir out of my house when I can possibly avoid it. Which, although I can give no good reason for, I can account for in one word and by one word: habit. A habit which I have brought upon myself, and which like all bad habits grows by indulgence.

If sir you can admit of this short history of myself as an extenuation of my neglect, and will favour me with a visit any morning that may be convenient to you, about 11:00 or 12:00, and will drop in now and then in a neighbourly and friendly way, you will oblige me. I am, sir,

Your obedient and humble servant,

Ed. Walpole

Endorsement: by CW, “Sept. 2. 1778 / Courteous S[i]r E. Walpole.”

Source: holograph; MARC, DDPr 1/79.

¹Sir Edward Walpole (1706–84) was a British politician, and a younger son of Sir Robert Walpole, Prime Minister from 1721 to 1742.

Sarah Wesley Jr. to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley

[London]
Monday, September 7 [1778]

Dear Mama,

Saturday morning I sent John¹ from the Foundery to Wimbledon, and received a very affectionate letter from Mrs. Bankes which informed me Mr. Bankes was not yet returned, nor expected till this week.² She seemed exceedingly grieved at her own disappointment, as she calls it, being on a visit till his return. Mr. [William] Spence (who was with me the day before) came and insisted on my spending that day with him, where I was very kindly received by him and his wife. Yesterday I dined with Mrs. Harris and am still in Russell Street.³ You need not doubt my reception here.

We go today to Black Ball, onboard an Indiaman.⁴ I recollected your desire (for I made no promise) and will not go by water, so expect a coach every moment. Tomorrow I shall call in Chesterfield Street and leave word I dine with Mrs. [Mary Ann] Arnold, in case Mr. [Thomas] Bankes should come for me. Had my brother directed a letter to him in Wales, the mistake would have been avoided. But you need not be uneasy as I am neither *alone*, or *likely to be so*, while all my friends who know of my being in town are assiduous to show me their kindness.

Mrs. Foote called and found me at home Saturday.⁵ She seemed hurt and said it was the last time she should come. She *had perceived* a coolness in your manner the time before. I thought it necessary to explain the matter and said we had heard Mr. [John] Foote had behaved in a manner *behind our backs* which rather surprised us. She asked for the authors of the intelligence and I assured her you would deliver them up with readiness, as it was not told as a secret. She looked vexed to think you had not done it before, but I mentioned the shortness of your stay in town and how much your time was then employed, but that your intent was to relate the particulars when you met.

I do not doubt your being happy at Wycombe.⁶ I join you in imagination and hear Charles launching out in praise of the woods, while sober Samuel regards them in silence and searches for a proper place for cricket. Pray remember me most affectionately to them, and tell them both to write to me at Wimbledon. I have not been at Mr. Dyer's, being in some small fear of the fever.⁷ I intend to call on Mrs. [Arabella] Mitz if I do not go before, but Mrs. Harris claims me as her property till then. She joins

¹A servant at the Foundery.

²Thomas Bankes (1744–1805) matriculated Oxford in 1761; he was ordained in 1767 and appointed curate of Wimbledon. In 1768 he married Mary Southouse (1747–1817) in Wimbledon. While Bankes would add other livings, the family remained in Wimbledon and he devoted himself to scholarly works like *A New and Complete Family Bible* (1787).

³The home of the harpsichord maker Baker Harris (1724–83) and his wife Elizabeth (Peavey) Harris. Cf. CW to SGW, Feb. 25, 1771.

⁴An Indiaman was a large sailing vessel designed for international trade.

⁵SGW's niece, Mary Baldwyn (b. 1753) had married John Foote (1756–95) in Westminster on Apr. 22, 1777. The couple currently resided in London

⁶SGW and her sons were visiting the Waller family at Terriers Green, just north of High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire.

⁷Thomas Dyer (1704–80) was another fellow student of CW at Christ Church, Oxford, taking his BA in 1727 and his MA in 1730. In 1739 he married Dorothy de la Place (1709–95), making him a brother-in-law to John Fountaine. While Dyer held the living of rector of Bedhampton, he was also chaplain to William Talbot and lived in the Marylebone parish of London.

her family in kind respects to you all. Say everything to my aunt and cousins for me,⁸ my dear mama, and accept yourself the duty and love of

Your affectionate daughter,

S. Wesley

When I arrive at Wimbledon I shall write again. I beg you will not be uneasy, my spirits being as good, my *bruises* better,⁹ and my company larger than when we parted. I intend to sleep here till I go.

Address: “Mrs Wesley / at Mr Fladgates / Tarriers / High Wycombe / Bucks.”

Postmark: “7/SE.”

Source: holograph; Pitts Library (Emory), Charles Wesley Family Papers (MSS 159), 2/58.

⁸I.e., Rebecca Gwynne and the Waller family.

⁹Sarah Jr. had recently taken a fall; see CW to SGW, Sept. 7, 1778.

Katherine Hutchings [Jr.] to Sarah Wesley Jr.

[Wick / Abson]
September 9, 1778

My Dear Miss Wesley,

Had the post been punctual, I should have escaped many conflicts. While my heart was your warm advocate, my reason bade me recall my affection (which as things then appeared) was lavished without hope of return. As I breath the air of commerce, it is impossible for me to be disinterested. To tell you the truth (if in Bristol or elsewhere), self will ever lurk at the bottom of our best actions. I am charmed to find you are not to blame. My most fervent love joyfully hails the restoration of my ever admired friend. No accident in future shall make me doubt your kindness. I know the value of a noble mind. For you my esteem will ever increase. There is so few people will give one leave to exercise the warm affections of the heart. They are ever throwing subjects of disgust in the way. Yet I am resolved not to part with my benevolence. Gladly would I (was it in my power) do good to all who wear the human form, of whatever nation, kindred, or tribe. Few, very few will suffer me to admire them. Don't think I complain that mortals are not perfect. I never thought they were. Yet does the world daily disappoint me. O my dear! I could weep, when charmed by the appearance of virtue, at a nearer view I discover base suspicion and malignant envy. But the land of bliss is before me, and I will patiently wait my summons.

You joyous party would afford me pleasure. But as you observe, bliss is found in less tumultuous scenes. I am at the delightful spot from whence I dated my last letter but one. The sudden illness of a near relation oblige my friends here to be absent. At their earnest solicitation I took charge of the family. *Here am I*, the temporary mistress of nine servants. I cannot express how much I am delighted with rambling alone in these romantic scenes. Nothing disturbs me except when I eat. Two overgrown poor men amuse themselves in watching me. I wish I could lay them to sleep, as what is his name did. The what de call um? <...>¹ (I am in such a hurry that I can't re<...>) but I am told their attendance is n<...> to keep up my dignity. Is not this <... humil)iating? A man and horse waits for me. Pray let me know how my dear Mrs. [Martha] Hall does. Say everything that is kind for me to her. My best respects to your family. I shall wait on Mr. [Charles] Wesley as soon as I return to Bristol. My mama was perfectly well when I heard last. Mrs. Cornish has brought forth a seventh son.² The captain [Joseph Haynes] is at camp, elder Mr. Haynes going to be married.³

Write me very soon and give me proof you don't neglect the muses. With pride I sign myself
Your

K. Hutchings

If you can read this, I know you will excuse all blunders.

Address: "Miss Wesley / [portion blotted out] / London."

Postmarks: "Bristol" and "14/SE."

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/428/1/145.

¹A portion is torn away on the right margin affecting several lines.

²John Cornish, son of William and Sarah (Hill) Cornish, was baptized in Abson on Nov. 1.

³Richard Haynes (1737–1816), the oldest Haynes son, married Christian Russell in June 1779.

From Garrett Colley Wesley, 1st Earl of Mornington¹

Duke Street, Portman Square [London]
September 9 [1778]

I should have much sooner acknowledged the receipt of my dear and worthy friend's kind letter,² had I not been much engaged in business occasioned by the perplexed state of affairs in Ireland.

I entirely agree with you that there was something very singular and uncommon in the manner by which we were made acquainted with each other.³ And the more I consider it, the more I am persuaded that there was the interposition of a superior power to that of man in it. I can with truth say that I esteem your acquaintance as one of the happiest moments of my life, and hope with the blessing of God to merit in some degree the too partial opinion I am afraid you have conceived of me.

Indeed, you do me but justice in believing me to be a servant of God, though a most unworthy one. And if I can plead the smallest degree of merit, it is that I have a true and feeling sense of my own unworthiness. Blessed with a most upright and religious parent in my father (for my mother died when I was four years of age⁴), I was early instructed in my duty to God. And as I never associated with the idle, but have always lived a domestic life, I have escaped some snares that might otherwise have fallen in my way. My faith in Christ, his own words and works as delivered in the holy gospels, has from my earliest years been so strong that I never would enter into the reading of controversial books. I did not want to be converted to what I most firmly believe. All I pray is to be made more perfect in the true faith and knowledge of my Saviour, by whose merits alone I can hope for pardon of my sins. It is a very easy matter to be a good Christian, as he says himself, and assigns the reason for "his yoke is easy and his burden is light."⁵

I have in truth, my revered friend, a most lively faith, and so strong an assurance that it is my own fault if I am not eternally happy, that it is impossible for me to find words to express myself. I am one of few words. I never talk upon religion but in my own family. And here I can say with Joshua that I and my house will serve the Lord.⁶ For one in the rank of life to which I am called by providence, I have always been remarkably retired, as I wished to be as much a master of myself and my actions as possible, therefore never was or ever shall be a good courtier.

After saying so much about myself, it is time to come to that part of your letter wherein you

¹Garret Colley Wesley (or Wellesley; 1735–81), was the son of Robert Colley (1690–1758), who was gifted the estate of Garret Wesley (1665–1728), and took his last name, when the latter died without heir. There is evidence in family tradition that CW's studies at Westminster were funded by the elder Garret and that he raised the possibility of making CW his heir but CW demurred; see Henry D. Rack, "Charles Wesley and the Irish Inheritance Tradition," *WHS* 53 (2002): 117–26. Garret Colley Wesley showed extraordinary talent on the violin from early childhood, and after study at Trinity College Dublin, was elected its first Professor of Music in 1764. In 1760, in recognition of his musical and philanthropic achievements, he was created Viscount Wellesley, of Dangan Castle in the County of Meath, and Earl of Mornington.

²This letter is not known to survive.

³Lord Mornington was likely put in contact with CW by his godmother (and CW's old friend), Mary (Granville / Pendarves) Delaney; see her letter to CW of May 19, 1778.

⁴Elizabeth (Sale) Colley died in 1738.

⁵Matt. 11:30.

⁶See Josh. 24:13.

mention your ideas as to my two young friends.⁷ I think you are perfectly right in changing your design of having them introduced to a certain musical gentleman, which I agree with you would not answer. Keep them up a little longer. Their merit will make its own way, upon so much the surer footing, as it is independent. I hope you will live to see it. And though you have been called out of your retirement back into a world you wished to keep clear of, yet you have the satisfaction of finding that the world is obliged to come to you, and not you go to them. I hope I need not take any pains, to assure you how much I am interested in their success in life, and how truly happy I shall be to render my young friends those services they so justly merit.

I look upon myself in the contracted state I am in here as doing a kind of penance. But though it be very irksome at present, yet it carries the reward of a consciousness that I am doing justice to my neighbour and a firm persuasion that with God's assistance and blessing on my honest intentions, my latter days will be like Job's—better than my first.

I pray God bless you and send you all happiness here and hereafter.

Address: "To / The Revd Mr Charles Wesley / Bristol."

Postmark: "10/SE."

Endorsement: by CW, "[[Lord Mornington September]] 9 1778" expanded later as, "Serious Ld. Morn. / Sept. 9. 1778."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDP_r 1/57.⁸

⁷Charles Wesley Jr. and Samuel Wesley.

⁸A transcription was published previously in *Wesley Banner* 3 (1851): 363.

Sarah Wesley Jr. to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley

Wimbledon
Friday [September 11, 1778]

Dear Mama,

Wednesday I had the pleasure of making tea for Mr. [Thomas] Bankes, who was prevented by unavoidable business from returning sooner from Wales and had no sort of idea we were returned to town, as he received no letter from Charles [CW Jr.].

The day I went to see the ship launched, Mr. [Baker] and Mrs. [Elizabeth] Harris were informed they would see it better on the water. Mr. and Mrs. Welcher were with us and applauded the schooner. I rather declined it, but as they had been kind enough to incommode themselves with me, I could not with any propriety object to join them; or keep any of them in the house while I stayed, and they would not permit me to stay alone. Our watermen were more *careful* than I ever thought watermen could be, and we were perfectly out of danger. But another boat was sunk and two women taken almost drowned. They are now, I hear, recovered. Some of my party went after dinner again on the water, but I positively refused *then* to go with them. Do not mention the circumstance to Mrs. Harris when you see her, as her kindness was only greater than her fear. The next day, as I expected Mr. Bankes, I returned to Marybone, hearing Mrs. [Mary Ann] Arnold was out of town, and called on Mrs. [Arabella] Mitz. The whole family *rejoiced* to see me, made me stay dinner, tea, and supper, insisted upon my spending *all* my time with them, and showed me every mark of attention. I spent the day really comfortably.

Wednesday morning Mr. Carr sent some venison to you,¹ which I immediately dispatched to Mr. [John] Fountaine's, hearing him say he loved it but the day before. I was delighted to have it in my power to oblige them, and they seemed to think it an obligation.

I am sorry to inform you, my dear mama, Miss Miny Dyer is almost despaired of.² Mrs. Dyer told it [to] me in great agon(y, when I) only called there—though [I] had another invita(tion) from her kindness, which I valued the more as the situation must have made company inconvenient. Mrs. [Mary] Bankes received me in the most affectionate manner. They both seem rejoiced to have me here, and will not hear of any time less than a month *or six weeks* for my departure. It is not determined whether he goes to Wales or not, as he has heard of a church in town [i.e., London]. They join in best respects. Speak for me, my dear mama, in the tenderest manner to my brothers, duty to my aunts, love to my cousins, and all to yourself.

S. W.

Pray write soon to me. I wait for some franks to send to my brothers, which uncle [James] Waller has promised. I have not seen Mrs. [Mary] Foote since, but I told her all you have written when we met. I borrowed a half guinea from Mrs. Coomes, which she said you bid her get (in case she wanted any) from Mrs. Wilson. I do not suppose I shall want it, but it would be uncomfortable to *fear* it.

Your truly affectionate and dutiful daughter.

Address: "Mrs Wesley / At Mr Fladgate's / Tarriers / High Wycomb / Bucks."

Postmark: "11/SE."

Source: holograph; Pitts Library (Emory), Charles Wesley Family Papers (MSS 159), 2/60.

¹Likely Benjamin Carr (c. 1749–1825), active in the Methodist society in London.

²Armine Anne Dyer (1747–1827), daughter of Thomas and Dorothy (de la Place) Dyer, would recover and became a close friend of Sarah Wesley Jr.

From John Langshaw Sr.¹

[Lancaster]
September 28, 1778

Dear Sir,

I have received several agreeable letters from my son,² giving an account of the very kind reception he meets with at your house. The poor boy has been no little mortified at the method Dr. Cooke first took with him,³ and if it was not for the prospect he has of better success from Mr. Charles, I should find it difficult to keep him quiet under the Doctor. Your kindness to the lad comes at a very seasonable time, as things happen. I wish I may be able to requite you; something I will do, and what I cannot, I must leave to my son for a future day.

Jack is the oldest of seven children,⁴ and he but fifteen last February. All my hopes are on him to support my wife and little ones if I fall while they are helpless. Therefore I must make haste to get the boy well and speedily instructed. And I must make use of my friends, as a hundred [pounds] a year (the utmost I get) will not both maintain my large family and pay the high fees some masters demand.

Jack sends me word that Mr. Charles has promised to teach him Handel's old lessons.⁵ Nothing could have hit my wishes better than that design. I would sooner choose the boy to be taught those lessons, Scarlatti's,⁶ or Kelway's⁷ by Mr. Charles than by any other master in the kingdom. For besides his own good abilities, he has had the assistance of the best player of that music in England [i.e., Kelway]. And whoever can play Handel's, Scarlatti's, and Kelway's lessons has nothing to fear from any other author.

No man in this county can play Handel's lessons, nor have we one capable of teaching them.

¹John Langshaw (1725–98), originally of Wigan, Lancashire, was in London by the mid-1750s pursuing musical interests. He composed a couple of minor works and played organ. Over time his focus shifted to repairing and building organs, particularly a self-playing instrument known as a “chamber barrel organ.” In May 1762 he married Mary Haydock (1733–1800). By 1770 the family moved back to Lancashire, where John was organist first at the Wigan parish church, then at Lancaster Priory. The Lanshaws became connected to the Wesley family when their oldest son “Jack” came to London to study organ under Benjamin Cooke. Dissatisfied with Cooke's instruction, Jack turned to study with Charles Wesley Jr. For an overview of the relationship and correspondence this generated see Arthur W. Wainwright & Don E. Saliers, *Wesley / Langshaw Correspondence: Charles Wesley, His Sons, and the Lancaster Organists* (Atlanta, GA: Scholars Press, 1993).

²John Langshaw Jr. (1763–1832), who went by “Jack” until his father's death, studied organ with Charles Wesley Jr. While in London frequently over the next decade, Jack succeeded his father as organist at Lancaster Priory and settled there.

³Benjamin Cooke (1734–93) held doctorates in music from both Cambridge and Oxford. He was a composer, organist at Westminster Abbey, and a teacher.

⁴The Langshaws actually had nine births, but two daughters died in very early infancy; their only other daughter died still a child.

⁵Training to play the organ began with instruction on the harpsichord. Langshaw was likely referring to George Frederic Handel's *Lessons for the Harpsichord* and *Second Set of Lessons for the Harpsichord*, both published in London in 1720. Charles Jr. also owned the three different sets of Handel's *Six Concertos for the Harpsichord or Organ*, published in London between 1738 and 1760.

⁶Domenico Scarlatti (1685–1757), *Forty Two Suits of Lessons for the Harpsichord* (London: Johnson, 1739).

⁷Joseph Kelway, *Six Sonatas for the Harpsichord, etc.* ([London]: sn, 1760).

This letter is to give you our hearty thanks for your kindness to my boy, and our compliments to Mrs. [Sarah] Wesley, Mr. Charles, and his brother [Samuel] and sister [Sarah]. When you see Mr. [Richard] Green, if you'll tell him I am well and often think of him, that information will be as acceptable to him as the old form of *compliments*, and will oblige

Your most obedient servant,

J. L.

Address: "To the Revd. Mr. C. Wesley."

Source: Pitts Library (Emory), Charles Wesley Family Papers (MSS 159), 4/1.⁸

⁸Transcription published in Wainwright, *Langshaw*, 17–18.

Katherine Hutchings [Jr.] to Sarah Wesley Jr.

Belmont
October 29, 1778

At sight of my charming Sally's letter my heart reproaches me. I am conscious of having too long delayed thanking you for it. I know you will forgive me, but I shall not so easily obtain my own pardon. Pity my dear a creature who is perpetually erring against her better judgment. O ye advocates for the dignity of human nature, how will your doctrine stand the test when all my fellow mortals join me as witnesses against you?

I am sorry, my dear, you have lessened your relish for delight. But the fluctuating state of our joys and pains bids me hope you have resumed your social spirit and are yourself again. I long to see you. To converse with you would be the greatest pleasure of my life. Often do I regret the distance that separates us. Indeed, "we are sadly severed by the laws of chance."¹

I am arrived, my Sally, at a period which most of my sex have been taught to dread. I class myself with the antiquated virgins.² Methinks I hear some gay female exclaim, "Horrid, contemptible creature." But while I can thankfully view the dangers I have escaped, pity the errors of unsuspecting youth, conceal their faults and wish their joys increased, I shall retain my dignity and be pleased with myself. And I hope I shall preserve the love of my friends till I deviate from the law of kindness, with a humble dependance on the great Source of good. I trust I shall possess my soul in peace,³ and be enabled to look forward with transport to the mansions of everlasting rest.

Sweet girl! I am beyond expression charmed with your address "To a Name."⁴ In admiring your talents I pay my homage to the God who gave them, and without the least alloy of envy adore him in this his dispensation. Never send me such a portion of bland paper as in your last. You can fill it with a thousand things that will delight me. $\langle I \text{ am} \rangle$ ⁵ still in the country, which $\langle \dots \rangle$ ing in decay. When I trace th $\langle \dots \rangle$ and groves, late so blooming, I $\langle \text{am aware of} \rangle$ the short duration of earthly $\langle \text{things} \rangle$.

As to my Bristol friends, I am be $\langle \text{come} \rangle$ an alien unto them. I trust I shall $\langle \text{see} \rangle$ them soon. My heart beats with transport at the thought. I hear from Mrs. [Sarah] Cornish every week. She and all hers are well and desire to be remembered to you. Did I tell you she has a seventh son [John]? Mr. [Richard] Haynes is not yet married; why, I know not. The captain [Joseph Haynes] is still in the field. Mr. Deveral and family have left Bristol and are gone to Clifton. My mother is much pleased with your kind attention. Say everything that affection can dictate to my dear Mrs. [Martha] Hall. Ask her if I may hope to hear from her. Tell her I sometimes flatter myself we shall meet in this world. Present my most respectful compliments to all your family. I suppose this will find you in London. Continue to love me, and write soon, and very long believe me

Ever yours,

K. H.

Direct to me at Mr. [William] Cornish's. Let no eye see this.

Address: "Miss Wesley / at the Foundry Moor Fields / London."

¹Likely citing Sarah's letter, which is not known to survive.

²This would suggest Katherine was in her thirties.

³See Luke 21:19.

⁴A poem of Sarah Jr., dated May 1778, that survives in Duke, Rubenstein, Frank Baker Collection of Wesleyana, Box WF 4, folder 4, Binder 2, pp. 7–8.

⁵A portion of the right margin is torn away by the wax seal, affecting several lines.

Postmarks: “Bristol” and “1/NO.”

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/428/1/146.

From Ann Chapman

Bristol
November 2, 1778

I have the comfort of telling my dear and honoured friend that his newly adopted son is escaped to glory.¹ He departed about half past 10:00 this morning.

The last week brother Valton² visited him every day and found very great liberty in prayer with and for him, but could get little answer to his questions. Except that he believed the Lord would not take him before he had forgiven him. But sometimes he would tell his mother it was a great comfort to have the preacher come and pray with him. When I came home Monday he seemed glad and said, "I missed you. The Dr. has been but twice." I told him Mr. Valton was returned, and would constantly be with him. And so it proved, for he saw him this morning scarce a quarter of an hour before he fetched his last breath; and gave him signs of his happy state when Mr. Valton spoke solemnly to his mother, sisters, and their husbands, who were waiting around his bed. Very awful and sweet was the season, I hope not soon to be forgotten by them or me. I have very improperly related all hitherto, but I'll endeavour to be plainer if I can in the next page. [A page turn followed at this point.]

From the time you left him, he has been growing weaker in body but more patient. At last, yesterday, a purging came which I knew must soon take him off. Last night a change for death commenced between 5:00 and 6:00 (as his mother told me). Afterward when wanting something to wet his mouth they offered him chocolate. He said, "No, I want no more of that food. I have made my peace with God. I have, I have. O how good is Jesus." The first words struck me as odd, but immediately that scripture darted into my mind, "Let him take hold of my strength and make peace with me and he shall make peace with me."³ Then I rejoiced, especially that he added "O how good is Jesus." Mrs. Tudway sent to tell me this morning he was dying. I went, and she telling me in the next room what I've related, I went in and rejoiced with him. His countenance was smiling and sweet. He longed to tell but could not utter his joy; said a great deal, but not a word could be understood. But when asked if he had any doubt, "No" was plainly expressed, and with a smile, instead of "Yes." When asked if Jesus was precious to him and comforted him, and when told he should soon join the innumerable company to sing the new song, his whole soul seemed ready to fly. And mine seemed almost ready to go with him.

I do thank you dear sir for leading me there, and you will praise the Lord that hath added another jewel to your crown. Time fails for more at present. Mrs. Tudway desires to be affectionately remembered to you. I beg to be to dear Mrs. [Sarah] Wesley. For the present, farewell dear sir,

Your sincerely affectionate

Ann Chapman

Address: "To / The Revd. Mr. Cs. Wesley / at ye Foundery / near Upper Moor-fields / London."

Postmarks: "Bristol" and "2/NO."

Endorsement: by CW, "Nov. 2. 1778 / N. Chapman / Tudway departed in peace."

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/501/37.⁴

¹Richard Tudway was buried on Nov. 6, 1778; see CW to SGW, Sept. 27–Oct. 1, 1778. Richard's parents were Robinson Tudway (d. 1763) and Anne (Coleman) Tudway, married in 1745.

²John Francis Valton (1740–94) became a travelling preacher in 175, serving for 13 years. He married Judith (Davis) Purnell on Dec. 30, 1786, in Bristol and settled there.

³Isa. 21:5.

⁴For a digital copy and "as-is" transcription, see <https://www.library.manchester.ac.uk>

From Edward Walpole

Wimpole Street
November 3, 1778

Sir,

I send you my small performance, as under your protection it will meet with a favourable reception at the place of it's destination; and may, by the instruction of your sons to the organist of their chapel for the proper time, manner, and taste of singing it, please the public.

The young gentlemen, who are the most extraordinary geniuses I have met with, have done great honour to my little attempts in music by their approbation, and if the anthem or any other piece would be acceptable to them, they shall have it to copy.

I hope to see them again before it is long, for I want much to hear them play subjects of their own rather than my dull heavy things—for such they are, though perhaps not totally devoid of merit.

I hope also to improve my acquaintance with yourself, being sir, with much respect,

Your obedient servant,

Ed. Walpole

Address: "To / The Revd / Mr Wesley / Chesterfield Street."

Endorsement: by CW, "S[i]r Edw. H Walpole / Hymn & answer. Nov. 3. 1778."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 7/83.

From the Rev. John Fletcher

December 1778

Dear Brethren and Father,¹

I send a line to thank you for all favours, spiritual and temporal. I hope to let you see (please God) next spring that I am, so far, better than when I left England. In the meantime, I send you a letter I write to a friend, where you may see what sore-eyes hinder me to write now. Old age and infirmities push us on all sides. We are about to fall; a great deal depends upon the last works. May yours crown the first [works], and may I begin to work on the brink of the grave! I hope you go on doing the business of peacemakers, and if the sons of Zeruah make you experience the last beatitude, rejoice.²

I beg to be remembered in grateful love to Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell,³ to all my other benefactors, to the Foundery-family, to Mrs. Wesley, my goddaughter and her brothers. Requesting an interest in your prayers, I remain

Your affectionate servant and son in the gospel,

J. Fletcher

Address: “The Revd. Mess / J. and C. Wesley.”

Endorsement: by JW, “Mr Fletcher / Dec 1778.”

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/495/57.⁴

¹While Fletcher addresses both Wesley brothers as “brethren,” CW is the one he consistently addresses as well as “father in the gospel.”

²See 2 Sam. 2, 16:10, and 19:22.

³Ebenezer Blackwell and Mary (Eden) Blackwell, his second wife.

⁴A close transcription of this letter, showing Fletcher’s original spelling, cross-outs, and the like is available in Forsaith, *Labours*, 346.

1779

From John Langshaw Sr.

[Lancaster]
February 15, 1779

My Dear Friend.

With your last kind letter,¹ I got one from Jack, which begins thus “Mr. Wesleys are indeed the best friends I have got in town, and I hope I shall always continue to deserve it.”² I hope he always will keep a grateful sense of your goodness to him in his mind. By his letters he seems to be in good spirits. He tells me in this last that he has begun on Handel’s fourth lesson, and has got four of Scarlatti’s. By some other letters I was informed he had got two of Handel’s concertos in the third set, and the fifth and second lessons. By this account I am satisfied he is not idle; and that he must be greatly improved, or his master would not set him to play the second and fourth lessons of Handel, which I think are as hard as any in the book. Jack says not a word of his own improvement, nor how much time he spends in practice. I only guess from what he plays. It is your letters give me the most positive information.

What you tell me of Mr. Charles’s aversion to teaching dunces just answers my opinion. When Jack pressed so to leave the Dr. [Cooke], I told him you must first be secured. For I had my fears on more accounts than one. One was that Mr. Charles might have objections, as it is natural for those masters of uncommon capacities to expect something of their own likeness in a scholar. Here I feared for Jack. But when I had your consent, and knowing Jack had been tried, I told my wife I was sure Jack would do, or Mr. Charles would not be plagued with him. And from your letters, and what Jack plays, I have such hopes as give me great pleasure. I have just wrote to my brother, and given him as much of your letter as will make him happy. William always said you was good-natured, I find it so to a great degree. When I was last in London I was desirous of hearing your sons play; but from my own rustic tempers I had no reason to expect it. But mentioning my *wishes* and *fears* to Dr. [John] Worgan, he assured me you would let me hear them. You did so, and moreover promised they should help Jack. Then I was quite amazed, and with great reason. But in every stage of my life I have received good for evil. I could write such things as would to many appear all romance, or enthusiasm. What you are doing for Jack, is a continuance of favours I have been receiving ever since I was a boy. With one eye I look to the *second* causes and wish to be grateful; but with another eye I see the moving *first* cause of all, but cannot say I am truly thankful.

On this subject I have often strange thoughts. I am sorry to see in the newspapers that Mr. Charles has lost so good a master.³ I hope the Dr. has left in his possession a large quantity of his knowledge in composition, for in that art I think Dr. Boyce was very great. Now for whipping between Dr. [John] Worgan and Dr. [Benjamin] Cooke, for the King’s plate.⁴

Your concerts will be of very great service to Jack, so much good playing by his masters I hope will not be all lost. Jack tells me his master is for attempting to get a ticket for Bach and Abel’s concert, and will then go with him.⁵ Jack’s master proves a brother to him. My wife [Mary] joins me in kind

¹CW to Langshaw, Feb. 1, 1779.

²This letter from John Langshaw Jr. is not known to survive.

³Dr. William Boyce, Charles Jr.’s early mentor, died Feb. 7, 1779. See CW’s *Ode on the Death of Dr. Boyce* [1779].

⁴Boyce had been Master of the King’s Band; Langshaw assumed the Worgan and Cooke would be the competitors for his replacement. In fact, the position went to John Stanley.

⁵Johann Christian Bach (1735–82; son of Johann Sebastian Bach) and Carl Friedrich Abel (1723–87) currently teamed up for ten to fifteen concerts a year.

thanks to Mrs. [Sarah] Wesley, yourself, and children, for every kindness you show our Jack.
From your most obedient and obliged servant,

J. L.

Address: "To the Revd. Mr. Wesley."⁶

Source: holograph; Pitts Library (Emory), Charles Wesley Family Papers (MSS 159), 4/7.⁷

⁶At the end of the letter, which was likely sent as a double letter with one to John Langshaw Jr.

⁷Transcription published in Wainwright, *Langshaw*, 29–30.

Katherine Hutchings [Jr.] to Sarah Wesley Jr.

[Bristol]
June 14, 1779

Sure, my dear Miss Wesley, some strange fatality attends my writing to you. I have designed it every day for this month past, and have been every day disappointed. I love you sincerely. My heart glows with rapture when I think of you. Time nor absence can never alter the warmth of my affection. Yet I neglect to give you the only proof (at present) in my power of my sincerity. Pity my dear, and forgive a penitent, who finds it a hard matter to be reconciled to herself.

Mr. [Richard?] Haynes tells me your family is coming to Bristol, sure you will be of the party. Delusive hope, whither will you lead me? To see my dear Sally, to converse with her, would be transport indeed. Tell me, my lovely friend, may I venture to expect you?

I am just returned from a visit of three weeks to an acquaintance who is lately married to a man of large fortune. I have been in a continual round of hurry, *not a moment to myself*. I trust you will allow this is some plea in my favour. I have often, my dear, observed with infinite regret an increase of fortunes fatal to virtue. At least it has destroyed the appearance of it, for the reality would stand the test. But I am pleased to find providence has been doubly kind to my friend in giving her an humble spirit and a liberal heart.

I have not seen any of your old favourites lately, except Mr. [William] and Mrs. [Sarah] Cornish, who are truly sensible of your kind wishes. If report says true, Mr. Haynes of Wick is to be married tomorrow morn.¹ My mama joins me in most respectful compliments to yourself and family. Say ever(ything kindl)y for me to your aunt [Martha] Hall. When you come to Bristol you will find us at Mr. [George] Stonehouse's, Maudline Lane. We are with dear Mrs. Burdock.² I have much to say but not time to add, for I will not delay another post telling you I am

Your most faithful and affectionate,

K. Hutchings

Address: "Miss Wesley / at the Foundry Moor Fields / London."

Postmarks: "Bristol" and "16/IV."

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/428/1/147.

¹Richard Haynes (1737–1816), the oldest Haynes son, married Christian Russell (1740–1818) in Wickwar, Gloucestershire on June 15, 1779.

²Sarah Burdock (1709–89) the unmarried sister of Susanna (Burdock) Stonehouse; she was likely living with Stonehouse after the death of Susanna in 1772.

From Edward Walpole

[London]
[July 1779]

Sir,

Your letter,¹ received by me the day before yesterday, gives me a fair opportunity of saying that, as well as I love music and as much as I admire and even wonder at the abilities and performance of the two young gentlemen your sons, I greatly prefer the acquaintance and conversation of a man of sense, virtue, and learning to any other gratification. And it was yourself that I paid my court[esy] to in my letter of last September,² and not your sons—whom I hope nevertheless at times to pass an hour with. Upon our first interview I saw in you a plain-dealing, sensible, good man and I coveted your acquaintance.

Next Friday afternoon (6:00 or somewhat sooner is my tea-drinking hour) I shall be glad to see you. You will find nobody but myself and Mrs. Clement, my near relation, a most remarkable lady who has lived with me many years, and she I know will be glad to see you too.³

As to the young gentlemen, I will beg the favour of them to come along with you sometimes on forenoons about 11:00 or 12:00, which is a time that often suits me very well, and I will take the liberty to appoint the days and you will yourself find me in my little family, which consists generally of Mrs. Clement and her niece or her niece's mother.

On Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays, or Saturdays after dinner, whenever it may be agreeable to you to call on any of those days at teatime. On Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays in the evening I am generally engaged.

I am, sir,

Your obedient, humble servant,

Ed. Walpole

P.S. You are pleased to take notice of my musical performances. All I can say to that is that your sons will soon see that I am by no means a master of composition. I have wrote several melodies to words with expression. But I am very unfinished as to putting parts together. *Est quadam prodire tenus si non datur ultra.*⁴

P.S. I beg pardon for all this blotting, but a gentleman coming in has prevented me writing it over fair.

Address: "To / the Revd. / Mr. Wesley / Chesterfield Street / N. 1."

Endorsement: by CW, "Courteous Sr. Edw. Walpole / July 1779."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 1/90.

¹This letter is not known to survive.

²See Walpole to CW, Sept. 2, 1778.

³An unmarried sister of Dorothy Mary Clement (c. 1715–39), who bore Walpole four children (they never married, but Walpole claimed the children). The sister came into the Walpole household to help care for the children after Dorothy's death.

⁴Horace, *Epistularum*, I.32; "It is something to proceed thus far, if it be not permitted to go farther."

From [Mary (Walsh / Ledbetter) Gilbert?]¹

July 1779

Mr. [Francis] Gilbert was a solid Christian. He walked much in the valley of humility, but at the same time very close with God, whom he set always before him, being in the fear of the Lord all the day long. He had a watchful spirit and much recollection, and was circumspect in all things, ever aiming to perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord. And yet knowing nothing, depending upon nothing but Jesus and him crucified. That adorable name charmed all his fears, and was to his enlightened mind as ointment poured forth.

He had been a member of Mr. Wesley's society above 30 years, and it was observed by those who had long intimacy with him that he never deviated or seemed to turn back, or grow remiss in anything. He steadily adhered to the revealed truth of the gospel. He honoured his ministers, loved his brethren, and extended his charity to all. He was a sincere friend, an affectionate brother, a good master, and the best of husbands. In these relations he was indeed a type of Christ. He never suffered any business, ever so urgent, nor sickness to prevent his praying with his partner daily, both morning and evening. Whom he also helped by kind admonitions, warnings, and exhortations, watching over her soul as being one with his, and of which he thought himself accountable in the day of the Lord.

He bore a long and painful illness with calm submission and entire resignation to his heavenly Father's will. The last three months of life he suffered much, being so ill that every day might reasonably have been expected to have been his last. He was sensible that his time was come, and waited patiently for that great change, earnestly longing to be dissolved and to be with Christ—of which he had a full assurance. His confidence was never shaken. But though his faith was tried as in a furnace, yet it was found to the glory of its great object and author. He experienced a grateful sense of the care and kindness of those about him, prayed affectionately for them, and left his dying blessing to them.

A day or two before he died he experienced a being so filled with love to all mankind that it exceeded all that he had ever felt before. Almost his last words were, "Come Lord Jesus, help thy weak creature. Perfect strength in my weakness, and hasten to take thy servant home." To which he afterwards added, "Thy will be done."

Endorsement: by CW, "Gilbert safe! July 1779."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDPr 1/34.

¹CW's friend and frequent correspondent Francis Gilbert was buried July 6, 1779 in Bunhill Fields, London. While unsigned, the mention of Francis as "the best of husbands," and detailing of his care for his wife, suggest the account was by Mary (Walsh / Ledbetter) Gilbert or one of the extended family.

From Joseph Cownley¹

Newcastle upon Tyne
July 22, 1779

Very Dear and Honoured Sir,

Though your last long-expected favour did not reach me till a very considerable time after its date, as I was not at Leeds Conference myself and our friends who were there returned without it, I own and hope you will pardon it [that] I might have thanked you for it much sooner.

You suppose my strength begins to fail. Indeed it does. Yet I trust I use what I have. I still can preach seven or eight times a week, and frequently three times on Sunday, besides walking many miles within the week. And what greatly encourages me is [that] I have sufficient proof, notwithstanding the length of time I have been in this circuit, that my poor labours are very acceptable to the people still. And I can truly say I love my work as well as ever I did.

The thorn in my flesh is a nervous rheumatic headache, which I have had now night and day upwards of two and twenty years. It is frequently very acute, not only for days and weeks but even months together, and often attended with great lowness of spirits. So that it is a wonder to myself how I am able to do so much. But he can work through any instrument. Oh that he may not, after he has done with me, cast me into the fire. Sometimes I fear it. Yet as my one desire is in all things to please him, and as I have no trust that I know of in anything but in his mercy and grace, and do abhor myself as the chief of sinners—as he has promised that all manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven to penitent and believing men, I am emboldened to hope in him and to expect to know all that he does for his people, both in this world and in that which is to come. Pray for me, my dear sir, that even unto me there may [be] a performance of all that has been told me from the Lord, and that you find me in our heavenly Father's kingdom when our race is run.

You ask me what I think of the state of our nation. I really think it very bad. I doubt whether the nobility, gentry, and commonality were so desolate even in the reign of Charles II, when the land was scourged with war, dearth, fire, and pestilence as the present generation; whether religion was then more universally neglected and despised than it is now. On these accounts, what judgment may we not fear hang over us, ready to overwhelm us?

Your brother thinks we have not yet filled up the measure of our iniquities and are therefore more afraid than we need to be. He preached a strange sermon to us on, "I will not destroy the city for ten's sake,"² in which he gave such an account of the nation in general that, if it be true, we may hope to escape what you and others who see our country in a different light apprehend is coming upon us.

But supposing we are not yet ripe for destruction, will not [the] next s[essio]ns of P[arliament] fully ripen us, if as some fear our s[enato]rs, who have done so much to oblige papists and Arian and Socinian dissenters, should on the humble petition of a great majority of our clergy repeal our Articles and introduce a new Book of Common Prayer, that our public worship and preaching may harmonize and be of a piece? If anything is yet wanting to fill up our measure, surely this will make it run over.³

I shall be glad of a line from you by Mr. [William] Smith, though I don't deserve it. With my best respects to Mrs. [Sarah] Wesley, I am, very dear sir,

Your very affectionate son and servant,

¹This is a reply to CW's letter to Cownley July 28, 1778. The Leeds Conference was Aug. 1778.

²Gen. 18:32. JW's *Journal* first records him preaching on this text in London on Feb. 10, 1779 (*Works*, 23:117). He apparently preached on it again while in Newcastle on June 22–23, though he specifies only one of his texts on that occasion, Ps. 29:9 (23:136–37).

³Cownley is referring to the Subscription Controversy, which began in 1772 with the Feathers Tavern Petition, in which some Anglican clergy asked Parliament to relieve them of the legal requirement to subscribe to the 39 Articles.

Jo. Cownley

Becky Proctor's, Matthew Errington's, and Michael Callender's duty to their old friend and father.

Address: "To / The Revd Mr Charles Wesley / London."

Endorsement: by CW, "Cownly July 23 / 1779."

Source: holograph; Pitts Library (Emory), Charles Wesley Family Papers (MSS 159), 1/15.

Lady Anna Maria (Huggins) Gatehouse to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley

[Guildford]
c. August 1779¹

My Dear Madam,

I hope *you* will come with your good son and daughter. I shall be very happy with your company. You know my manner of treating you. I hate ceremony. A hearty and sincere welcome is all I can give you, with bread and cheese.

If you mean on account of your son Samuel you must stay at home, don't let that prevent you. If he will deign to walk up a few steps higher into the attic story, where my son [William] slept, there is a good warm bed for him and I will endeavour to make all as agreeable as I can. But still I know not your autumn: October or November? I flatter myself we should pass our time cheerfully and rationally. [I] and sorry neither Dr. [Philip] Hayes or Monkhouse² were at Oxford when ye were there. They will be equally so, I dare say. Some friends going to town [i.e., London] gives me an opportunity of sending this, perhaps by the penny post. I was willing to inform you of my wishes as soon as possible.

Love and complements to all from, dear madam,
Your affectionate and sincere friend,

A. Gatehouse

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWF 24/6

¹The date is suggested by the Wesley family trip in 1779 and Lady Gatehouse's letter to Sarah Jr. of Sept. 2, 1779.

²Thomas Monkhouse (c. 1726–93), a graduate of and now fellow at Queen's College, Oxford. He had been a friend of William Huggins, Lady Gatehouse's father. See L. F. Powell, "William Huggins and Tobias Smollett," *Modern Philology* 34 (1936): 179–92.

Rebecca Gwynne to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley

[London]
August 26, 1779

I rejoiced to hear of my dearest sister and family's safe arrival at Brecon,¹ and hope your next will inform me that dear Sam is pleased with his situation, and receives benefit by change of air. You taking the Hereford road must have been a very agreeable surprise to poor sister [Joan] Price, whose thoughts at this time, I imagine are anxiously employed about Duke,² who is frequently in mine.

Mrs. Coomes,³ with her duty, desires me to acquaint you that her daughter has just received a letter from her husband, who is got back into Plymouth after having been chased three days and night by the French. [She] begs to see her as soon as possible and to bring a certificate of their marriage, which it seems she was not wise enough to have in her custody but is gone this day to White Chapel in search of and sets out tonight for the above place.

Your beds etc. are all washed, the chimneys swept, and on Monday the window frames are to be painted and the drains looked into. Harley⁴ and the rabbits are well. But poor puss is very bad, and looks must deplorable. Though I must in justice to Mrs. Coomes say it is not for want of care.

All your acquaintance here about are very particular in their inquiries after you, etc., etc. But noone more so than good Lady [Ann] Austin, who not only sent but came herself, drank a dish of tea, and took a walk with us to Priors Garden. We return her visit this afternoon. I can send you no good tidings for dear Miss Heath or Mrs. Arnold. The former I am told alters daily for the worse. And Mrs. Arnold's sufferings I imagine are almost at an end, as she has had the thrush for some days.⁵ The doctor is at Ramsgate with her. Sister [Elizabeth] Waller is tolerable at present, and joins me and the rest in duty to my dear aunt⁶ and love to you and yours, etc. I am, my dear sister Wesley

Most affectionately and obliged,

R. G.

I have wrote this at your house with poor puss on my lap.

Address: "Mrs. Wesley / Marmaduke Gwynne Esqrs. / Brecon."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 7/28.

¹CW and family had left in early Aug. on an eleven-week trip to Wales to see family.

²Marmaduke Gwynne Jr. was apparently ill; he would not die until 1782.

³Mrs. Coomes (the name is sometimes spelled Coombs) was a maid in the Wesley's house. She may have been the wife of John Coombs, who died Aug. 18, 1786 in Westminster. See Sarah Jr. to SGW, Sept. 6–8, 1786.

⁴The Wesley family dog.

⁵If this is Mary Ann (Napier) Arnold, she recovered and lived until 1812.

⁶Joan Gwynne.

Lady Anna Maria (Huggins) Gatehouse to Sarah Wesley Jr.

[Guildford]
September 2 [1779¹]

Dear Miss,

Disappointments form the mind, etc. I am quite enured to them, otherwise the last would have quite dispatched me,² together with the intense heat of late. However I am pleased with the hope of your being highly delighted amidst your friends and relations, and giving pleasure to all around. Before our turn comes we may be all lost among the French.³ Various have been the lies for the day at Guildford. Sometimes d(eclaring⁴) the fleets are this instant engaged, French com(ing here.) And indeed it was true enough, for we had 200 with us on Tuesday. My sister⁵ went to behold them, saw they were men, though dirty ones, and walked back again. Mr. John Russell [Jr.], etc. still remain here. He has dressed my head for the better.⁶ [I] believe he has picked up some shiners,⁷ or else he would not have stayed with us so long. I have seen Mr. Higgenbotham once; he is greatly improved.⁸ There is a saying: “Love makes the man.”⁹

Pray get rid of your tremors or I shall judge harshly. The mountains in Wales, and the new scenes you must there meet with, will furnish you with themes for poetry and music.¹⁰ How shall we be entertained when our turn comes! But pray let me know, that I may be at home and not engaged. Mrs. Blunt increases her family about November, so know not when I shall make my visit.¹¹ But I have various perplexities and meet with much uneasiness. It is my lot, and I receive it with as much patience as a poor mortal can. My dear, I heard you were at Oxford but did not visit the music room.¹² What a pity your (brothe)rs should not enjoy the seat of harmony and (<...>ing and give delight. But we must all submit to our superiors.

The Russells have been visited with much illness.¹³ Poor worthy Nanny has been blind; poor Tom, a bad fever, chiefly on his spirits; both better. Now their favourite maid [is] ill.

¹The year is confirmed by the conflict with France and the Wesley family trip.

²Lady Gatehouse had invited Sarah Jr. for a visit (see her letter to SGW in Aug.), only to learn that CW’s family was on a ten-week trip to see family in Wales, etc.

³France had aligned with the colonists in North America and was currently threatening England.

⁴A small portion is torn away by the wax seal, affecting a word or two on two lines, for each of the three sides of the letter.

⁵Maria Anna Huggins.

⁶Likely referring to a portrait he had painted.

⁷I.e., money; see *OED*.

⁸James Higgenbotham, who had entertained Samuel with fireworks during the Wesley children’s visit to Guildford in 1776. His mother Margaret had died in 1772, and his father James on Feb. 20, 1778.

⁹Gatehouse assumed Higgenbotham was in love with Sarah Jr.; cf. her letter of Apr. 2, 1780.

¹⁰CW and family went through Oxford at the outset of their extended trip.

¹¹Lady Gatehouse’s daughter, Anna Maria Gatehouse (c. 1749–1829), became the second wife of Walter Blunt (1736–1801) on July 22, 1774. Their third child, Edward Walter Blunt, was born Nov. 28, 1779 in Croydon, Surrey.

¹²Holywell Music Room, built in 1748.

¹³This would be the extended family of John Russell Sr.

We are but indifferent. The weather has so enervated us that we can neither sleep or eat. Indeed my sister, being a poor nervous creature always, seems worse than any of us. But a little more rain, such as we were blessed with last night, will cool the earth and give us all comfort. Water is become a scarce commodity here, for the engine is broke and we are obliged to give a shilling per load brought in a tub. Don't mistake me.

Let me have a line or two from you, if you can spare the time my dear from your more agreeable amusements. I dare say your music makes even the goats descend from the mountains and skip about.

I wish it was in my power to make my letter more entertaining, and more worthy the great postage. But as you requested me to write, you will remember, it is your own fault.

My sister unites with me in kindest wishes to ye all, and that ye may return in peace and quiet to town without the invasions or our fleet losing their ascendancy. Oh could I have one line from my son,¹⁴ who is with Sir Charles H[amilton?] in the *Thunderer*,¹⁵ how happy should I be! But maternal affection is attended with care and anxiety. Keep yourself free from all—if you can.

Adieu, dear Miss Wesley; believe me

Your ever affectionate and obliged friend,

A. Gatehouse

Address: "To / Miss Wesley / at Mduke Gwynne's Esqr. / Brecon / S. Wales."

Postmark: "5/SE."

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/428/1/70.

¹⁴William, the son of Thomas and Anna Maria (Huggins) Gatehouse, was born c. 1748.

¹⁵*HMS Thunderer*, launched in 1760, would founder in a hurricane in the West Indies in 1780.

Lady Anna Maria (Huggins) Gatehouse to Sarah Wesley Jr.

[Guildford]
November 7 [1779¹]

My Dear,

Here are two letters arrived for you, both very safe.² Shall I send them?

I have been very bad with a cough, loss a appetite, unfit for any enjoyment. [I] am rather better now, thank God, and begin to set our house to rights as the segue to receive you any day after next Thursday, the 11th. Please to specify your actual time. If you brother Sam choose to come with you and would lay along with his brother [CW Jr.], I could in that manner accommodate you all and should be extremely glad of his company too.

Remember we lack fire source(?) to heat you elegantly—that is, not in our house. But you are to be free ? to ? as you please.

Our respects attend all your good family

My dear Miss Wesley's affectionate friend,

A. Gatehouse

Source: holograph; MARC, WCB, D6/1/406 (secondary copy, MARC, DDWF 26/50).

¹The year is established by the 11th being a Thurs. in 1779 and Sarah Jr. writing from Guildford later in November.

²These letters are not known to survive.

From John Francis Valton¹

[Bath]

November 13, 1779

Reverend and Dear Sir,

Nothing but the distress of my mind and painful anticipations of future evils to the church of God could have compelled me to address you in the crinating way. If I do wrong herein, a word from you will bring me to your feet, and send me right humbly to my God. I can answer, I trust, for my heart, but not for my head.

Was it likely to do good to the cause of God to tell a friend of mine that Mr. John Wesley had a hard matter to keep us together; pride had got such footing among us, and that as soon as your brother's head was laid [in the grave], you foresaw what would be the consequence? Did you not speak stronger things in your sermon on the fast day?² Dear sir, what good can such unhappy prophecies do the preachers or the cause of God? It will irritate the men with little grace, and distress the sincere preachers of the word.

Is it true you prayed at Bath that brother Smyth might be strengthened to stand in your and your brother's place when you was gone off the stage of life?³ Dear sir, how could you conscientiously do this? You know that man of his ram-like nature (as Daniel 4) never could undertake such a work, and that none of the preachers would submit to a bramble. Was not this said purely to please Mr. Smyth's party and provoke the others? Or was it a slip of the tongue?

Again, did you not after an earnest prayer of your brother, at the same time say, "O Lord, he has nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against him"? Which of them, dear sir? Did brothers Goodwin, Wood, or [John] Valton last year?⁴ Mr. [Brian] Collins can tell; so can Dr. [Thomas] Coke (men greatly beloved). Who, sir, did you mean? Brother M'Nab?⁵ But will thou destroy the

¹Restiveness among the Methodist lay preachers about the preeminence given to ordained clergy in the movement had emerged in London earlier this year, and CW had staunchly defended this primacy; see CW to JW, Apr. 2., Apr. 23, and June 16, 1779. Now the restiveness was echoing in Bristol and Bath. Valton's report in this letter led both JW and CW to set out for Bath/Bristol on Nov. 21. JW stayed only four days; CW remained for three weeks. See his hymnic reflections as he set out for Bristol and during his time there in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 241–46.

²CW's extended trip with his family in the summer of 1779 brought them to Bristol (and nearby Bath) in late Sept., where they stayed three weeks. In June 1779 Spain had entered into an alliance with the French and the "rebel" British colonists in North America, leading King George III to announce that England was in danger of an attack by Spain—and to proclaim a national day of fasting and prayer on Friday, Sept. 30, 1779. CW apparently preached that day in Bristol or Bath. See also the hymn he wrote for the occasion: "For the Fast Day, July 30, 1779," MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 235–38.

³Rev. Edward Smyth (c. 1747–1823), an evangelical Irish Anglican clergyman supportive of the Wesley brothers, was currently in Bath while his ailing wife sought treatment at the spa. He was assisting in Methodists services there, and JW had asked him to preach particularly at Sunday morning services.

⁴The three lay preachers assigned to Bristol and Bath at the 1778 Conference. John Goodwin (c. 1739–1808), a native of Cheshire, was admitted on trial as an itinerant preacher in 1768 (see JW, *Works*, 10:353). He would serve for forty years, right up to his death. James Wood (d. 1840) had been admitted on trial in 1773 (*ibid.*, 10:415).

⁵Alexander M'Nab (or McNab; 1745–97) was converted in Edinburgh under the preaching of James Kershaw, and became an itinerant preacher in 1766 (see JW, *Works*, 10:510). He was currently appointed, along with Valton and John Bristol to the Bristol/Bath circuit. He was emerging as the strongest critic of privileging ordained clergy among the Methodist preachers. In 1783 he left the

righteous with the wicked? I hope our heart will lose its vital heat before I prove ungrateful to you or your ever-honoured brother.

My mind is pained. I am exceeding grieved. The iron enters my soul, and my soul has poured out tears before God. Your sentence, like water spilled upon the ground, cannot be gathered again. I am content if the benefit accruing from this can countervail the thing's damage! I am content to suffer, I deserve nothing else. My life is nothing but blots. I am ashamed of it all, but yet have the cause of God at heart. The Lord have mercy upon me.

Dear sir, strengthen our hands in the Lord. The preachers in general fear God, but we have our treasures in earthen vessels. We combat with great infirmities and disadvantages, which call for the sympathy of our dear, honoured, and reverend parents in the gospel. Our heads are, many of us, weak; and love must be the persuasive logic. Cover our nakedness, dear sir, like friendly Shem.⁶ So shall you bind us to the horns of the altar forever. Fear not what may happen when your brother is removed. The Lord has the residue of the Spirit, and the mantle of Elijah shall rest upon Elisha. You are a man of faith as well as fears, and your tears for the church are all in his bottles and shall descend in future answers of peace.

Before I conclude I must inform you, dear sir, that if I knew I was to die this night I would not suppress this letter. I write in grief and love, and can at this moment cry, "Abba, father." I wish you every mercy and blessing from on high, and am with the deepest veneration, dear sir,

Your most dutiful (not rebellious) son in the gospel,

Jno. Valton

Last night, before the vestry full of people, Mr. [Edward] Smyth told us that he had a letter from you, sir.⁷ Wherein, among other things, he repeated and said you "had approved of him, and desired him to bear patiently with ___; I won't tell you what name he gave you, but he meant the preachers." I wish he would not tell it to the people neither, but then he will burst!

Sister Bluwit⁸ and sister Bacon,⁹ both in Broadmead, old members, are gone safe to paradise; the latter, agreeable to your promise, was brought to the [New] Room, and I preached her funeral sermon over her.

Address: "To / The Revd Mr. Charles Wesley."

Endorsement: by CW, "[[Valton November]] 13, 1779" and "humble Valton / *si sic omnia.*"¹⁰

Source: holograph; MARC, DDP 2/55.

itinerancy, to become pastor of a small Independent chapel in Sheffield.

⁶See Gen. 9:23.

⁷This letter is not known to survive.

⁸Apparently Mary Bluett, buried Oct. 3, 1779, in Bristol.

⁹Dorrah Bacon was buried Nov. 9, 1779, in Bristol.

¹⁰"Would that all could be thus."

Sarah Wesley Jr. to Samuel Wesley (her brother)

[Guildford]
[c. November 15, 1779¹]

Samuel,

Thy letter was not bad, but let me remonstrate to thee upon thy conduct. Wherefore did'st thou so unbrotherly permit me to depart without once offering thy hand, or wishes? Wherefore did'st thou so sulkily and angrily turn the back of thy dirty scarlet coat, mutter to thyself, and scarcely let thy feet salute the staircase? Because thy George and dragon, and the other wonders of the world, were too large and to worthy to be put in crammed pockets, or tossed in a vulgar stage! Samuel, thou did'st not right.

Another fault (for first thy *faults* appear) thou did'st commit in a comment upon Charles's repetition of my words. As his brother, kindly should Samuel have supposed that he had not read my letter (which was really the case); or had it not been, a mantle of love should'st thou have cast over the mistake instead of the harsh sackcloth of observation. The pleasures of Guildford to you are not unknown. Jacky Russell talks of fireworks and Bennet *lets them off*. Jack boast of his courage, and shows it by — running away.

I wished at a puppet show you had been near me, instead of a lubberly fellow who had eat[en] onions, without the remedy (which I would have sold him for six pence). In truth he smelt of them, and turned his breath to me. Punch was ridiculous and I was tired.

Have you seen Marianne? You may give her my love.

My dues, you know how to present them, to mama, my aunts,² yourself, Miss Dyer,³ and Prudence [Box] and Nanny. Love and Innocence [two birds] are with thee. Be careful of them, for they are mine. Teach them to sing and answer them. Love and Innocence will not disgrace thy charge.

If thou art not angry, write to me again. Thou knowest me to be thy sister. I am also

Thy friend,

S. W.

Source: holograph; Pitts Library (Emory), Charles Wesley Family Papers (MSS 159), 1/16.

¹The date is suggested by the fact that Sarah Jr. is in Guildford, but the rest of the family is not. This was the situation when CW wrote Sarah Jr. Nov. 17, 1779.

²Rebecca Gwynne and Elizabeth (Gwynne) Waller.

³Armine Anne Dyer (1747–1827), the daughter of Thomas and Dorothy (de la Place) Dyer.

Lady Anna Maria (Huggins) Gatehouse to Sarah Wesley Jr.

[Guildford]
November 28 [1779¹]

To tell you, my dear Miss Wesley, what we felt on our great loss is not within the limits of my pen.² [I] am satisfied you can much easier guess our sensations. We sat like two old grey tabbies in the chimney corner, all but spitting at each other. We lamented much the loss of true harmony, wit, and every entertainment. Even Aunty wished the parlour covered with books, etc. again. You are very compl(imentary) and kind to feed me with the hopes (that) the poor week was tolerably spent considering the stupidity of the inhabitants. We are rejoiced ye got safe home and were not very disagreeable in the stage, as to exercise ye wanted some.

Mrs. Hallet. and her daughter did not come down till last Friday The weather has been too bad for us to meet yet. They are well and I fancy don't intend remaining here all the year. Perhaps your brother will have his scholar again.³

I am charged with Mr. [Thomas] Monkhouse's best respect to ye. The weather prevented his reaching his cell till last Monday. Poor Mrs. [Anna Maria] Blunt [is] not yet de(livered) of her burden.⁴ She is very uneasy. I have not seen a soul except William Russell, who came for books last Sunday *to play to his family*. I told him I could not hear the harpsichord since your departure. Pray, my dear, don't write by candlelight, or drink your tea, without remembering Piggy Wiggy's tail.

I have no good or bad news to tell you. My mind and spirits sympathize with the weather. I thank you for the pretty head you sent me. Ca(n't d)iscuss on no point at present have some (..)ieties attend me just now, only fear if I did not take up my pen today you would imagine I was lost to every power and buried.

Please to present our respects to Mrs. [Sarah] Wesley, and thanks innumerable for her parting with you even such a moment of time. My sister's love and good wishes, with mine, attend you. May you meet with all you deserve; then you will be a complete happy woman. Excuse the compost of dullness, etc. from

Your ever affectionate and obliged friend,

A. Gatehouse

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/428/1/69.

¹The year is confirmed by the birth of Edward William Blunt

²Sarah had recently departed after spending a week with Lady Gatehouse and her sister Maria Anna Huggins (aka "Aunty").

³Both Mrs. and Miss Hallet attended one of the Wesley sons' concerts on Apr. 26, 1781; see McLamore, "Concerts," 165.

⁴Edward Walter Blunt, was actually born this very day in Croydon, Surrey.

From John Francis Valton

Bristol
December 27, 1779

Reverend and Dear Sir,

You may well be surprised that you have not had an answer to your kind letter to me.¹ But the situation of my mind was such since I returned that I could not tell what to do, and was therefore determined to wait till I could write more satisfactorily to you.²

The people have received me with great affection, except two or three who now seem to be reconciled unto me. My affection for them is greatly increased, and I am determined by the grace of God to devote myself to their service, for their as well as for the Lord's sake.

My mind is much easier than it was, but far from enjoying that serenity that I have done. I foresee I shall have a year of exercise, but if I can I will patiently wait

Till the storms are all o'er,
and afflicted no more
On a plank of the ship I escape to the shore.³

I long to be gone, and cannot help at times asking leave of my God to resign my soul up to him, and that he would let me finish my race of shame. My dear sir, don't blame me. I am sick of life on account of sin. I am perpetually going astray in thought or word from my God. O that I could hide myself from the all-seeing eye. I am ashamed of myself. My backslidings do reprove me, and I wonder that I am out of hell. Lord save, or I perish.⁴

I had an opportunity of confessing my shame to Mr. [Edward] Smyth, and asking him pardon on Sunday morning. I said to him some time ago in the vestry at Bath, "Your heart is hard as a stone." And on his telling me he had spoken favourably of me once in society, I replied, "I despised it." Whether to those who knew the circumstances that extorted this it would appear blameable or not I cannot tell. This I know, I am heartily sorry for it, and he has forgiven me.

This morning, as I was reviewing the affair, I was not a little surprised to find that I am the only person that have done or spoke wrong. The rest on neither side are guilty; at least, they none of them seem to intimate as much. My God, let me not judge others! I leave and commend them to thy goodness and mercy.

I have now nearly done with the affair, after asking pardon of you, my ever-honoured sir, and your honoured brother, for all the pains you have taken and all the trouble you have had through my misconduct. Henceforth I will, by the grace of God, be more careful. I have endeavoured and will still endeavour to prevent any ill consequences from the late transaction. So many false reports are propagated that I dare scarce open my mouth. I have now washed my hands of it and shall now fly to the fountain for mercy and purgation. It is well for me that I have an advocate with the Father, to whom I now

¹CW responded to Valton's letter of Nov. 13 by travelling to Bristol, to quell the rebellion of the lay preachers there; see CW's account in three letters to JW between Nov. 28 and Dec. 7. CW returned to London by Dec. 15 and apparently wrote Valton a conciliatory letter soon after (not known to survive).

²John Valton, Alexander M'Nab, and John Bristol, the three lay preachers currently assigned to Bristol, were replaced temporarily by Thomas Carlill and Thomas Coke while CW was present dealing with matters in Bristol. Valton was the only one of the three restored to the circuit.

³CW, "Penitential Hymn, #4," st. 7, *HSP* (1749), 1:80.

⁴See Matt. 8:25.

c(om⁵)mend my soul.

When I received your l(oving) letter I was overpowered with grief, shame, fear, and (...). With swimming eyes and bended knees I presented it to the Lord and made every counsel the subject of a petition. I thank God and you, dear sir, for it. And I have endeavoured to avail myself of your pastoral admonition.

I shall defer writing to your dear brother till I have met the classes. I shall then forthwith send him a letter, and in the meantime my affectionate duty. Pardon, and pray for, dear sir,

Your ever obliged and affectionate son,

Jno. Valton

Address: "To / The Revd. Mr. Chas. Wesley / At the New Chapel / Near Moor-fields / London."

Postmarks: "Bristol" and "1/IA."

Endorsement: by CW, "Dec. 27. 1779 / humble J. Valton."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDP^r 2/56.

⁵A small portion on the left margin is torn away by the wax seal, affecting three lines.

1780

From Ann Chapman

Bristol
January 20, 1780

My Honoured Friend,

We thought it long till we received your late epistles,¹ but are glad to hear that you and yours remain in pretty good health. Miss Morgan and I go comfortably on together.² We have abundant reason to praise the Lord, though we each feel ourselves faulty. Yet, as by his grace, we are kept in some measure in the way (I cannot say “of,” but rather) pressing toward holiness.

I just now drank tea with our Friends Stafford. They are much the same as usual, except that Mrs. [Mary] Stafford had a deafness that afflicts her.³ She, Mrs. Ann, and Mrs. Susanna return you sincere thanks for your letter. They also send love to you, Mrs. [Sarah] Wesley, and their young friends, and desire me to give Mrs. Barnes’s(?) to you, begging your continual remembrance of her. I am also to acquaint you that Mrs. Designe is taken home.⁴ Old Mr. Dyer likewise.⁵ Mrs. Walrond, the preacher’s wife, and Mr. Ramzor;⁶ all happy we trust. Mrs. Designe was in a composed state of mind, but taken at last so sudden that no one was aware of it, slipped away without sigh or groan. Mr. Dyer was ill some time. We have reason to believe he died in peace. Mr. Ramzor expressed (as I am told) much joy in the Lord before his departure. And Mrs. Walrond showed the plainest tokens of delight, and even ravishment of soul at the last, that comforted and satisfied all about her. So we have even a cloud of witnesses here to quicken us to diligence and perseverance in the Christian race. But we feel the loss of our old leaders. However, Mrs. [Mary] Maddern and Miss [Elizabeth] Johnson have taken to Mrs. Designe’s classes, and Mr. [John] Colmer to Mr. Dyer’s. I fear we shall lose more. Mrs. Pearce, a very pious woman, a leader, is very ill. May the Lord preserve those that remain till he has raised up some faithful ones to supply their places.

We are indeed thankful for Mr. [John] Valton, and we do not look over Joseph Bradford.⁷ Dr. Coke we value much,⁸ and Mr. Smith’s labours are well received.⁹

¹This set of letters is not known to survive.

²Elizabeth Mary Morgan (1755–1835) was born in London to Thomas Wilkins Morgan Esq. and his wife Elizabeth (Russell) Morgan. Her parents sent Elizabeth to live in Bristol during her teens, where she had some connection with Whitefield’s Tabernacle in Kingswood. After she came of age Elizabeth was again in Bristol, lodging with Ann Chapman, where she became friends with CW’s family, as well as a correspondent of JW. In 1787 Morgan married Ely Bates (d. 1812). See Mrs. T. G. Tyndale, *Selections from the correspondence of Mrs. Ely Bates, and incidents of her early life* (Oxford, 1872–73).

³Mary Stafford died soon after; buried Apr. 21, 1780.

⁴Susannah Designe was buried on Dec. 31, 1779, in Bristol.

⁵John Dyer (1718–80), the long-time supporter of Methodism in Bristol, as trustee of the preaching house on Horse Fair.

⁶Benjamin Ramzor was a cooper; he and his wife Winifred (1723–95) resided in the Bedminster area of Bristol. Chapman spells “Ramzar.”

⁷Joseph Bradford (c. 1741–1808) entered the itinerant ministry in 1773. He was currently assigned to travel with JW, but was in Bristol assisting during the difficulties over Alexander M’Nab; see CW to JW, Dec. 6, 1779 and following.

⁸Thomas Coke (1747–1814), a native of Brecon, Wales, was educated at Jesus College, Oxford, with special interest in jurisprudence. After earning his M.A. in 1770, he returned to Brecon and in 1772

Time fails me. I wish I could learn the conciseness of the dear friend I am writing to. But I must be content, as I am not called so often to use my pen. With love and respects to Mrs. Wesley, and remembrance to Miss [Sarah] and the gentlemen, I beg leave to subscribe myself, dear sir,

Your sincerely affectionate,

Ann Chapman

A thought has just struck to mention that my dear cousin is now very much straitened. If you know any friend that could lend £20 for three months at farthest—as I cannot, and verily believe it to be safe—it would be a vast comfort. And should anything very unforeseen happen, I should think it my duty to be accountable when I can spare the money. As she knows nothing of my mentioning this to you, if inconvenient or disagreeable, please to put this in the fire and think no more of it.

N.B. Mr. S. has much work bespoke, which is a prospect for paying it.

I received the £10 your left (with¹⁰) Miss. Morgan. She is gone for a week into the country, and I go tomorrow for the same time.

Address: “To / The Revnd. Mr. Cs. Wesley / ~~at the New Chappel House / City Road /~~ No. 1 Chesterfield Street / London / ~~Mary bone.~~”

Postmarks: “Bristol” and “22/IA.”

Endorsement: by CW, “N. Chapman Jan. 20. 1780 / happy deaths!”

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/502/2/8.

served a term as mayor. He received a Doctor of Christian Letters degree in 1775. In 1772 Coke also took clergy orders and entered a curacy in South Petherton, Somerset, during which he increasingly cooperated with the Methodists. When a new rector was assigned in 1777, Coke was expelled from his curacy because of his Methodist connections. He swiftly rose to become JW’s chief Assistant. See Vickers, *Dictionary*, 72–73; and John Vickers, *Apostle of Methodism* (1969).

⁹This was likely Samuel Smith, who served as an itinerant preacher from 1773 to 1779. He would have been called in as well in light of the removal of Alexander M’Nab.

¹⁰Small portion torn away by wax seal, but missing word is fairly obvious.

Katherine Hutchings [Jr.] to Sarah Wesley Jr.

[Bristol]
January 21, 1780

I have delayed writing to my dear Sally much longer than I thought it possible for me to do when I received your last kind favour.¹ You will confess my love; I deserve your pity, for I have been plagued with the company of Mrs. Gapner(?) for six weeks and could not redress myself. She is one of those beings of whom I ever exclaimed with the patriarch, “O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united.”² I cannot, my friend, form an higher idea of punishment that to be condemned to the society of the wicked—sure it is hell! O my God, may I while on earth converse with those who, struggling with human frailty, look forward to the land of perfection. And when I resign the breath thou gavest, may my lot be far from guilty souls. Mrs. Gapner(?) is now in London. She said she would visit your. Profit from my experience and avoid her.

Your friends here are well. They speak of you with affection. Write to me very soon. Convince me you do not resent my silence, but see it in a just light as my misfortune, not my fault. Be assured I love you sincerely. It is impossible to express how much I wish to see you.

My best respects attend your family. Tell your aunt [Martha] Hall it gives me great pleasure that I still live in her remembrance. Bear my kindest wishes to her, and believe me

With the most ardent affection, your,

K. Hutchings

I called once on Miss [Mary] Jones but was not so fortunate as to find her at home, and have not been able to repeat my visit. If you love me, write soon.

Address: “Miss Wesley / at the Rev. Mr Wesley’s / Chesterfield Street Marybone / near / London.”

Postmarks: “Bristol” and “24/IA.”

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/428/1/148.

¹This letter is not known to survive.

²Gen. 49:6.

From John Francis Valton

Bristol
March 13, 1780

Reverend and Dear Sir,

I was willing to know how the affair at Bath would terminate before I sent you another letter. I have the comfort to inform you that we have now a prospect of peace and harmony.

I think all the delinquents but myself have met with their demerits, and I trust that all things will work together for our good. I believe there is work for the circumcision knife in the opposite party, and I suppose that will be left for God to do. I wrote a letter to the whole society, and therein concluded them all in sin, and showed them the necessity of general humiliation. But my letter met with Cassandra's fate.¹ If the Lord shall give me leave and power, I will take my place in the pulpit in my turn, and endeavour to confirm my never-dying love to them all. I have shook hands and joined heart with my greatest slanderers, and wish them from my soul all the happiness that they can wish for or enjoy. I need not give you a detail of our late occurrences, as the dear little indefatigable Dr. [Coke] can do this personally when he arrives.

I have had a sore fit of the piles [i.e., haemorrhoids], which has confined me for some days, but am now, through undeserved mercy, better again. I have made an excursion lately into the Gloucestershire circuit and have been graciously blessed in my own soul. I enjoyed great peace; nay, my soul was kept in a continual transport and I seem at present like a giant refreshed with wine. I find the ways of wisdom to be pleasant indeed, and all the paths of duty to be paths of peace. My whole heart is in the way and work of my God, and I have no greater delight than in keeping his commandments. I am content to wait my appointed time beneath the sun, but yet ardently long to reach and range the fair Elysian fields above. My treasure is in heaven, and the moon is under my feet. This world is my Patmos, and my poor fluttering soul longs to gain the illimitable plains of Jehovah's kingdom. Lord Jesus come quickly! O my dear sir, methinks we are come within sight of land. The fair havens appear and we shall soon drop anchor in the harbor of peace! Then, oh then, all the storms of life shall forever be hushed and all before us be quietness and assurance forever.

You honoured brother [JW] set out this morning for Stroud. He is healthy and cheerful, and goes I believe with eight hundred benedictions upon his head from the Bristol society. My heart, if possible, is more knit to him than ever, and sorry I am from my soul that I ever grieved him. Witness great God my undissembled tears! I mean firmly never to do it more. But I hope then my God will never trust me out of his sight. I am indeed at present strong *through weakness*, and hope ever to feel my poverty. The Lord save me, the vilest of the vile.

I must conclude. Need I say I reverence and honour you, and shall esteem your counsel better than gold. Dear sir, help me with your prayers and praises, and believe me to be not only a most unworthy, but

A most affectionate son in the gospel,

Jno. Valton

Address: "To / The Revd. Mr. Charles Wesley / At the New Chapel/ Near the City Road / London."

Postmarks: "Bristol" and "15/MR."

Endorsement: by CW, "J. Valton / Mar. 13. 1780."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDP 2/57.

¹Cassandra in Greek mythology was a priestess fated by the God Apollo to utter true prophecies but never be believed.

Katherine Hutchings [Jr.?] to Sarah Wesley Jr.

[Bristol]
March 20, 1780

I have only time to tell my dear Sally that I have been very ill.

We applied for your friend's things as desired.¹ They were sent to Mr. [William] Cornish's, but they refused to let us keep them unless the enclosed bill was paid. The regiment leaves Bristol on Monday. The advancement of the money would be impossible for me. If your friend will transmit us a bill, we will take all proper care. The keeping of the horse will be so many days more, and we must buy a box for the things. What overplus of money remains shall be returned by the wagon.

I shall be too late for the post. Adieu.

Every yours,

K. Hutchings

Address: "Miss Wesley at the Revd. / Mr Wesleys Chesterfield Street / Mary leBone near / London."

Postmarks: "Bristol" and "22/MR."

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/428/1/149.

¹The friend was likely Thomas Tarpley, who was currently serving as a medic for the Royal Army.

From William Perronet

Nyon [Switzerland]
March 30, 1780

Dear Sir,

It seems very long since I had the pleasure of seeing my friends in England. And I wish that I could even now fix the time of my return, but my affairs are still very far from being settled. It is true that the persons I am concerned with never in the least contested my father's right (they have endeavoured only to reduce that right almost to nothing). But they find other uses for their money here than that of paying their debts. The American bills are negotiated in this country at 30 capitals (as the phrase is); i.e., you may buy 30£ for one. And the French government has been borrowing money, on life annuities, at ten percent. And the persons here have even mortgaged their estates in order to purchase in these funds.

With regard to our dear friend Mr. [John] Fletcher, he used to preach here, as long as they would suffer him. And now he is engaged in writing something for the use of his countrymen; which (instead of drawing towards a conclusion) seems to multiply daily under his fertile pen.¹ As to his health, it is certainly much better than when he left England. But such constant application tends very much to exhaust his little stock of bodily health and strength. Indeed, he was in much better health and spirits last winter, when we were engaged in crossing the Alps in an open sledge—which journey our worthy friend Mr. [James] Ireland, in one of his letters, properly enough called that “desperate undertaking.” For here indeed, besides other inconveniencies, we were oft times sorely pressed both with cold and hunger. Yet was Mr. Fletcher during the whole time all alive—I might say, “all on fire.”

As this is Mr. Fletcher's native climate, it is no wonder that it agrees with him. Otherwise it must needs be very trying to so tender a constitution as his, for the weather here is much hotter in summer, and much colder in winter, than in England. The transitions from intense heat to extreme cold are often very sudden. And not unfrequently these two extremes are strangely blended together. For even in the midst of summer, when the Bize (as they call the northeast wind) blows from the tops of those frozen mountains, one is literally scorched and frozen at the same time. This wind sometimes, in one night, blasts the plants and trees of a whole province; as happened here last summer when the vines, mulberry plantations, etc. looked as if they had been blown up with gunpowder. But by a wonderful property in this soil and climate, the vegetation soon commenced afresh and the year was remarkably fruitful.

They are likewise subject here to such dreadful storms of hail as fill the whole country with terror and astonishment, and which cut off not only the fruits and plants, but even man and beast, that cannot escape from their fury. I heard one of these storms last summer, at the distance (as was supposed) of several miles. It sounded like the roaring of the seas, or like-distant thunder (and was probably accompanied with it). The people ran home from the fields and vineyards crying out, “La grêle, la grêle.”² But it happily fell (as I was afterwards informed) mostly in the lake and on the mountains of Savoy.

Sometime ago, when Mr. Fletcher and I were at Geneva, we had the curiosity to visit the spot where Calvin is buried. But the ground is all we had to see, for they have erected no monument to that celebrated reformer.

The people in general in this country are frugal and industrious. One may truly say of the lower sort that they work hard and fare hard. Their vineyards and gardens are cultivated with an ardour that is altogether astonishing. The former constitute the riches of the great, and the latter furnish out the chief subsistence of the poor. And in both, the women work as hard as the men. They have vegetables here in great plenty, of all kinds; but I think that they are not so good as what we have in England. And as to the

¹This may have been John Fletcher, *La louange: poème moral et sacré, tiré du psaume CXLVIII* (Nyon, France: Natthey & Lapierre, 1781).

²“Hail! Hail!”

meat, it is in general very indifferent. The cattle are so small and so poor that if one looks into the butchery on a market-day one would be apt to think that they had killed all the dogs and cats in the county. The pasturage is poor enough in summer, and during the whole winter the sheep and goats have nothing to feed on but little spray faggots, which they cut (whilst the leaves are on) and lay by for that purpose. So that when they are turned out to graze in the spring, one may truly say of them, “*vix ossibus haerent*.”³ Indeed, I have more than once seen a shoulder of mutton brought to table that I could easily have put into my waistcoat pocket. And as to lamb, these look so like starved kittens that nobody thinks of eating them. However the kid (which comes in about Easter) is nearly as fine as our house-lamb, and almost as dear. The bread, milk, butter, cheese, honey, and wine are likewise very good. And the fruit (which they have here both summer and winter, in great plenty) is excellent.

If the people in general in this country are poor, they seem however to be contented and to live happy under a mild government. The senate of Bern is the sovereign of this canton, and the poorest subject has a right to appeal there in case he thinks himself aggrieved by any of the inferior courts; and their decisions are always esteemed just and equitable.

They have sumptuary laws here. No gold or silver lace is allowed to be worn. And the magistrates sometimes even condescend so far as to regulate the economy of the ladies' headdresses. Not long ago the younger part of the sex were beginning to make a great display of feathers on their heads. Though this was by no means of matter of great expense, it occasioned no small alarm amongst these guardians of the commonwealth, who probably considered it as a symptom of too great levity in their countrywomen, and perhaps fearing lest (with the dress) they might in time adopt the manners of the birds and take their flight into some distant region; and being unwilling to lose so valuable a part of their subjects, they published an edict against this growing evil. The ladies immediately stripped off their plumage and have ever since remained very quiet in their own canton. Should our governors take upon them to prescribe laws of this kind, I much doubt whether they would find the English ladies so passive and obedient.

Once a year their excellencies judge it expedient to order a fast. This is usually sometime in September, that is about a month before the vintage. The public-houses are ordered to be all shut up on that day—except only to “travellers.” And the people (who don't seem much to relish this kind of penance) all commence travellers; i.e., the inhabitants of one village march to the next, and so on. The public-houses are all open, and they make a general clearing of the old stock, against the approaching vintage.

Every man in this country, at the age of 16, is obliged to furnish himself with arms and accoutrements, and to attend the regular times of exercise. Indeed, the most common diversion here is shooting at a mark, for small premiums; by which means they become very expert in the use of firearms. And thus, without a standing army, they are all soldiers and can (as I am informed) by means of beacons placed at proper distances, within the space of 24 hours assemble an army in this canton of eighty thousand men.

If in this county some of the articles of life are rather scarce, this is by no means the case with respect to *cards*. Everybody plays here, young and old, clergy and laymen. Sundays and working days—they make no difference unless it is that they play more on Sundays than other days, being then most at leisure. A gentleman of Lausanne assured me that the usual annual consumption of cards in that town amounts to sixty thousand packs.

Though the people here live on the borders of Italy, they borrow most of their music from their nearer neighbours, the French. Which I apprehend will give you connoisseurs no very high opinion of their taste. But if their private concerts are not so elegant as those we have in England, their church music (I mean the bells) makes as much noise as in any country. These however they don't ring fairly out but twice in the year; namely, on Christmas eve and New Year's eve. And then they do it with such good will that now and then one of them gets a crack—which accident happened here last year. Nor do they trouble

³Virgil, *Eclogue*, iii.102; “they scarcely stick to their bones.”

themselves about ringing Bob-majors,⁴ or any of the other curious changes and evolutions so much practised and admired in England. But each man hammers away as fast as he can. So that was you at a small distance, you would certainly conclude that the town was on fire or that the enemy was at the gates. I was at Lausanne last New Year's eve (where there are three churches, and consequently three sets of these musical bells) and what with the noise of these, the crying of the pigs (which they were killing at the corner of every street), the shouting of the boys, and the howling of the dogs, I never heard such a concert in my life. The pigs that bear so considerable a part in this musical entertainment are most brought out of Burgundy and Savoy, and are by far the best provisions one meets with in this country.

Ridiculous as this mode of ringing the bells may be in itself, it was once made a providential means of saving Mr. Fletcher's life. He had been [a]cross the lake, into Savoy, on Christmas eve with some company, all very young. And returning in the evening, they were overtaken in a fog, and not knowing which way to steer the boat (if they had escaped the rocks), they must all have perished with cold. When the bells of Nyon striking up, they were immediately directed to the shore.

I beg my best respects to Mrs. [Sarah] Wesley, Mr. John Wesley, Mr. [James] Waller's family, and all friends. In case this letter is fortunate enough to escape the combined fleet,⁵ you will find, under the seal, a few small pieces of Swiss money, which I beg you to present with my compliments to Miss [Sarah] Wesley, Mr. Charles [Wesley, Jr.] and Master Samuel Wesley.

Mr. Fletcher likewise unites with me in love and respects to yourself and family. We shall be very thankful for a few lines from you. Please to direct a Monsieur Monsr. Fletcher, a Nyon, pies de Génève, an Suisse.

I am, dear sir,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

W. Perronet

P.S. I happened the other day to meet with the following advice, which the late Lord Chesterfield (in his *Letters*) gives to his son, who was supposed at that time to be in danger of going into a consumption; viz., "Let your diet be cooling, and at the same time nourishing. Milks of all kinds are proper for you; wines of all kinds bad. A great deal of gentle, and no violent, exercise is good for you."⁶ Had his Lordship been as good a divine as (in this respect) he was a physician, his *Letters* would have been inestimable. I have pressed the latter part of these rules so often, and to so little purpose, on our dear friend Mr. Fletcher that at length I am tired out. He was once told by two physicians (somewhere) that the benefit of exercise (for consumptive persons) must be estimated by the quantity, or rather the violence, of it. Consequently, that riding on horseback was better than going in a carriage (which I believe to be fine); that walking was better than riding; running, than walking; and jumping better than them all put together. Which is such infamous nonsense that one should be hard set to find a farrier, or an old nurse, who would talk so idly on the subject. However, our worthy friend (who seems unwilling to allow a whit more to his material part than needs must) has scrupulously followed this maxim. So that, whenever he does not take his little, hasty rides (which, by the by, frequently happens), he allows himself not more than three minutes from his studies, just as dinner is serving up, and then like a Harlequin sorcerer, he takes about half a score [of] such violent leaps and plunges cross his room that I in sometimes in pain for the floor—and always for his bones.

It has been a very severe, and a very sickly winter in this country. I have had a moderate share of it. But whilst thousands have been ill, and many dying every day (particularly at Geneva), it has pleased God to spare our dear friend Mr. Fletcher, who has enjoyed a tolerable share of health for some months

⁴A traditional method of change ringing in England.

⁵The Spanish and French navies were blockading England.

⁶Philip Dormer Stanhope, *Letters written by the ... Earl of Chesterfield, to his son, Philip Stanhope Esq.* (Dublin: G. Faulkner, 1774), 2:43–44.

past.

Address: “To / The Revd. Mr. C. Wesley / No. 1. Chesterfield Street, near Welbeck Street / Marybone

Endorsement: by CW, “Perronet in / Swisserland / May 1780 / his last.”⁷

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/472/25.

⁷Perronet fell sick and died in Dec. 1781.

Sarah Wesley Jr. to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley¹

Croydon
Sunday morning [c. April 1780]

Dear Mama,

I think I slept *rather* better last night (or properly speaking) this morning than in Chesterfield Street. I had a fire in my room, my bed warmed, and a pot of liquorice tea by the side of it. My cough—much as usual—till after two o'clock, and then I slept, with trifling interruption till 8:00.

Sir Charles supped here last night,² and he and Mr. [Walter] Blunt surprised me by *their* attention to my cough. They seemed infinitely more alarmed that I believe there was occasion for, though I was very indifferent all the evening.

Mrs. [Anna Maria] Blunt is exceedingly kind and careful. She is now gone to church (which I heard was a cold one, so was not desirous of accompanying her, had she permitted it). I am quite at home. She offered sending for her apothecary, and Mr. Blunt immediately would have gone, but I did not choose it, having little notion of any remedy but air. Although yet I have not found much benefit from it.

I am uncertain whether I shall return on Thursday with Mrs. Blunt (who comes to town [London] that day) or wait till she comes back to Croydon, which she intends doing the day after. I am to have the ass's milk this evening. They prohibit my eating meat.

If there are any letters for me, I should be much obliged to you to send them to me. And with duty to my father, and love to my brothers, I am, dear mama,

Your affectionate and obedient daughter,

S. Wesley

P.S. Mr. and Mrs. Blunt beg compliments

Six o'clock: I have not coughed much since I wrote the above; and waited to seal my letter till I had dined, in hopes to tell you so.

Address: "Mrs Wesley / Chesterfield Street / Marybone / London."

Postmark: "Penny Post Paid."

Source: holograph; Pitts Library (Emory), Charles Wesley Family Papers (MSS 159), 1/58.

¹Sarah developed "an inveterate cough" in the spring of 1780 that led her parents to send her to Wick, near Bath, in May, in hope of avoiding a consumption; see CW to John Langshaw, May 11, 1780. This letter likely reflects an initial attempt to get over the cough by spending a few days in Croydon, out of the unhealthy air of London proper.

²Sir Charles William Blunt (1731–1802), 3rd Baronet; older brother of Walter.

Lady Anna Maria (Huggins) Gatehouse to [Sarah] Wesley Jr.

[Guildford]
April 2 [1780¹]

My Dear Miss W[esley], alias H[iggenbotham]

Ere this reaches you I hope all complaints are removed—as to heartaches it is morally impossible whilst the dear agreeable is close at your elbow. My dear, you might have trusted me with the secret. I find what I long suspected will come to pass by-and-by. You cannot do better: a sensible man, good fortune. I was told you were engaged, and though I could not get it out, had reason to suppose it is the phil[osophy]r.²

Mrs. [Anna Maria] Blunt sent me word she intended being at your concert. [I] presume they made their appearance.³ Oh how I enjoy them! How happy should Aunty and I have been to have passed a whole day (solely) without form and fuss at your house!⁴ We did not enjoy it so highly as at Guildford. Your good father and mother hurried and plagued themselves too much. I am sure the whole company were much obliged to ye all.

I am satisfied you was disappointed at not going to the oratorio. Mrs. Blunt was too ill even to venture out at all that day. In short, things were a little contrariwise. Your brother Charles to leave us too!

Many blunders about the instruments. They are now sent down to William Russell. He packs them up and directs them to your house. Please receive them and beg your brothers (perhaps father) to make some enquiry what they are worth now. William Russell has opened the Cremona [violin] which he admires much.⁵ De Fesch⁶ always did so, and he played divinely on it. The other two and the flutes, perhaps they may find a chap, for Lady Hume has but poor instruments.⁷ Your brother said perhaps she may be persuaded with Mrs. Rowe's(?) liberty and permission. Carriage and expenses of any sort are mine undoubtedly. I shall be much obliged to ye, though Russell says if they had been at Norris's, people come in, take up an instrument, and they are often well sold. [I] beg pardon for this long rigamarole.

Pray does Mrs. Luther⁸ know anything of a Mr. Bull, member of Parliament?⁹ There are perhaps more Luthers.

I have been very unwell ever since my hurry, heats, colds, confusions in town [i.e., London]; and for three days past have lost my stomach. A very bad nervous cough too. However today, thank God, [I]

¹The year is determined by the mention of William Russell's pending marriage.

²I.e., James Higgenbotham, the alchemist / experiment chemist ("science" was called "natural philosophy" at this time). Despite Lady Gatehouse's assumption, there was no formal engagement.

³Anna Maria (Gatehouse) Blunt and her husband Walter were at concerts at the Wesley home on Feb. 17 and Mar. 30, 1780; see McLamore, "Concerts," 159–61.

⁴Lady Gatehouse and her sister Maria Anna Huggins were apparently at the Wesley home when they hosted the first concert of their second season on Feb. 17, 1780 (they are not listed as paying attendees).

⁵CW's son Samuel would keep the Cremona violin, though he lost it (or it was stolen) in 1783; see Samuel Wesley to Mary Freeman Shepherd, Dec. 26, 1783.

⁶William De Fesch (1687–1761), a Dutch violin player.

⁷Amelia (Egerton) Hume (1751–1809), wife of Abraham Hume, 2nd Baronet (1749–1838).

⁸Mrs. Luther, was CW Jr.'s first harpsichord student, described by CW Sr. as "a lady of fashion and of great discernment" in his letter to John Langshaw Sr., Oct 26, 1779.

⁹Frederick Bull (c. 1714–1784) was Lord Mayor of London and a radical politician who sat in the House of Commons from 1773 to 1784.

find myself rather better.

Mrs. Smith is at present with Mrs. Hallett, for two or three days only. They drank tea with us Thursday. She is a charming, lively, sensible, rich widow. We talked of you. She said the old beau Blakney was very rude and talked all the while your brother was playing. Pretty affair truly! Casting pearls before swine.

How well you sent me your dear father's hymn that your dear mother sung to the tune of "My fond shepherds, ...";¹⁰ which tune, by the way, I have not got and entreated your brother to send it [to] me when at leisure.

Oh this love! My dear, don't be long demurring. The woman that deliberates

How should Mr. [James] Higgenbotham know we arrived safe at Guildford? I am satisfied he never saw us. It poured all the way we came, [windows] were steamed, [we] could not let down the glasses. Surely no poor souls ever had a worse day. Consequently our journey was far from agreeable. We were tired of the nasty, hot, sugar houses in the city; and so far enjoyed our own cleanly rural abode, which appeared much more divine and romantic from the contrast. Mr. [Walter] Blunt slept here one night since, told me my poor son William is disappointed and out of business. The captain of *The Egmont*, my friend, has left it. For what? Why for a widow and £70,000. So my son is turned adrift. Nothing in this world prospers with us. We hope there is some good in store for us hereafter. He is in Southampton with his chosen female.

I have been nowhere but to church since I came home, consequently know nothing of the great town of Guildford. Kitty Russel has been ill. The mayor is several inches taller.¹¹ William Russell is not married, but doing up his house.¹²

Aunt and self entreat our kindest respect and good wishes may be cordially received by all your much valued household. I desire a few a few lines soon, not to rob the phil[osopher] of too much. Oh whip you my dear, you are mighty cunning indeed. You intended to surprise me at the bottom of your letter.¹³ Well no one wishes you every felicity in this world more sincerely than

Your ever true and affectionate friend,

A. Gatehouse

Your letter dated [March] 26 never arrived till the 29th.

Address: "To / Miss Wesley No. 1 / Chesterfield Street / Marybone."

Postmark: "Guildford."

Source: MARC, MA 1977/428/1/74.

¹⁰An aria in Thomas Arne's opera *Eliza* (1754).

¹¹John Russell Sr. had served as mayor of Guildford for 1779; the reference is likely to having this load lifted from his shoulders.

¹²William Russell would marry Ann Baker in Guildford on Nov. 7, 1780.

¹³Sarah Jr.'s letter of Mar. 26, 1780 is not known to survive; rendering the surprise unclear.

Katherine Hutchings [Jr.] to Sarah Wesley Jr.

Bristol
April 14 [1780]

It was with inexpressible concern, my dearest Sally, I read the melancholy account of your health.¹ My own sufferings were forgot. It was your afflictions only that I deplored. While I was ignorant of your illness, I sympathized with you. I have had an almost continual slow fever, and am now doomed to silence by the loss of my voice. Though the prospect of immortal bliss (through the infinite mercy of him who bid me live) inspires my soul with joy, yet at times I am so oppressed with this load of clay that my spirits sink beneath the weights.

To this languor of body you must impute my not writing to you long ago. Indeed you do justice, my dear, to my affection by not doubting it. Be assured I love and esteem you with the utmost sincerity. Had you a better motive for your visit to Bristol, with what transport I should expect you. Talk not of trouble, my love. I am very sorry it was not in my power to oblige your friend.² Mr. [William] Cornish, with his usual good nature, lent me his best assistance. We got possession of the things, but they would not suffer us to send them unless we paid the bill. I shall wait with impatience to hear of your health. When I see the Cornishes you shall be remembered to them. Our friend Mrs. [Sarah] Cornish neglects the admonition of the wise man, for she chooses the house of joy rather than that of mourning. So that I see her but seldom. But I am perfectly resigned. These things are ordained, my dear, by infinite wisdom, to wean us from a world we are too apt to love. Her³ husband put your favour into my hands. I obeyed your commands. If you come to Bristol, it is likely you will find us at Mr. [George] Stonehouse's in Maudlin Lane, who has behaved with vast kindness and friendship to us. My dear mother [Katherine?] presents her love and best wishes for your speedy recovery. Present my respectful compliments to Mrs. [Martha] Hall and all your good family. That you and I, my Sally, when sorrow and pain surround us, may soar above terrestrial things, is the ardent prayer of

Your sincere and affectionate,

K. Hutchings

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/428/1/156.

¹Sarah's "inveterate" cough; see Sarah Jr. to SGW, just above.

²See Hutchings's previous letter of Mar. 20.

³Orig. "Your."

From the Rev. Martin Madan¹

[Epsom]
May 1780

My Dear Sir,

I have your kind letter this morning,² and it gave me pleasure to find that, even under an apprehension of my forgetfulness of you and yours, you have still charity enough left for me to suppose me worth your notice. Your letter and one from Mr. Peckwell³ are the only proofs that I have received that prejudice has not prevailed over the judgment of my religious acquaintances. I suppose that what you well express by “the sourness of the pharisees and the bitterness of the papists” hardly ever any man experienced much more than I have done. May the Lord forgive what is amiss in all, and enable me to follow your salutary precept in respect to “the spirit of meekness, humility, and love”!

The book is by this time finished, and I suppose will have its launch in the world in a few days. May God give it his blessing, and make it an instrument of good to many! It is a great design, as well as a gold and adventurous undertaking, to attack a system which is inveterated and fixed in the minds of mankind by custom, usage, and law. But so did our Reformers, at the peril of their liberties and lives. Thank God they purchased for us the liberty we now enjoy. I believe when you read the book you will be of opinion that I have thoroughly availed myself of it, and with no sparing hand have reaped what they sowed—I mean the inestimable privilege of free enquiry after truth. My prayer is like that of Luther, “*Domine Deus mi, fac ut fortiter pugnem contra inimicos sanctissime tuae legis.*”⁴

As for your not seeing me, it is easily accounted for when you consider that I have not been one night in town [i.e., London] these several months. Nothing but business has carried me up at all. And then I have returned to this place by dinner. Ever remember that my heart is with your and yours, and that none more sincerely loves you all.

Pray for me, my dear sir, that I may endure under all the afflictions which may come upon me for the truth’s sake, and in nothing be moved by the adversaries. Yet I should hope that when the book is read and fairly considered, the number of these will be decreased, at least among calm and considerate people who have reverence enough for God’s word to prefer it to the senseless traditions of men.

I have lately lost my brother Colonel Madan in America. *Sic transit [gloria mundi]*.⁵

With love to Mrs. Wesley and the dear boys, I remain

Ever yours most affectionately,

M. M.

Address: “Revd. Charles Wesley / Chesterfield Street / Marybone.”

Postmark: “Epsom.”

Endorsement: by CW, “Madan May 1780 / meaning well / intending good - by his fatal book!”

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 2/82.

¹Madan was preparing to publish *Thelyphthora: or, A treatise on female ruin ...; considered on the basis of the divine law*, 2 vols. (London: J. Dodsley, 1780–81). The work became notorious, because he defended the legality (by divine law), if not necessarily the practicality, of polygamy.

²This letter is not known to survive.

³Rev. Dr. Henry Peckwell (1747–87), rector of Bloxham with Digby.

⁴“O Lord my God, make me fight bravely against the enemies of your most holy law.”

⁵“Thus passes the glory of the world.” Frederick Martin Madan (b. 1742) was a Lt. Colonel in the 1st Foot Guards.

Sarah Wesley Jr. to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley

[Bath]
Saturday morning [May 13, 1780⁶]

Dear Mama,

At four o'clock last night I arrived here—my journey safe, my company genteel, and my fatigue great. But today I seem a little recovered.

Miss Hobbes, as soon as I entered the stage, appeared a very agreeable woman. The gentleman I quickly perceived was as much a stranger to her as to me. He was well-bred, and had seen the world, but so original in his manner and remarks that he diverted us much. Amongst other topics of conversation Miss Hobbes asked me if I knew the Wesleys. I disguised my relationship till I heard her opinion, which was highly favourable. She said a sister of hers had been introduced with Lady Rodney⁷ by Mrs. Oriel and had talked on nothing since—particularly Mrs. Wesley, who treated them with such civility one music morning that they were as much delighted with the mother as the sons. Miss Hobbes was not less surprised than pleased at finding me the daughter. I told here I had not the pleasure of being there the morning Lady Rodney came (I was preparing that day for Guildford). Her sister's name is Burnet, a young widow. When we came to Maidenhead we took up a passenger. [He was] the fattest man I ever saw, but extremely pleasing and cheerful. The other gentleman told him "his company made amends for his size." Which strange speech the other answered with much good nature. We were sorry to part with him at Reading, and there took in an old widow lady. We were so entertained at dinner with the companion we left that we made a longer meal than is customary at inns. And our odd companion told the old lady the reason was, "we had had a gentleman whose amazing weight prevented the coachman going on, so we were obliged to give him time to pant on the way." He kept us in a continued laugh till we came to Newbury.

My cough was bad, and my breath short, all the way. And at night I was so overcome with fatigue that I could not sleep. Miss Hobbes behaved with the care and tenderness of a sister. She looked after *my* sheets herself, felt the blankets, and saw the bed well-warmed. We agreed to set out early the next day, that we might not be as late on the road as we were the preceding evening (though we got in before 8:00). We left the old lady at Newbury, who was at a loss to find out what sort of genius her male fellow traveller could be. At Chippenham Miss Hobbes met her friends, and parted with me with much apparent regret, hoped to meet me again in town. She is mostly with Lady Rodney, and knows Mrs. [Mary Ann] Arnold, and many other of our intimate acquaintances. A country woman was my last companion to Bath; and the same gentleman, who continued equally comical. We came to the inn so early that Mr. [Michael] Hemmings did not think of coming to meet me for an hour or two. And the strange man walked with me towards Horse Street till I assured him I knew my way and could find it without his civil attendance; which was at first almost *necessary*, as the inn yard was very long and full of officers. During my journey Wilkes was on the road, and put up at the same inns.⁸ I had a low bow from him, having met before at Lady Home's.⁹

⁶Sarah Jr. had been dispatched on a coach by her parents on May 11, from London, to spend time with the Haynes family in Wick, near Bath, to recover from a persistent cough. see CW to John Langshaw, May 11, 1780.

⁷Henrietta (Clies) Rodney (1739–1829), the second wife of George Brydges Rodney (1718–92), 1st Baronet.

⁸John Wilkes (1725–97), Member of Parliament, who mustered militia forces in 1780 to help put down the Gordon Riots.

⁹Likely Elizabeth (Lawes) Home (d. 1784), relict of William Home, 8th Earl, and a London socialite.

The post-coach company are not obliged to pay for not dining or breakfasting as you supposed, though they generally agree. The charges are very high, the attendants exceedingly civil, and at all (but the inn at Chippenham) the provisions good. It cost me a guinea (with porter and everything by the time I got to Mr. Hemming's). They received me with all the affection possible. I was less tired than the night before, but my breath, side, and cough very indifferent. One night's sleep has mended all, and the *cure* is to come. I write now because I fear I shall not be able to send tonight from Wick. I wished, dear mama, very much for some of you on the road, and Miss Hobbes joined the wish very ardently. Be assured I am well taken care of, and shall be so. I dine at Mr. Hemmings's today and expect Mr. [Richard] Haynes after dinner. I am now going to Mrs. [Martha] Lloyd's.

Give my duty and love to my father, and with love to Charles, Sam, my aunts, cousins, etc., I am, dear mama,

Your affectionate and obedient daughter,

S. Wesley

P.S. Never mind the corner [a small part of the lower right corner of the page is torn away].

Address: "Mrs Wesley."

Source: holograph; Pitts Library (Emory), Charles Wesley Family Papers (MSS 159), 2/59.

From “Omicron”

[London]
May 16, 1780

Reverend Sir,

Being at the New Chapel [on City Road] Monday forenoon, I was greatly surprised in not seeing one lay preacher attend the service. As none were engaged at that time in their duty, from whence could such a shameful neglect arise? I will tell you plainly. It first arises from a dislike they have to the service of the Church [of England], and secondly from an antipathy they bear to the clergy in general. They would be glad to have the prayers read for them when they preach (merely for the sake of exalting themselves the more). But such is their pride [that] they hate the gown upon anyone’s shoulders but their own. And was it not for the sake of decency, I verily believe few of them would be seen at the Chapel even of a Sunday morning.

No wonder therefore their ministry is attended with so little success. And yet one in particular, with a strange unmeaning countenance, is often thumping the cushion, and seems astonished that himself and brethren see no more fruits for their labour. How can they expect it? When pride and dress accompany them as much as it does any in the society, I will maintain it. And their wives too closely imitate them in both.

This may be farther confirmed by their unwillingness to visit the poor that are sick. (In this respect I dare boldly accuse some of the [class] leaders of partiality too.) But those who are in good circumstances they will regularly attend, without being sent for twice. Alas! Do not the poor and wretched require double attendance? Strange that a glass of wine and a biscuit should make such a difference. Surely sir, if there is no respect of persons in the sight of God, man ought not to make the distinction; and especially that man who has dedicated himself to the service of the gospel.

The recent affair at Bristol ought to put you and your brother doubly upon your guard.¹ Depend upon it, if you slacken the service of the Church of England you will lose two-thirds of the society. It is no vain ceremony, but sound doctrine. And I am persuaded who ever lives to see the dissolution of their good old ministers will find numbers of the preachers throw off the mask and turn dissenters of different denominations.

You are at liberty to make what use of this you please. Show it to all the preachers in town, and if they answer you candidly, they must acknowledge the truth of what is here alleged against them.

I am, reverend sir,

Your affectionate and humble servant,

Omicron

Address: “The Revd. Mr. Wesley / No. 2 Chesterfield Street / Maryle-bon.”

Postmark: “Penny Post Paid.”

Endorsement: by CW, “ [[May]] 16 Omicron.”

Source: holograph; MARC, DDP: 1/59.

¹The protest of Alexander M’Nab and others against the primacy given to ordained preachers within the movement; see CW’s letters to JW during Dec. 1779.

Sarah Wesley Jr. to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley

[Wick]
Thursday night, May 18, 1780

My dear mama's letter I received Tuesday night, and having written *that* day, delayed sending again till I heard. And this evening three letters were brought to me: one from my father, the other from you, and another from Bristol.¹ You mentioned enclosing two, but I received only one, and that was from Mr. Hill inviting me in his sister's name to spend some time with them—which invitation she has repeated *very kindly* since I have been at Wick, but I shall not accept it yet. Her father prefers it also.²

Tuesday evening I was exceedingly surprised by a visit here from *both the Miss Jameses*³ and Miss Pritchard, who hired a chaise purposely to come. Miss [Margaret] James came to Bristol on hearing of her sister's ill health, and only for one night. Being informed of my indisposition (she, tired much by having rode post[chaise]), they set out for Wick. They had been much alarmed on my account, hearing my disorder was absolutely dangerous, and appeared rejoiced to find [the] report had slandered me. Sally [James] looks dreadful, and has a very large swelling in her throat which old Mrs. [Sarah] Haynes says is either a wen or cancer. Dr. [Abraham] Ludlow attends her. She leaves Bristol in a week. Her sister left it the next day. Mrs. Haynes treated them with much civility.

I am glad you are all well, and wish to see you constantly. Mr. [William] Cornish dined here today, sends compliments.

I rest rather better, and my cough is near gone. I wonder Mr. [Thomas] Shirley did not know I had consulted [William] Bromfeild, and *then* he could not have been surprised at my neglecting a blister which had not been ordered by my doctor.

I have been very faint and languid today. Mrs. [Sarah] Haynes Sr. regrets my want of appetite (which I know to be the *least of* my maladies) more than all my disorders. She is careful, though not the best calculated to please. We are very *good friends* notwithstanding. The young one is a pattern of good nature and gives up everything.⁴ She seems happy to have me with her.

May 20

Yesterday the post did not go out, so I was not able to send this as I could not finish it Thursday. I was at Bristol the whole day. As soon as I had called in the Old Market,⁵ I sent to Mrs. [Ann and Susanna] Staffords, intending to dine there. But [I] found them all out at Kingsdown and I was too much fatigued to call there. The servants said they would be much disappointed. They are both tolerably well and lodge at Nurse James's. I called on Dr. Ludlow and was received very civilly by him and his lady.⁶ The doctor says I should live high and abstain from no kind of meats. I returned to Miss [Mary?] Hill, who with all the rest of her family rejoiced to see me, though (by Mr. Haynes's account) expected to find me much better. She importuned me heartily to stay with her. So did the father. And before I left them Miss [Mary] Jones came to invite me to Kingsdown. She said she had a bed to spare, a servant, and I should be near Mrs. Staffords. But I told her it was not in my power *at present*, especially as I expected to see you come down before long. Sally James also set to me on the same kind errand, but my refusing these was my

¹None of these letters are none to survive.

²The invitation was from Jeremiah Jr. or Charles Hill, in the name of a remaining unmarried sister (like Mary, b. 1750); and approved by their father Jeremiah.

³Margaret and Sarah James, daughters of Capt. John and Margaret (Jenkins) James.

⁴Christian (Russell) Haynes, the wife of Richard Haynes.

⁵Where the Hill family resided.

⁶Elizabeth (Clark / Figgins) Ludlow (b. 1728)

excuse I was not able to call to thank her.

You see, my dear mama, I have no reason to complain of my friends here. Indeed, I have met no exception to a *general hospitality*. Mr. [Richard] and Mrs. [Christian] Haynes called to take me to Wick again in good time, and invited Miss Hill and family there. On our return we found Mr. [William] and Mrs. [Sarah] Cornish, the clergyman Haynes and his wife.⁷ They all give me invitations, but old Mrs. [Sarah] Haynes resolves to monopolize she says, and almost scolded Mrs. Cornish for thinking of such a thing. As I cannot have time to write more letters, I send this without a frank. I am not fatigued with yesterday's tour, though I feared I should be. But Dr. Ludlow said change of air was the most probable cure, and it should be often tried. My nose has bled much these two days, by which means I hope to loose a cold in my head, caught on my journey—but with no increase of cough *now*.

Give my duty to my father and kindest love to Charles and Sam, believing me to be, my dear mother,

Your obedient and affectionate daughter,

S. W.

All this family beg kind compliments.

Don't show my father this, for he will abuse the hand, and if I had waited to write it better I would not have sent it today. Remember me to the servants. Compliments to all friends, Mrs. [Arabella] Mitz, etc. etc. I am better.

Adieu once more my dear mother!

Address: "Mrs Wesley / Chesterfield Street / Marybone / London / July 20."

Postmarks: "Bristol" and "22/IY."

Source: holograph; Pitts Library (Emory), Charles Wesley Family Papers (MSS 159), 1/35.

⁷Rev. Christopher Haynes (1741–1806) married Ann Lennott (b. 1749) in 1767.

Lord Exeter to Charles Wesley Jr. and Samuel Wesley

Grosvenor Street [London]
May 24, 1780

Lord Exeter's compliments to messieurs Wesleys, desiring to be a subscriber to their concerts next winter.¹

Address: "To / Messrs Charles & Saml. Wesley / Chesterfield Street / Marybone."

Endorsement: by CW, "L. Exeter subscribes / May 24 1780."

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/428/2/83.

¹Brownlow Cecil (1725–93) was the 9th Earl of Exeter.

Martha (Wesley) Hall to Sarah Wesley Jr.

[London]
June 2, 1780

My Dear Sally,

I was pleased with your kind letter,¹ and if writing was no more to me than it is to you should have answered it immediately. But my dear girl mistakes the matter a little in depending on my generosity. For when I have anything of the favour, I have only the will. For the most tender affection will not give me the power to write. This letter I hoped to have sent on Friday, or at least on Saturday, but alas it is Monday, past four o'clock. I hope nothing will hinder me from sending it tonight.

I am glad your cough is better, as indeed I made no doubt but it would be when you got into the air.² Yet I don't like your nerves being in that perfect state of weakness you talk of. But do not at all doubt it. For though you say you have had no vexation for months past, yet not long before those months last part you must have had enough to have shook your tenement of clay into the dust—had not he who built it graciously preserved it and “worked you in the end surprising good.”³

You say you sometimes fondly hope that almighty providence will shield you from the storms of passion and the strife of pride forever. I could have wished you had left out the word “fondly.” Don't you remember our good poet: “None from heaven's bounty can expect too much, if what he hopes he labours to secure.”⁴ I have indeed been strangely led through many tough, thorny paths in the deserts of life, without daring to repine. And my dear Sally, bear it continually in mind that he who led me through is just as able and just as willing to lead you too.

I wanted to have said a good deal more, but it cannot be. You must accept the will for the deed. However, I hope to write to you again, after you have wrote again to,

Your affectionate friend, and loving aunt,

M. Hall

Mrs. Shariff(?), etc. desire their love

Address: “To / Miss Wesley / at The New Room / Bristol.”

Postmark: “3/IV.”

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 7/31.

¹This letter is not known to survive.

²Sarah Jr. had been sent by her parents out of London and down to Bath.

³Cf. John Gambold, *The Martyrdom of Ignatius: A Tragedy* (1773 orig.; Dublin: Dugdale, 1782), p. 35.

⁴Cf. Edward Young, *Night Thoughts*, Night IX, ll. 442–43.

Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley to Sarah Wesley Jr.

[London]
Friday night, June 2 [1780]
9 o'clock

My dearest Sally's letter is *just now* come to hand.¹ But as your father and etc. etc. of your friends had lately wrote, I thought it best to defer sending till I heard that my letters had reached you. But I find Mr. Devere1 was not in such haste to leave London as he made me believe. However you are acquainted we do not neglect thinking of and conversing with you as much as distance will conveniently permit us. Sam and Charles [Jr.] had wrote in the private packet, thinking you would long since have received it.

Nothing but the hope of your getting rid of your complaints could easily reconcile us to your absence. But I trust it will please God to bless every means tried for your perfect recovery. I believe frequent horse exercise is the most likely to be of use, having experienced the benefit of it when I was once in a very low nervous state, for it strengthens and braces relaxed habits when medicines are ineffectual. But it should be constant and gentle, and you have a fine situation for mounting your brothers' little horse and riding in Mr. [Richard] Haynes's pleasant grounds. I don't know how to thank that good family enough for their care of and kindness to my dear girl. Present our united respects to them. Pray do not want for anything. I am sure either our dear Mrs. Staffords² (or Mr. [Thomas] Lewis, whom I wish you to call on) would supply you. And ask for Mrs. Lewis also,³ and give our service to them, they live in Castle Ditch. I must hasten to conclude, it is so late and the post is coming. Your aunt [Martha] Hall has been with us today; [she] unites in affection and love with your father, brothers, aunts, cousins, etc. to you, with

My dearest Sally's ever affectionate mother,

Sa. Wesley

Susan is going home to receive some money etc., as her mother is going to be married. I gave her a body lining. Tom [Waller] received your letter he tells me. I am sorry for Miss Sarah James's illness. Dorothy Dyer breakfasted here today.⁴ Many beg to be remembered to you. Mrs. < ⁵ [Arabella] Mitz. Mrs. Halliday. My love to all friends.

Address: "Miss Wesley / at Wick / near Bristol."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWF 21/3.

¹This letter is not known to survive.

²At this point only Ann and Susanna Stafford were still alive.

³Susannah (Watts) Lewis (1716–96) was the wife of Thomas Lewis, the General Steward of the Bristol society.

⁴Thomas Dyer (1704–80) married Dorothy de la Place (1717–95) in 1739; they were the parents of Sarah Jr.'s friend, Armine Anne Dyer.

⁵A portion is torn away, removing at least one name.

From the Rev. John Wesley¹

Thorn
June 8, 1780

[[Dear Brother,]]

Read Bishop Stillingfleet's *Irenicon*,² or any impartial history of the ancient church, and I believe you will think as I do. I verily believe I have as good a right to ordain as to administer the Lord's supper. But I see abundance of reasons why I should not use that right, unless I was turned out of the Church [of England]. At present we are just in our place.³

Mr. [Joseph] Galloway's is an excellent tract.⁴ He is a clear writer. Shall I print it in the *[Arminian] Magazine*, or a separate pamphlet? Yet I can by no means agree with him that taxation and representation are inseparable. I think I have fully proved the contrary.⁵ "But those who are taxed without being represented are under a *despotic* government." No; the will of the king is not *their law* any more than it is *ours*.

I would not read over Dr. Watts's tract for an hundred pounds.⁶ You may read it, and welcome. I will not, dare not move those subtle, metaphysical controversies. Arianism is not in question; it is Eutychianism or Nestorianism. But what are they? What neither I nor any one else understands. But they are what tore the Eastern and Western churches asunder.

I am fully persuaded the bishop will never meddle with us. He is a wiser man.

By this time you might understand me better. I *use* people whom I do not *trust*. I meant, I will not trust him to correct the next edition of the hymnbook.⁷

¹JW is replying to a letter of CW (not known to survive) just prior to that of June 4–5, 1780.

²Edward Stillingfleet, *Irenicum, A Weapon Salve for the Church's Wounds* (London, 1660).

³This would change in 1784, when JW embraced the right he had held for some time to ordain preachers (for settings outside of England); see JW to "Our Brethren in America," Sept. 10, 1784.

⁴For details on Joseph Galloway, see his letter to CW below (c. Dec. 1780). Galloway published in May of this year: *Historical and Political Reflections on the Rise and Progress of the American Rebellion* (London: G. Wilkie, 1780). JW published an abridgement as a pamphlet (shortening the title to begin with "Reflections") before the end of the year (*Bibliography*, No. 405).

⁵In his *Calm Address to Our American Colonies*.

⁶This is apparently Isaac Watts, *Glory of Christ as God-Man Unveiled* (London: J. Oswald & J. Buckland, 1746), where Watts argues for the preexistence of Christ's human soul. Joseph Benson read this, and was persuaded by the argument in 1777—see Benson to JW, Oct. 7, 1777; and Benson to CW, Aug. 8, 1778. This resulted in some accusing Benson of Arianism. JW actually owned a copy of the tract (given by a Mr. Bowles the year it was published) that survives in the Archives at Kingswood School. And in a letter to Joseph Benson on Sept. 17, 1788 JW says he read about 50 pages of the tract "some time ago" (so here he apparently means he would not now reread the entirety). See also JW's comment on the tract in his 1781 sermon, "The End of Christ's Coming," §II.2, *Works* 2:478.

⁷JW's *Collection of Hymns for the use of the People Called Methodist* was published first in May 1780. This initial edition, supervised through the press by Thomas Olivers, had numerous errors. Work was beginning on a second edition, which would be corrected in galleys by someone else. See the discussion in JW, *Works*, 7:723–26.

The *Ecclesiastical History* will be printed first.⁸ If I live a little longer, Hook may follow.⁹ It is well I accepted none of Lord George's invitations.¹⁰ If the government suffers this tamely, I know not what they will not suffer.¹¹

Mr. Collins is not under *my* direction; nor am I at all accountable for any steps he takes.¹² He is not in connexion with the Methodists. He only helps us now and then. I will suffer no disputing at the Conference.

Undoubtedly many of the patriots¹³ seriously intend to overturn the government. But the hook is in their own nose.¹⁴ Peace be with you all!

[[Adieu.]]

Address: "To / The Revd Mr C. Wesley / In the City Road / London."

Postmark: "10/IV."

Endorsement: by CW, "B[isho]p B[rother]. June 8. 1780."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 3/51 (JW, *Works*, 29:574–76).

⁸JW had completed making abridgements (and a few additions) to Johann Lorenz Mosheim, *An Ecclesiastical History: ancient and modern* (5 vols., 1755 orig.; ET, 1758) His version, *A Concise Ecclesiastical History*, was published in 4 vols. in 1781. See *Bibliography*, No. 420.

⁹JW had published an abridgment of Nathaniel Hooke's 11 vol. *Roman History* (London: Hawkins, 1766–71) as *A Short Roman History* in 1773 (*Bibliography*, No. 347). He may have been considering an updated version.

¹⁰While Roman Catholics were allowed to hold their own worship after the Elizabethan settlement, they were under a number of economic and political restrictions. These were based on the fear that Catholics were bound to follow the direction of the pope in civil matters, as well as the connection of Catholicism to the deposed Stuart line and to France and Spain, long-time enemies of England. The Catholic Relief Act of 1778 was one of the first moves to set aside these restrictions. It allowed Roman Catholics to purchase and inherit land, and to join the army, if they swore an oath against the Stuart claim to the throne and the papal claim to civil jurisdiction. JW was one of many Protestants with misgivings about the Catholic Relief Act, which he published in a "Letter to the printer of the *Public Advertiser*," dated Jan. 21, 1780, that appeared in several London papers. Lord George Gordon (1751–93) took the lead in late 1779 in organizing "The Protestant Association" to campaign for repeal of the Relief Act, and had invited JW to attend some of their rallies.

¹¹It is unlikely that JW had already received CW's letter of June 4–5, reporting on the riots that broke out in London on June 2, spearheaded by George Gordon and the Protestant Association; but he would have seen reports in the newspapers.

¹²Brian Bury Collins (1754–1807) entered St John's College, Cambridge in 1771, receiving his BA in 1776 and MA in 1780. He was ordained deacon in 1776 and assigned as a curate at Rauceby and Cranwell, Lincolnshire, but dismissed for field preaching. He moved on to curacies in Hull and under John Berridge in Everton, eventually persuading the Bishop of Chester to ordain him a priest in 1781. Collins had met JW in early 1780, and after ordination he decided to remain in itinerant ministry, preaching for both JW's and Lady Huntingdon's connexions. His independence of approach led to a gradual cooling of his relationship with JW.

¹³The Protestant Association had laid claim to the title of true "patriots." See CW, MS Patriotism.

¹⁴See 2 Kgs. 19:28; Isa. 37:29.

From Garrett Colley Wesley, Lord Mornington

Dangan Castle [Ireland]
June 11, 1780

I thought I should never find a quiet moment to ask my worthy friends in Chesterfield Street how they are. In truth I have had such a variety of very unusual business to do from the being obliged to appoint a new agent for the management of my affairs in this country that I have not had one pleasant moment since my arrival. But (thank God) my labours are near at an end, as I have been most fortunate in my choice of a new agent, having met with a man of excellent understanding in business and of great prudence and probity, highly recommended with a very large property. So that in a few days I trust I shall have all affairs in better order than they have ever been yet. That done, I shall turn my face toward London, and hope it will not be a very great while before I shall have the pleasure of seeing you.

What would I give to transport Sam and Charles here for an hour, to get a few extempores upon my organ,¹ which (though I say it, that should not say it) I look upon to be equal to any instrument of the kind I have heard—and in its swell and choir organ much superior. But alas, I have never heard it played upon! For what little I can do myself (excepting a chant or church service) I do not call playing.

What sort of weather have you had since I left you? For here there has been nothing but incessant rains, except about three or four days, and it is now in the third month of my being away. This instant I looked out my window and it is raining in a manner that would do honour to the month of November.

This poor island has no news in it to write you. Dublin I have seen very little of, and have been here almost totally alone, excepting my people of business, who are not the most conversable persons upon any topic save their own profession.

Adieu my dear friend. I beg my affectionate compliments to Mrs. [Sarah] Wesley, Miss [Sarah] Wesley, and Charles and Sam. The bell summons me to chapel, and from there I shall go to dinner, where I shall remember you all, and am most truly and sincerely,

Your much obliged and very humble servant,

Mornington

I have found my funeral anthem; also a thanksgiving one with instruments, and a set of twelve trios made 17 years ago.

Direct to Dangan Castle, Summerhill, Ireland.

Address: “To / The Revd. Mr. Charles Wesley / No. 1 Chesterfield Street / Marylebone / London.”

Postmark: “Summerhill.”

Endorsement: by CW, “L[ord] Mornington / June 13. 1780 / worthy & friendly.”

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 1/91.

¹Orig., “upon upon my organ.”

Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley to Sarah Wesley Jr.

[London]
Tuesday evening, June 13 [1780]

My dearest Sally's letters are just received and I am thankful to find you have not seen such dreadful scenes of fire as from all parts have presented themselves to the inhabitants of this city.¹ We seem encompassed with worse company than bears and tigers—in (what is called) a Christian country. O how opposite to every sentiment of common humanity are these great brawlers in a Protestant cause! May the almighty hand of God overturn the purposes of wicked and deceitful men who are bent to ruin this nation. For my part I am in daily and nightly dreads, but I hope the cause of our fears won't continue long. I have wished myself (with your father and brother) at Bristol, or rather in Wales. But in vain do I think of it, for we cannot all go from here, and to part w(ould not) answer to make me easy. I hope the report of the rising of the Kingswood colliers is not true as you don't mention it. For the good family you are with would be in danger (I fear) if it was so.² But the good news of the magistrates doing their duty at Bristol so well, gives me cause to think that such wicked doings will be timely suppressed there, through the blessing of God.

Miss Vankamp is just come from her sister's,³ sits by and gives her love. None of us can wish you here to share our terrors and the bad air of London. Your father unites with me in sending his blessing and prayers for you; your brothers join in love (with your aunts and cousins). It was not worth minding in regard to what I said to Sam about Lucy (Jeffer⁴)ys. But your letter being sent made me talk to (..) impropriety of it. I am concerned for (Mrs. Sta)ffords repeated trouble.⁵ Beg my kind love. Miss Wise is here, and low enough with frights and alarms. But just now all is quiet this way. Guards patrol our streets. Next Monday we dread the meeting of Parliament.

The best respects of this household attend all our esteemed friends at Wick. In great haste I must break off to send to the post, and am

My Dearest (Sally's) ever affectionate mother,

Sa. Wesley

Susan has left me to go and receive her 100£ (if she says true, which I doubt).

I find now your father won't send the frank till tomorrow. Duke Price has been here,⁶ and gives me the displeasing account of my poor sister's health and spirits being quite gone since Jack has left her.⁷ I fear (she is) in a dangerous way.

Address: "Miss Wesley / at Wick / near Bristol."

Source: holograph; privately held (transcription in Frank Baker papers, Duke University).

¹Referring to the Gordon riots.

²Sarah Jr. was staying with the family of Richard and Christian (Russell) Haynes, in Wick, Gloucestershire.

³Hannah Vankamp (or Van Kamp; 1754–1821) was the daughter of Hubert and Mary Vankamp, and sister of William Hubert Vankamp. Both her father and brother were organ-makers in London. Hannah never married and lived at the time near the Wesley family on Chesterfield Street. Cf. John L. Boston, "A London Organ Builder," *Galpin Society Journal* 7 (Apr. 1954), 56–57. The CW family often spell "Vancamp." Hannah's sister Tabitha Vankamp married Charles Yart in 1772

⁴A strip is torn away on one margin, affecting several lines; reconstructed when possible.

⁵Ann and Susanna Stafford, of Bristol.

⁶Marmaduke Luke Price (b. 1761), the third son of Hugh and Joan (Gwynne) Price.

⁷John Price (b. 1756), their eldest son.

From Rev. Dr. John Jones

Harwich
June 17, 1780

Reverend and Dear Sir,

If I had been at London, I should not have felt as much as I have done on account of the later insurrection.¹ May God preserve us from anarchy and confusion. Numbers in this nation are as ripe for it as the London mob. I fear those in authority will not be able to find out the original promoters of it.

It would give us great pleasure to see you here. I have been but very indifferent since my return to this place. I expect nothing but pain and suffering in this world.

I will not attempt to say that I never tried to compose a hymn. But I will assure you I never did since I saw yours, when I first came to London. Would the world have sustained any great loss if our friend Mr. [John] Berridge had followed my example?² I am greatly obliged to you for your translation of the epitaph on Miss Lowth.³ I really cannot recollect what incited me to attempt to translate it. It must be owing to some conversation with the late Mr. Gibson.⁴ For he and his son [Thomas] are the only persons that ever saw it besides you.

I have told your brother again and again that my only reason for taking the steps I have taken was on account of my ill state of health. I love and esteem you both as much as ever. I have spoke often of you with the greatest freedom to my predecessor, and I believe removed the prejudices he had entertained. I never once attempted to disown my connexion with you to any person in the world. I spoke of it without reserve to the late Archbishop of Canterbury [Thomas Secker] and the late Bishop of Lincoln [John Green], who ordained me deacon. But if your brother will not believe me, what more can I do to convince him?

I cannot immediately give up the school, but I intend to have as little to do with it as possible as soon as I can. If I give it up entirely, I shall find it a very difficult matter to get a convenient house to live in. If you were at Harwich a little while, you would be convinced of the truth of this, although at first you might think it strange. I have a house and some land at Ramsey, but I fear the air would not suit my wife.

I shall be very glad to hear from you often. I am quite dejected at the thought of being prevailed upon to undertake what I have done in so poor a state of health. I hope you will pray for me. I shall not forget you.

I beg my respects to your brother when you write to him. I find from last night's *Gazettee* that Charleston has surrendered.⁵ I heartily wish an honourable peace may soon be brought about. The dissensions among ourselves are very alarming. All reverence to superiors is almost lost among us. And what must be the end of this?

My wife sends her duty to you, and joins with me in respects to Mrs. [Sarah] Wesley, etc. I am, reverend and dear sir,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

John Jones

Address: "The Revd Mr Wesley / No. 1. Chesterfield Street / Mary le bone."

¹The riots starting June 2 led by George Gordon and the Protestant Association.

²Referring to John Berridge, *A Collection of Divine Songs, designed chiefly for the religious societies of Churchmen, in the neighbourhood of Everton, Bedfordshire* (London: np, 1760).

³See MS Funeral Hymns, 74; and published in *AM* 1 (1778): 282.

⁴Rev. Thomas Gibson of Flyford Flavell, father of Rev. Thomas Gibson of Harwich.

⁵The siege of Charleston ended May 12, 1780, with the evacuation of those still loyal to the British crown.

Postmarks: “19/IV” and “Penny Post Paid.”

Endorsement: by CW, “Jones June 17. 1780.”⁶

Source: holograph; MARC, DDPr 1/94.

⁶There are some unrelated financial records scribbled on the address portion.

Charles Wesley Jr. to Sarah Wesley Jr.

Chesterfield Street [London]
June 17, 1780

I have thought it a long time since my dear Sally has wrote to me. Tom [Waller] showed me a picture at the top of your letter yesterday, I immediately knew it. I have been poorly with a pain in my head. Thank God it is rather better. I shall rejoice to see you in town, but think you had better stay in good air as long as you can. I suppose my father will soon visit you. How often must I ask for the story of my old favorite? Let me hear it in your next. Mr. M[adan?]'s house has been threatened (by the mob) as well as ours. We have escaped without either being demolished, and have reason to be thankful for it. The parks and museum gardens are full of soldiers. Everybody walks there in the evening, and are entertained with martial music. I could not let a frank be sent to Bristol without writing a line, although I have nothing particular to say but that I am,

Your very affectionate brother,

C. Wesley

I saw Mrs. Johnson a few days ago, who informed me she had received a very charming epistle from you. I wish you every enjoyment that the country, good company, and good health can afford. Best compliments to all friends.

Address: "Miss Wesley / Wick."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 1/65.

Martha (Wesley) Hall to Sarah Wesley Jr.

London
June 20, 1780

My Dear Sally,

Yours of the 13th I received on Saturday,¹ and am set down to answer it on Tuesday, which (whether you know it or no) is a very great thing for me to do. I am much obliged to you for your concern of me. The mob was not only at Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Great Queen Street, but they pulled down a house in the corner of our alley, burnt all the furniture—which they was three nights about, no one offering to hinder them in the least in their blessed work. It was the most melancholy sight my eyes ever beheld. Yet it did not overpower my *spirits*. Nor was I half so terrified as many of my neighbours, for which I have great reason to be thankful.

It is now Thursday, when I hope I shall be able to finish my letter. You are quite right in not imputing my silence to want of love; indeed you may be perfectly assured of it. I am glad you are with so worthy a friend and agreeable companion. You may certainly help each other on in the way to heaven, which will not spoil your conversation or make you less happy on earth. Could I but convey this poor body as easily as I can my thought, I would soon join you and my dear Miss Hutchings should be of our party, not forgetting her mother, who I am glad to hear is better.² Pray give my kindest love to them both. The verses are pretty verses, but I want to know what body the gentle spirit inhabits, whether it be that of a nymph or shepherd.

You say if "you could choose, you would never live apart from me." I am greatly obliged to you, and should like it well, but suppose it would not be best. You might probably make me "measure back my steps to earth again."³

I met with Lizzy yesterday.⁴ I called upon her as I went into the city. She seems to go on very well, but I had much rather she is married to a good husband than live in the manner she does with only herself and a maid. I think it was since you went that Mr. Saunderson was here.⁵ He would have married her, and carried her away with him, but she would not till my brother came. He met him at Epworth, and I suppose obtained his consent. I could wish he had wit enough to meet my brother again when he comes hither and take her while she is in the mind, lest delays should prove dangerous. Glad as I should be to see you, I cannot desire you to return till your health is established.

May the blessing of him in whose favour is life be with you, and let you know by happy experience that he can make you happier *now* than all his creatures put together! I cannot but add that I am, my dear Sally,

Your affectionate friend and ever loving aunt,

M. Hall

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 7/32.

¹Sarah Jr.'s letter is not known to survive.

²Katherine (Jason) Hutchings, and her daughter Katherine.

³Thomas Parnell, "The Hermit," l. 227.

⁴Likely the Elizabeth Smith who married Joseph Saunderson in 1783.

⁵Joseph Saunderson (d. 1803), a travelling preacher since 1775, was stationed currently at Aberdeen, Scotland (he would pass through Epworth when journeying from London to Aberdeen). On Dec. 31, 1783, Saunderson was stationed in Dundee, Scotland, when he married there Elizabeth Smith.

Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley to Sarah Wesley Jr.

[London]
Wednesday, June 28 [1780]

My dearest Sally's packet came to hand on Monday evening, when your aunt Beck [Gwynne] and Tom [Waller] (who called in) were eager to know how you went on, and glad to find you so happy among our Bristol friends.¹ But I fear you catch cold by moving into different lodgings, and walking in rain, as you complain of the rheumatism, which I hope you soon will get rid of. Pray be careful of going too thin in your clothes, and of airing them well, for you find it is much easier to bring on colds than to get the better of them.

Charles [Jr.] informs you for our little excursion to Croydon.² Lady [Anna Maria] Gatehouse's being there was a great inducement, and Mr. [William] B[roomfield] very friendly in his invitation. Her Ladyship says you are to visit her on your return to establish your health, but I trust a blessing on your present situation will perfectly restore it. Give my kind love and thanks to each of our kind friends in Bristol and Wick, who are so attentive to your welfare, I must name Mrs. Staffords, Mr. and Miss Jones, and Miss [Ann] Chapman and Miss Hill.³ The rest you'll remember. I believe your father will write, Sam is employing his pen. So that I might as well dismiss mine, with wishing every blessing may attend my dearest Sally, remaining

Her ever affectionate mother,

S. W.

Pray go to see Rachel Tucker, and give my love.
Mrs. Coomes sends duty.

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWF 21/4.

¹Likely the letter of c. June 25, excerpted immediately above.

²This letter is not known to survive.

³Mary Hill (the mother of Miss Hill) was now deceased.

Sarah Wesley Jr. to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley

Wick
July 4 [1780]

My Dearest Mother,

Yesterday I received Mr. Deverel's packet, with another from my father dated May 30th.¹ They were both very welcome. But I am exceedingly vexed to find by a letter from Sam² that he has had reason to suppose I acted unkindly by him about that silly trivial circumstance concerning Lucy Jefferies. If you recollect my dear mother, on my mentioning his having written, you asked me what he had said, and I answered "he had told Miss Jefferies (or Tom) that my father never had any design of taking Lucy, which I thought might have been omitted." You immediately replied it did not signify, for the letter was not gone. I never thought of it after, and having said *just the same to him*, could not imagine it would be repeated when I could neither defend nor explain myself; and in such a manner as to make him suppose I *complained of him when he was absent*. The word "disrespectful" was never mentioned.

We had a violent storm of thunder and lightning three nights ago, which began at 12:00 and was not thoroughly over till 2:00 [the] next day. Miss Haynes Jr. is very fearful.³ I spent yesterday at Miss [Mary?] Jones's, Phillips Plain, heartily welcomed by all. I drank tea at Mrs. [Sarah] Cornish's. As yet I have not seen half my Bristol friends, and good Mrs. [Sarah] Haynes does not seem inclined to part with me for more than a day. Though I am more recovered than I thought is possible for me to be in so *short a time*. They are all of opinion that a speedy return to London, especially now the *dog days* are approaching, would occasion a relapse. I have recovered my health, but not strength. In one of my father's letters he informed me you designed coming to Bristol with him.⁴ In his last he speaks doubtfully of his own journey there. I am entirely at your disposal, and wish extremely <...⁵> all. I own I had rather see you *here* <...> but never desire to be separated from my fa<...> I hate London in summer. I am very g<lad ...> is likely to be provided for. Beg my duty and <...> I wrote a letter which I suppose she has <...>

All this kind house unite in affectionate respects. They speak of my departure with regret. My dues to all friends in High Street, and my dear <Miss [Hannah]> Vankamp. I subscribe, dear and honoured mother,

Your ever obedient and affectionate daughter,

S. Wesley

Mr. [Richard] Haynes begged me not to mention the elopement of the horse, which happened the very day I purposed riding him. I now ride another, much larger, whenever the servant can attend me.

Mr. Cruger has sent franks to you at Marybone without adding "London."⁶ Will they come safe? Sally James is removed to the Hot Wells. Dr. [Abraham] Ludlow fears her head is in danger.

Address: "Mrs. Wesley."

Source: holograph; Pitts Library (Emory), Charles Wesley Family Papers (MSS 159), 1/36.

¹See CW to Sarah Wesley Jr., May 30, 1780

²This letter is not known to survive.

³Thomas and Sarah (Clarke) Haynes, had a daughter Sarah, b. 1745.

⁴This earlier letter is not known to survive.

⁵A strip is torn away from the right margin affecting 2–3 words at the end of several lines.

⁶Henry Cruger (1739–1827), originally of New York, became an established Bristol merchant. He drew heavily on Methodist voters in a 1774 election to Parliament. He later aligned with more radical Whig voices and eventually returned to North America.

Sarah Wesley Jr. to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley

[Bristol]
Thursday morning [July 13], 1780

I return in haste the most speedy acknowledgment to my dear mother for your letter,¹ which I received late last night. I think I am in the broad road to recovery. My cough has paid me but one visit this fortnight, and that was Sunday night—which I ascribe to the heat of the room in the Horse-Fair. I was obliged to go out that day. I had dined with Mrs. [Ann and Susanna] Staffords. Mrs. Susanna Stafford was very ill and mostly on the bed with the pain of her face. She is now mending I hope. This disorder is almost universal. Miss [Elizabeth Mary] Morgan and Mrs. Roquet are still laid up with it.² I am delighted with the former. Her knowledge and strength of understanding is only to be exceeded by her piety and temper. Sir Harry Trelawny was not worthy of her—nor any man I ever yet heard of.³ Little Chappie⁴ I also much admire as well as love—so meek and condescending! I rejoice she is not in the world or every great fool would trample on her! Such is the fate of the humble there! We are very cheerful when together, and all of us (I have reason to believe) regret it is not oftener.⁵

I spent a comfortable day solus with Mrs. Lediard.⁶ He is gone on a journey. He invites me kindly to Chewton.⁷ The babe is a bounding one and, nurse says, a perfect beauty.⁸ But I could not pay her the compliment of kissing it. I respect you will say “It is a sign I have no children of my own.” But I generally take one out with me. Mrs. [Sarah] Cornish has enough to spare and is bringing another soon—her tenth.

I met Mr. Catcott⁹ at Mrs. [Katherine?] Hutchings’s yesterday. He is a *character*, though not a genius. And to use his own words “was never designed for a pewterer.” Such a memory I never heard. But as he forgot my name when I left it, one evening at [Henry] Burgum’s, where I am a frequent guest, I told him he remembered the words of the dead more than the acts of the living. He was at that time repeating Chatterton’s poems.¹⁰

At Wick I spent an agreeable time with a larger party.¹¹ They beg their kind respects. So does Miss [Elizabeth Mary] Morgan. I intend going to Miss Hill’s tonight. She teases me to come, and if I stay here (as some good brother takes Miss [Ann] Chapman’s room) she would be obliged to share my bed—a

¹This letter is not known to survive.

²Mary (Cannon) Rouquet (d. 1788), the second wife (and widow) of Rev. James Rouquet.

³Sir Harry Trelawny (1756–1834), 7th Baronet.

⁴I.e., Ann Chapman.

⁵An excerpt of this paragraph was published in Mrs. T. G. Tyndale, *Selections from the Correspondence of Mrs. Ely Bates* (Oxford, 1872–73), 2:379.

⁶Thomas Lediard had married his third wife, Ann Hantley (1755–1849) in Jan. 1778.

⁷Chewton Mendip, Somerset.

⁸Thomas and Ann (Hantley) Lediard had a daughter, Anna Maria (b. 1780).

⁹Sarah spells “Catqot.” Rev. Alexander Catcott (1725–1779), a Bristol native, was vicar of Temple Church, Bristol, and an avid geologist. His brother George was a pewterer, and friend of Henry Burgum.

¹⁰Thomas Chatterton (1752–70), another Bristol native, authored several poems in his teens under pseudonyms. See *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse: by Thomas Chatterton* (London: Fielding and Walker, 1778).

¹¹The Haynes family lived in Wick.

circumstance I am not fond of.

I very much wish my father would lodge with me in Charles Street, and have Betty Dreskell to open the door.¹² I find many of the society think it hard to pay for a house we never are [at]. Nor do I wonder at it, as to them it must appear unreasonable. I shall speak to my father on the subject and sincerely hope he will either give it up or make it his home during his continuance here. Mrs. [Ann and Susanna] Staffords have a bed for him, which I shall be sorry if he accepts; but not on their account, for they are happy in the thoughts of his company. Nor did I know till very lately of the frequent complaint or I should immediately have written. I really enter into the justice of it, and the people are quite willing to give the rent to pay his coming down when he does come—but not for a useless house.

My engagements as usual continue numerous. Mrs. Gillam (Miss Hill that was) has gained my promise for tomorrow.¹³ She lay in lately of a seven-month child which died. She is now recovered and very happy in an excellent husband. Mr. Colmer has married both his daughters well.¹⁴ And everyone I meet, almost, is great with child. I believe that made the room so warm on Sunday. Miss Rouquet has had a pretty addition to her fortune by a legacy.¹⁵ The whole family seemed pleased to see me. I am now sitting writing this, with my hair about my ears, and all the clocks striking 1:00. I must dress the first and be at Mr. Evans's before the other strikes again.

Adieu dear mother. Give my love to all who I love, and know me to be
Your affectionate daughter,

S. Wesley

Source: holograph; Pitts Library (Emory), Charles Wesley Family Papers (MSS 159), 1/60.

¹²The former Wesley home in Bristol was now being maintained by the local Methodist society and rented out.

¹³Elizabeth Hill, the daughter of Jeremiah and Mary (Marten) Hill, married Thomas Gillam in Aug. 1779 in Bristol.

¹⁴John Colmer (1726–1803), who ran a paper warehouse, appears in 1770 in a band for married men in the Bristol Society Register.

¹⁵Elizabeth Rouquet (b. 1763), the daughter of James and Sarah (Fenwicke) Rouquet. Her parents were deceased but she lived with her step-mother Mary (Cannon) Rouquet.

Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley to Sarah Wesley Jr.

[London]
Saturday evening, July 15 [1780]

I should have been uneasy at my dear Sally's silence if a friend or two had not informed me you had wrote in the meantime to them (Miss [Hannah] Vankamp for one). And I make allowance when a large correspondence takes place, knowing it would engross all your time to write everyone immediately. And I prefer exercise for young people that is conducive to health—which stooping much to a pen cannot be.

The kindness of our Bristol friends to you will be remembered with gratitude by us, and we are glad you have the art of pleasing, as well as a due sense of the friendly tender care shown you. We are sorry to part with your father so soon as Monday. But having the pleasure of accompanying your uncle¹ and at the end of his journey meeting you, with many beside, at Bristol to welcome him makes me more willing to part this time with him for a few weeks, hoping you'll be well enough to return to us when he does. I trust we shall not be alarmed when he is absent with a renewal of the late horrid work.² If we should, I hope providence will protect us.

Poor Mr. Dyer died last week.³ I have called on them; they seemed very low. His widow loses a salary by his death. If your father will take your gown, it shall be sent. I don't wonder at Mrs. McNeal's happiness with her little one.

Why would not you get a double horse to ride? The hot well water being forbid Sally James is no reason it should disagree with you. Try it for a time, now you have your opportunity, and drink it at your meals. I shall be glad to know how Mrs. Susanna Stafford's face is, and dear Mrs. Ann [Stafford]'s headache. My kindest love and thanks attends them both for their continued and repeated friendship to you and us. Charles and Sam unite in the same. My love to dear Miss [Ann] Chapman and best respects to Miss [Elizabeth Mary] Morgan and all who are kind to you—viz., Mrs. [Sarah] Haynes family, Mrs. and Miss [Katherine] Hutchings, Mrs. [Mary] Berkin, etc., etc. You will be more acquainted with the world of Bristol in two months than I was in 20 years. But I had the comfort of associating with the excellent of the earth there. Remember me etc. to dear Mrs. [Jane] Jenkins who will rejoice to see her old ministers again. I think my paper bids me break off. Your uncle dined with us today and looks rare well. I suppose on Wednesday you'll see him and your papa. Mr. Spilsbury,⁴ through my sister's and my recommendation, has drawn a copy of Lady [Ann] Austen's picture to send abroad, and I hope it may be an introduction to him to get more business.

May every blessing attend my dearest Sally prays
Her ever affectionate mother,

Sa. Wesley

Your brothers send love and thanks for your long letters. Sam says he will be even with you.

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWF 21/5.

¹JW left London on July 17, preaching along the way, and arriving in Bristol on July 24.

²The Gordon riots.

³CW's schoolmate, Rev. Thomas Dyer was buried in Kingston upon Thames on Aug. 9, 1780; leaving his widow Dorothy (de la Place) Dyer, and daughter Armine Anne Dyer (1747–1827).

⁴The three sons of Mary (Wright) Spilsbury, Jonathan, John, and Thomas were all printmakers.

Thomas Griffin Tarpley to Sarah Wesley Jr.

[Isle of] Jersey
July 30, 1780

My Dearest Friend,

I could write to you, I could read your dear letters every hour in the day. They give me a pleasure undescrivable. Many people pass through life without having one sincere friend. How much more fortunate have I been to have such a friend as my dear Miss Wesley. I do not feel that I have any title to your regard, unless my love for you and sincere wishes for your happiness give it [to] me. In this way I shall always merit it.

I can tell you that I love you, but not how much. You have a heart too generous, a mind too noble, to be affected by the little paltry considerations that influence the world. Your friend is the same to you in prosperity and adversity. And I flatter myself your friendship for me is of that uncommon sort which “no *cold* medium knows.” But “burns with one love, and one resentment glows.”¹

You last kind letter of the 5th of July I received just after the sailing of the packet.² Opportunities seldom occur except by her. I always answer your letters as soon as possible. I would not be in debt in friendship. My heart feels and returns all your kind expressions. The saying and doing pretty things are peculiar to you.

It gives me pain to hear you have been unwell. Do not let your natural vivacity and good spirits forsake you. They are our best support under the numerous *hard* jostlings we are all sure to meet with in this life. It is, as you beautifully express it, “dreary, rugged, fatal” to most. Next to health, content is our choicest blessing. The poet advises to:

Forgive the gods the rest, and be confined
To *health* of body and *content* of mind.³

They are certainly absolutely necessary to all kind of enjoyment.

Bristol and its environs are very delightful. I cannot tell you how sensibly I have been touched with the mention you make of your little youthful vagaries. Alas! Why are we not always children? What are troubles, cares, vexations, and disappointments suffered to cloud our days, to contract our hearts and lock them up from every tender, every social feeling?

I never ride or walk here but what I think of you—good nature, gentleness, sensibility, and a sweet smile of complacency beaming in your face. I remember in a kind of delusion the hours we have passed together. But.

Adieu ye soft hours of delight
When the heart in an ecstasy join'd,
Forever removed from my sight
But forever impress on my mind

“*Lasera! chi is duo addis*”(?) You see I have got a sheet of paper as large as yours. When I began it was with a resolution to fill it up with the feelings of my heart. I cannot write to you from the head. Indeed I have nothing from the head that could please one so informed, so enlightened as yours. You may laugh

¹Alexander Pope’s translation of Homer, *Iliad*, ix.726.

²This letter is not known to survive.

³Cf. John Dryden, “The Tenth Satire of Juvenal, translated,” ll. 548–49.

perhaps, and say I am oppressed with the “*plumbeus Auster*” of Horace.⁴

No, we have no sciraces here, though it is almost as warm. I should be most happy to see Capt. [Joseph] Haynes. As a friend of yours he will always be most ⟨welcome⟩⁵ to me and mine. London has been indeed a sce⟨ne of awe⟩ful confusion. Religion has, in all ages, been ⟨sadly⟩ made the mask for the greatest villainy. But there is no good thing but what, from ⟨...⟩ the very constitution of all sublunary affairs, is subject to abuses.

I have met with a young man here who plays tolerably on the flute. We amuse ourselves together sometimes. Col. Reid is here. Your brothers have seen his music. One of Mr. Bremmer’s sons is in his regiment and plays. You and your brothers have spoiled me for all other music. Yours has *sentiment* in it, spirit, *soul* if you will. You promised me some songs wrote by you, set [to music] by your brothers. They will be a treasure here.

Did I tell you anything about the book you enquired after? I believe I have it carefully locked up in my bureau in London. Perhaps I may open it one day with you. Perhaps we may one day recollect together the times we have passed, the authors we have read, the music we have played.

Adieu my dearest, my kindest friend. I can [write] no more.

Your ever faithful and affectionate,

T. Tarpley

I am exceedingly entertained with your poetical account of your Wick companions.⁶ Would you not have liked them better somewhat more youthful? I don’t know how I should have liked the first four, but the *fifth* I should have been happy with. I send you the hair you desire. There are no jewellers here or you should not have had it so. Our little ones are all well. Mrs. Tarpley begs her kindest love.⁷ Adieu, Adieu. I shall direct this to London where I suppose you will be by this time. Kind compliments to all.

I do not recollect Mrs. Letter(?). But I think I should know her if ever we meet. Your caricatures are more *hideously* characteristic than even mine. Adieu. Write me all your news.

Address: “Miss Wesley / No 1. / Chesterfield St. Marybone / London.”

Postmark: “7/AV.”

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWF 26/79.

⁴Horace, *Satires*, vi.18.

⁵A portion of the right margin is torn away by the wax seal, affecting five lines.

⁶This set of verse is not known to survive.

⁷Catherine (MacKenzie) Tarpley (1748–83).

Thomas Waller to Sarah Wesley Jr.

Thursday, [August] 3, [1780¹]

This afternoon I *had designed* for writing to you. What's to be done? Why, nothing more than to get a sheet of paper, a pen and ink, a cool corner (if such a thing can be found), and then collect my ideas. Very well, the paper is on the table, the pen in hand, and the ink flowing (as you may see). [I] suppose my ideas are too, as I cannot by any means collect them.

"Then write without them Tom." Yes, so I would. At least I could fill up this letter without a single one [idea] of my own, and send you some pretty lines. But for three reason: first, they are *very* long; second, you may have seen them as they are in the newspapers;² and third, if you have not, you shall when you come to town—which will do just as well.

So that here is a fair field (that is, a clean piece of paper) for me to display my abilities on without news or invention. At present whatever I may have had 'tis past, 'tis gone, and 'tis of no matter. Nor should I mention it now but that I find myself very unequal to the combat with one who is so full of both. But then I think, "She regards me, therefore will treat me tenderly," and to say the truth do not much care, as the pride of youth has been pretty well damped in me. So I will give over prating and to business; that is, return you thanks for yours.³ [I] am sorry to find you are not well, must repeat my old saying, "Take care of yourself, Sally." You are thoughtless. We did not send you into the country to be everywhere at once, which is very near the case with you. No, for though I know you have a disposition bent that way (N.B. do you not think Tom has made you *very crooked*), yet your constitution cannot bear it. So as I said before, "Take care." Or come home and we will take care of you. Do not be affronted as there is [sic] many older than you cannot take care of themselves, and some not through the whole course of their lives. Here ends the first lecture, and perhaps the last.

Your verses I admire, and your anecdotes I like. They made me rude, as I laughed in company. As to Mr. T. Hill's story, it made me a fool for half a day. But [I] cannot help observing that he omitted to tell what ought [not?] to have been omitted in the formation of his Adam and Eve—which was that they had no navels, otherwise how could they make a wonder of their child? Hey?

Your good family—that is, your mother and Charles (Sam is entertaining himself at home, God knows how)—are gone in the city to dine; and, I may add, to make a dinner, as I have little doubt but that they were ready broiled by the time they got there. O it is so hot? "Aye, it is indeed," says my aunt Beck (rubbing down her face). And for that matter so say all the family, and so says all that have feeling in London at this season.

And so I'll say no more but that I am, with the greatest warmth,
Your's ...

No, this will not do. Sally will take in unkind if she thinks I only mean *skin deep*. Therefore I shall subscribe myself, with a warmth of heart,

Her friend and affectionate cousin,

Tho[ma]s Waller

I was this minute roused to the window with the noise of horses; when behold, who should I see but your brother Sam on little gray [horse], attended by his esquire Joseph on a cart horse I believe (it looked so huge with the little man in livery on it—blue cap and all).

¹The date is clear because Sarah Wesley Jr. was sent to live with the Haynes family in Wick, Gloucester from May through Sept. 1780, for her health; see CW to Sarah Jr, c. May 20, 1780.

²The Gordon riots were in process in London.

³Sarah Jr.'s letter to Waller is not known to survive.

Becky [Waller] is not worse, and I only think would have been better had not the news of poor Molly Maund's death fretted her very much. Yet still, Sally, I am in great hopes that she will be soon well. She has been three times to Dr. Helles(?) vapour baths at Brightbridge, by the advice of Mr. [William] Bromfield. As to saying more on this subject is impossible for me, but I am in great hopes. She, with my mother and aunt, send their love. You will not call this a *note* I think, if only what is short is called a note. For you must join with me and say "This is long enough." Give my compliments to anyone that compliments me with their attention. I hope there will be no mistakes about you receiving this, as the frank is not, I find, directed where Mr. H. lives at present; nor do I know where that is. I have heard once from Miss Penson, who has quite recovered her health and spirits, and begged me the next time I wrote to you to make her respects—so there they are for you. Mrs. Hervey said the same.⁴ Mrs. [Mary] Arnold is better.

Have you got [a] fashionable hoop? But [I] suppose you have not. You cannot at Bristol. So will show you one here in live by portrait.



Source: holograph; MARC, DDWF 22/63.

⁴The first name of this Mrs. Hervey is unclear. She appears to serve as a maid or care-giver for the Wesley family after they moved to London; and they called her "Nanny." She was likely widowed, by had daughters named Rebecca and Frances. She is last mentioned in 1785.

Lady Anna Maria (Huggins) Gatehouse to Sarah Wesley Jr.

[Guildford]
August 10 [1780]

My Dear Miss Wesley,

Your good father can tell you where I have been. It is true I have been neglectful, but did you know what pain you give me in making this discovery, you would pity, not be angry with me. Various troubles and disappointments do I meet with, unknown to others. "Providence knows better than we do what is for our good, which is not always what is most agreeable to ourselves, etc."

I was in hopes you would return soon and blooming, full of health. I signified to your friends we should expect you here to finish it completely. Guildford is a fine air and salutary, where no consumption, then too sharp. I was not willing to put you to the expense of postage for what I am very sensible is much more than it is worth.

Your correspondence, my dear, I never wish to give up. It is most agreeable and instructive. Your friendship [is] very desirable. Your desire of my correspondence arises from your tender blindness towards me. I am too sensible of my deficiencies innumerable.

I rejoice with your sincerest friends that Bristol has been so gracious to all your acquaintance to preserve a nonpareil¹ for the benefit of us all, your admirers. I shall hope for the indulgence of yours and your brother Charles's company when ye return to London, as winter will be coming on and your brother strictly confined. So make the agreement with your much loved parents, and personally forgive all behaviour in, my dear,

Your very affectionate friend,

A. Gatehouse

I received yours this morning. [I] am queer after the loss of 15 ounces of blood, but determined to take up my pen, that I might not rest long on the outside of your heart. I saw your friend [James] Higgenbotham last week at Russells. *He asked after you; he seems very demure.* Our assizes [are] next week, town full of hurry. I have some few anxieties and agitations ailing me at present. Excuse my scrawling more. Sign my pardon soon. Aunt Molly² desires her very best affections with mine; compliments to your good father.

I am very sensible of your partial affection, and can only assure you of a sincere reciprocal return.

Address: "⟨Miss⟩ Wesley / at the new Room / Bristol."

Postmarks: "Guildford" and "12/A⟨V⟩."

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/428/1/75.

¹I.e., unrivalled person.

²Maria Anna Huggins.

From John Francis Valton

Almondsbury
August 14, 1780

Reverend and Dear Sir,

I have acquainted Mrs. [Judith] Purnell with your design to dine with her on Thursday next, and I have given it out that you will preach there the same evening. While we were at supper I recollected that your brother had given it out on Sunday evening last that you would preach in the [New] Room on Tuesday and Thursday next. If you cannot stay the evening, we must beg the favour of you to send Mr. [Thomas] Rankin, that the people may not be disappointed. Mrs. Purnell and family send their duty and will be very glad to see you and, if possible, hear you.

I intend staying here today, and setting it apart as a day of humiliation, to implore mercy for all my last year's faults as a preacher and as a private Christian, that if possible I may carry no guilt, no uncanceled sin, into my new circuit. I am amazed at the love, favour, and forbearance that I have met with from the Bristol people. It is from God! It is the Lord's doings, and it is marvellous in my eyes! I utterly disclaim any the least title to it, and do ascribe all to the unmerited goodness of my God. That people lie near my heart, and I trust will never be forgotten of me. May the Lord Almighty bless your labours among them and admit at the last at your feet in glory the unworthiest of all creatures, dear sir,

Your affectionate though unworthy son in the gospel,

Jno. Valton

Address: "To / The Revd. Mr. Charles Wesley."

Endorsement: by CW, "J. Valton / Aug. 14. 1780."¹

Source: holograph; MARC, DDPr 2/58.

¹Also a note on the address page: "s[ister] Waling [[klgrn]]."

Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley to Sarah Wesley Jr.

[London]
Monday, August 14 [1780]

My dearest Sally's letter I was glad to receive by last post,¹ but sorry to find you had not forgot *the art* of falling down stairs, or rather attending to your steps (not that I attribute all falls to heedlessness). However, I am thankful it has not proved of such consequence as to confine you. But if your ankle is strained do not walk much, be electrified and strengthen it (as you are not fearful of that remedy).

Many rejoice (with us in this house) that your cough is gone. We are very glad to hear that dear Mrs. Ann Stafford is recovering. Our kind love to her.

Miss Wells agreeably surprised me yesterday by coming to dinner. I have not been at West Street [chapel] on Sundays, as it was uncertain who served it, and I must prefer Church [of England] service to a layman's officiating. I heard a young divine at Fitzroy Chapel, who promises to be a light in the Church by his sermon and pious performance of duty. His life, I hear, is equally agreeable, and he is a great scholar (one of Cambridge). Sam went with his aunts to this chapel and I was pleased to find he liked the preacher (an unusual approbation for him to express). I was told it was an excellent discourse on affliction. A stranger served the chapel for Mr. Dyer.²

Charles was not very well, but I attribute it to over-walking at Kew and Richmond Gardens. He is gone to Mrs. [Dorothy] Dyer's with his cousins this afternoon. I stay to write. I wish you could get your father to buy some cloth for shirts for him and your brothers. It is cheaper at Bristol and he may better spare the money there perhaps than here.

Dear Miss Jones agreeably surprised me with a visit last Wednesday as we were going to breakfast. She promises to pay me another before you return.

Have you called on Miss Temple, and Mrs. Hare?³ Don't neglect them.

Your father surprised me by the account of Miss Durbin and Mr. Horton going to conclude a match.⁴ Say nothing from me about it.

Good Lady [Ann] Austen is poorly with the rheumatism, very friendly to us all. I waited on her namesake one morning last week. She was quite pleased to see me.

I want you home when you are quite well and willing to return. I must only add Sam's love, and many besides, without naming (for want of room). I am,

My dear Sally's ever affectionate mother,

S. W.

I wish the frank may hold our letters, for I find *this* must be put into a cover.

If your father will let you have four shillings to buy me a yard of the best Bath coating for a petticoat, and you can bring it up, I shall be thankful. Let it be a very white one. (For the first time this summer) I intend going a country ride tomorrow in the stage to Kew Ches(?) and Mrs. [Arabella] Mitz of the party. Don't envy us poor Londoners.

Source: holograph; Pitts Library (Emory), Charles Wesley Family Papers (MSS 159), 1/37.

¹This letter is not known to survive.

²Thomas Dyer had died earlier this month.

³Frances (Perry) Hare, wife of George Hare (married in 1736), who appears on a 1770 band list for married men in the Bristol Society Register.

⁴Mary Durbin (1752–86) married John Horton on September 21, 1780, with JW performing the service (see his *Journal* on this date).

Sarah Wesley Jr. to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley

[Bristol]
Sunday [August 20(?), 1780]

My Dear Mama,

Thank you for your short letters. I do not wonder at it as your time must be, I know, fully employed at home, and by so minute a correspondent as my father I suppose is.

I am in hopes I am gathering strength. But I have now a sore throat caught by wading through the rain with my father to Mrs. [Hester] Rutter.¹ One night I coughed upon the occasions. [I] am but an invalid at best, and require particular care.

I was Thursday with dear Mrs. [Mary] Berkin. She is my present flame at Bristol amongst the superior ages. We talk whole hours away. Miss Betty is an amiable young woman, and resembles her mother—no small recommendation to me.²

I suppose you are surprised at Miss Durbin's hasty acceptance of a husband and *his children*.³ I wish her happy, but do not envy her either her choice or state.

Great advantages or *wonderful excellencies* must induce me to change mine. The more I see, the more reason I see for deliberation. Poor Mrs. [Katherine?] Hutchins daily puts me in mind of the sacrifice that must be made—no less than that of liberty. Miss [Katherine] Hutchins profits by her experience, and prefers it to the most splendid fortune (which she has refused not long ago). They both join [in] love.

Mrs. [Ann and Susanna] Staffords, with whom I dined today, spoke of you with tenderness Mrs. Ann is very low and weak, but out of eminent danger! I shall rejoice to see you all in health and spirits. I can promise to return with the latter. Give my kindest dues to my aunts, cousins, brothers, and accept them all, dear mama, yourself.

Address: "Mrs. Wesley."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWF 14/57.

¹Hester Farley (1750–1806), the youngest daughter of Felix and Elizabeth (Grace) Farley, married Thomas Rutter (1741–1800) on Feb. 8, 1780; cf. Sarah Jr. to CW, Sept. 6–8, 1780.

²Elizabeth Ann Berkin, born in 1768, would die in 1782.

³Referring to Mary Durbin preparing to marry John Horton on September 21, 1780.

Sarah Wesley Jr. to Charles Wesley Jr.

Bristol
c. August 24, 1780¹

My Dear Carlo,

I have just time to say I love you, and to send you a lively representation of a late scene at St. James's [on] Barton [Street] of a Sunday evening:



Explanation

- No. 1. The Rev. Mr. Charles Wesley coming from square preaching. The painter had not time to take a stronger likeness.
- No. 2. Brother Tenant, who is going to introduce him to a set of colliers.
- No. 3. The first collier, who holds out his hand and stands on one leg for joy.
- No. 4. This collier politely waits till his neighbour has shaken hands.
- No. 5. The Rev. Charles Wesley's daughter; she has a sweet smile upon her face, and stands patiently whilst her papa shakes hands with *all* the colliers, not knowing but she must do so too. A perfect pattern! *Dear lady!*
- No. 6. A Methodist sister, lamenting the vanity of dress in Miss Wesley.
- No. 7. Another, who agrees in the lamentation most outrageously.
- No. 8. A *Kingswood friend* who is sliding in the crowd.
- No. 9. Mr. [William] May, the shoemaker, who has many advantages; he can look over the people's heads, and has a fine *oblique view* of the Rev. Charles Wesley's face.
- No. 10. A collier who tells his companion what they wait for.
- No. 11. His companion rejoices in the hope of squeezing Mr. Wesley's hand.
- No. 12. The crowd of colliers marching forward also
- No. 13. A brother in line with him his own goose, notwithstanding [No. 14] a woman of *deep experience*.

Adieu my dear Charles. Believe me yours.

P.S. My spirits, you see, are returned. Pray show it [to] Tommy [Waller]. What a pen do I write with.

Address: "Mr. Charles Wesley."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes, 1/62.

¹Sarah Jr. was present in Bristol with her father the month of Aug., while the rest of the family were in London. See reference to sending a picture in Thomas Waller to Sarah Jr., Sept. 3, 1780.

Thomas Waller to Sarah Wesley Jr.

[Islington]
Sunday night, September 3 [1780¹]

It shall not be tit for tat, or I could that's what I could. But let me think what's first to be said.

O, all will go on regular. Well then, last night, after returning from my walk with my mother, aunt [Beck], and Charles; and my father [James] just come home; there came a knock at the door which I knew as the post, and rightly judged it a letter for me. "Yes," says I (as the servant brought it into the room), "it is for me" (fearing anyone should lay hands on it). "What's to pay?" "Two [shillings] and a penny," replies our youth. "Two and a penny!" roars my father. "Yes, upon my word, sir," says George. "It can't be. No, no, sir," I cried. "It is a mistake for though the Parliament is dissolved yet as Mr. Lewes(?) is in office his franks are free; for I saw in under Mrs. Lewes's own handwriting that Mr. Lewes franks were free." Here I shall cease description. Let it suffice that the postman and father tried which would be the loudest. But for all, the man would not go away without being paid two [shillings] and a penny. And my dad [was] not quiet till he went to bed, *if then*; and he declares he will go to the postoffice tomorrow and know all about it. And so this is all I know about it.

Now I said it should not be tit for tat, meaning that I will not send this in a frank, though I have got one. And now let me thank you for your postscript and letter.² And let me tell you I was in great fear last night I should have been very ill today but am, thank God, much better than I expected (though, by the by, very far from well). My old complaint, my dear you remember how I was taken last year, just so. Which made me think you would have had a sick cousin on your arrival, but trust I shall be quite well by that time. Becky is not come from Peckham yet. She thinks the country is of service, so we are willing she should stay.

Such a crowd! O, such a crowd! Thank goodness or anything you please, I do not go. Besides, the evening sun is full on the windows—it will be intolerable. Sally, would you like it? "What?" Why Bartholomew Fair or Bartlmefair is tomorrow, and my large-hearted father has invited of Mr. Fountaine's family,³ who all go with Miss Miny Dyer,⁴ and I don't know who. And Charles [Wesley Jr.] and Mr. Kingsbury,⁵ and etc., etc. Sam will not go because I do not.

¹The year is confirmed by the reference to the dissolving of Parliament; the 14th Parliament of Great Britain dissolved on Sept. 1, 1780.

²Sarah Jr.'s letter is not known to survive.

³John Fountaine (1706–87) took his BA from Christ Church, Oxford in 1730, where he was a fellow student of CW. Ordained in 1740 by the bishop of Lincoln, Fountaine spent most of his time running a school in London, though he was held the living of rector of North Tidworth 1763–80, and of Folkingham with Laughton 1779–87. In 1735 Fountaine married Jane Ann de la Place (1714–91). Among their children was Arabella (Fountaine) Mitz.

⁴Armine Anne Dyer (1747–1827) was the daughter of Thomas Dyer (1704–80), another fellow student of CW at Christ Church, Oxford, taking his BA in 1727 and his MA in 1730. In 1739 Dyer married Dorothy de la Place (1717–95), making him a brother-in-law to John Fountaine. While Dyer held the living of rector of Bedhampton, he was also chaplain to William Talbot and lived in the Marylebone parish of London.

⁵William Kingsbury (d. 1782) was a violin teacher for CW's son Samuel, who played in a couple of the early concerts by the Wesley sons. He was destitute in the years before his death. Kingsbury's last letter to Samuel was dated Jan. 24, 1782 (see below). See CW's hymn on his death in MS Funeral Hymns (1756–87), 102–04.

Third, for you: the information was wrong with regard to Mr. [James] Chouguet, as he is not come to town yet. Nor do I know when he will. I have a particular stupidity on me at present (do you not perceive it?), so will write my own epitaph and hope you all like it—and with it I will join yours, as it is

Everyone's Epitaph

Pause, trav'ler, pause – here cast the serious eye;
Council more true no monument can give –
Rightly to live is learning how to die,
Rightly to die is learning how to live.

I think I cannot make a better end than this, so that I am at this moment (what I have been for years and hope to remain through life),
Your friend and affectionate cousin,

T. Waller

P.S. And I believe that's all; no, one word more. My mother returns thanks with her love for your letter and picture.⁶

The faults of this letter are excusable as my head is not right.
I had forgot, Mr. Jerry Crane goes tomorrow to the fair.

Address: "Miss Wesley / The Room / Horse-Fair / Bristol."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWF 22/61.

⁶This letter is not known to survive. The picture may be that sent to CW Jr. about Aug. 20.

Sarah Wesley Jr. to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley

Charles Street [Bristol]
Wednesday night, September 6[–8, 1780]

My Dear Mother,

This excessive heat very much relaxes me, and for this past week I have been unwell, sometimes ill. Today I have had a tiresome headache. But much I hope from the journey and the friends I shall embrace at the end of it. My absence has been much longer than I imagined it would have been when I left town [i.e., London]. But one material point is gained, in the cure of my cough. And though I have not strength to bear fatigue, I have spirits to support my weakness and ease to cheer my mind.

My kind friends here regret my approaching absence. Today I called on Mrs. Combe, who treated me with great civility.¹ Everybody here is violently attached to the different candidates. Such female partisans I never heard before! I wish success to [Richard] Combe and [Henry] Cruger, and yet I shall be sorry if [Edmund] Burke loses it.²

The only reason, my dear mother, I did not write to you before was my father bid me not, as franks are no longer free. But I could not resist my own inclination now, though I have less to say because I have so much more than I can say. Next week will unite us, if no accidents unforeseen retard.

Thursday evening

I have been taking leave all day, and just packing up. I know not which is the more disagreeable task. Mrs. [Hester] Rutter most kindly parted with me. When she was in London she had not the shadow of a thought of marrying Thomas Rutter, who seems delighted with the preference she gave him.

Bath

My father's writing last night prevented my sending this.³ We are at length, my dear mama, in Bath, safe and desirous of hastening to friends in town, though my father will not leave till he has seen my uncle [JW], which will be Monday. I am at Mr. [Michael] Hemmings, and he at some good brother's across Bath. This evening we drink tea at Mrs. Skinner's, who we met at Hereford and most kindly invited us. She sends her compliments to you. Mrs. [Anne] Grinfield also.

Our dear Mrs. [Ann and Susanna] Staffords both cried at our departure. I am quite impatient to go forward in my journey, having only the melancholy recollection of leaving those I love at Bristol and the tantalizing thought that I am parted from those at London. Perhaps we may come up in the Diligence.

With much eagerness to meet I am, my dear mother,

Your very affectionate daughter,

S. W.

Love to Charles and Sam. I long to see them? And Miss [Hannah] Vankamp. Poor Mrs. Combe! Her husband [Richard]'s sudden death is a dreadful shock!

It is probably we may come on Wednesday; if not, Thursday. I suppose my father will inform you he is not determined whether he returns with me or my uncle. He very much surprised me by saying that yesterday. I know not his reasons. You do. I imagine this as between us. Adieu my dearest mother. I *shall* come.

¹Anne (Chamberlain) Combe (c. 1744–1809), who married Richard Combe (c. 1720–80) in 1759. Richard, the son of a prominent Bristol merchant had been a member of Parliament. He was again a candidate, but died the day before the poll began; see the postscript.

²Edmund Burke did lose the seat he had held since 1774.

³See CW to SGW, Sept. 7, 1780.

Address: “Mrs Wesley / Marybone / London.”

Postmarks: “Bath” and “[Sept.] 9.”

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWF 14/5.

From Henry Durbin

Bristol
October 12, 1780

Dear Sir,

Your kind advice to submit to the order of providence I acquiesce in. I am blamed by some for being so hasty in finishing the affair.¹ The character I had heard from all religious people of Mr. [John] Horton determined me and her sooner, and a private occurrence which is not proper to tell of but to few.

About a week before Mr. Horton came to Bristol my eldest daughter and her sister were in their chamber, going to bed at Bedminster. It being a very dark night, Molly saw in the middle walk of the garden a very bright fire burning without fuel, about two yards wide, spread out like wings. It then contracted itself close together, but was still burning very bright. Yet she could not see any sticks or fuel. Hetty called to her to come to bed and asked what she was looking at, as she put up both hands to her face to discern it clearer. But she did not tell her then, lest she should frighten her, but told me of it in the morning. And she thought it was a token of death in the family. But when Mr. Horton offered, I thought the angel of the Lord was sent before him, like Isaac and Rebecca,² which made me conclude the affair so soon.

The first time I met Mr. L___ I spoke to him and he answered very friendly, and shall continue to do when I meet him. As to London, I never wish to see it. But as my family are there, perhaps in the spring, if it please God, I may come up. My sister³ joins with me in kind love and esteem for you and family, and I remain, dear sir,

Your affectionate humble servant,

Henry Durbin

Address: "The Revd. / Mr Chas. Wesley / New Chapel / City Road / London."

Postmarks: "Bristol" and "14/OC."

Endorsement: by CW, "Oct. 12. 1780 / H. Durbin [[the fire]]!"

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/428/2/71.

¹Durbin had acquiesced to the marriage of his daughter Mary to John Horton within months of the death of Horton's first wife. The couple were wed on Sept. 21, 1780.

²See Gen. 24:7.

³Alice Durbin (1706–88), Henry's older sister, never married.

From John Francis Valton

Sunderland
October 12, 1780

Reverend and Dear Sir,

I delayed writing to you and your honoured brother [JW] till I could give you some account of this circuit. It is such a strange circuit that I have not yet been in every place of it. Probably you may have heard of the condition that it was in by my letter to your brother when I first came to it.¹ I have endeavoured to purge the societies and gather out the things that offend, and I believe God has owned my labours and given us a prospect of good. I never met with a circuit that so abounded with scandals, and of such an atrocious kind. But I hope all will end well.

My dear sir, I will now freely pour out my soul unto you, and I beg your serious attention, prayer, and direction. I find great difficulty to go on in my present situation. The journeys bring on pains in my back and great sickness. And when I get in to any place I have hard matter to get through my discourse. Tuesday night at Davyhulme, last night here, I could scarce get through my sermon. O dear sir, it greatly pains me! My whole soul is in the work. My spirit is willing, but my flesh is weak. When I come off my journey some of the accommodations feel hard to me, and sometimes the dirtiness of the people so turns my stomach that I can scarcely eat enough to suffice nature. I am very certain my hardships are not comparable to those of many of my brethren, but yet my painfully delicate and weak constitution seems inadequate to my suffering. What can I do in this critical situation? I find when I am in Manchester at rest for three days, and so at Bristol when I was at rest for a week, preaching night and morning did not hurt me near as much as a journey and preaching in a small room.

Dear sir, do you think in this situation that I should conscientiously decline travelling;² and so settle in some principal town or city where I might preach once or twice a week, and so visit the largest places in this circuit and stay a few days at a time to preach and visit the people? I could do this without being burdensome as I have an annual pension of near £40. Do, my dear sir, consider this and consult with your brother. I dare not determine for myself; but will, by the grace of God, abide by your conscientious judgment, though I die under my burden. I am willing to abide at Manchester for a year or more, and to act as a supernumerary in any other place as may seem right to my honoured fathers in the gospel.

I will continue my circuit as God may enable me till you have considered the matter, and can meet with a preacher that will be acceptable in this circuit. I really think that this circuit needs another preacher. At Oldham, where we have a good preaching house and near eighty or ninety members, we have only a travelling preacher one Sunday night in six weeks. At Rochdale we have near two hundred [members] and only a travelling preacher one Sunday in a fortnight. At New Mills, a large place, no Sunday evening. Stockport, only once a fortnight. Davyhulme, a promising place, no Sunday preaching. I leave these things to your consideration, and beg of God to be your guide, that you may both be divinely taught. I could wish to continue as the Assistant of this circuit, as I am in the midst of a reformation, and God has given me the hearts of the people so that they heartily concur with my endeavours.

I have written simply unto you, dear sir, and (shall adv)ise you to take the convenience of your brother, and in (the) mean time shall give myself up unto prayer. May the God of your youth be the God of your years. May he continue you among us, at least till my race of shame is concluded, and make you a general blessing to his church. I wish you all peace, dear sir, and am with unfeigned esteem and respect

Your very affectionate, though most unworthy, son in the gospel,

Jno. Valton

¹This letter is not known to survive.

²Valton continued travelling until 1786, when he married the widowed Judith (Davis) Purnell and settled near Bristol.

Please to give my duty to your brother, and Christian love to your family.

Address: “To / The Revd. Mr Chas. Wesley / At the New Chapel / near Moorfields / London.”

Postmark: “17/OC.”

Endorsement: by CW, “Valton Oct. 12. 1780.”

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 2/84.

Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley to Sir Edward Walpole

Chesterfield Street, Mary[le]bone
October 14, 1780

Permit me, honoured sir, to return my most grateful acknowledgments of your unmerited generosity to my sons and *me*. Mr. [Charles] Wesley and I count them peculiarly happy in your favour and patronage. They are duly sensible of it themselves and beg me to assure you of their gratitude.

I am, with the greatest esteem honoured Sir,

Your most obliged and most obedient servant,

S. Wesley

Endorsement: “Sr Edward / Walpole’s / present of / 2 candlesticks / to Sarah Wesley.”

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 7/22

From the Rev. Vincent Perronet

Shoreham
October 21, 1780

Reverend and Dear Sir,

I hope you need not be told that your company would have made a very agreeable addition,¹ and that it will be still more agreeable when your dear companion can come with you.

We shall all rejoice when worthy Mr. Ireland fetches the pilgrims home.²

I desire patiently to wait on God, till he provides me with a proper assistant. I want one who would encourage the flock to go forwards both by his voice and example. Such are not everywhere to be found.

The person you speak of had a title to orders, besides mine. Upon *that* title he took orders, and mine was returned upon writing for it. There seemed to be some little low art in the affair, which will make me more cautious in the future.

Your dear brother [JW] seems indeed to have renewed his years! May God be ever with him, and you, and yours, and with all mine, as well as with me, the most unworthy of all! I am, with much love and respect,

Yours affectionately,

Vin. Perronet

Address: "To / The Reverend / Mr Charles Wesley / Chesterfield Street / Gt Mary Le bone."

Endorsement: by CW, "V. P. / Oct. 21. 1780."

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/472/18.

¹JW was in Shoreham (Sevenoakes) on Oct. 17, 1780; see *Journal, Works*, 23:188. CW wrote Perronet soon after, but the letter is not known to survive.

²James Ireland was accompanying John Fletcher and William Perronet in their extended visit to France, Switzerland, and surroundings.

Sarah Wesley Jr. to James Brown¹

London
October 26, 1780

I had written a letter to you, my dear friend, the very day I received yours,² to enquire the reason of your tedious silence. Luckily I had not sent it to the post. It contained no complaint and was written because I feared mine had miscarried,³ as I should have been sorry to have appeared neglectful. Next time let me entreat you to be more expeditious in your reply.

Your delays give a sanction to my indolence, for when I receive a speedy attention my generosity obliges me to return it double-fold. I have another reason too for wishing you to be exact, your letters give me pleasure. I hope I need not enforce my petition or repeat it.

And now I will give you the most convincing proof of the sincerity of my professions, by complying with your request and sending you my comments on your letter. Your periods are generally too long, many of your phrases turgid, and your sense frequently obscured by your illustrations of it. But your thoughts are just, your style excellent, and you have the requisites for a good writer. I flatter myself it is needless for me to reassure you nothing should tempt me to remark a fault but the wish of removing it, and my advice is the most valuable present I can make you, I give you free liberty to return my friendly criticisms. Nay, it is one of my injunctions that you point out my errors. I think with you a stable friendship is the greatest happiness our mortal state possess. Nor do I agree with Brown, anti-Shaftesbury, who supposes it a sin against society.⁴ For I am convinced that those minds which are the most distinguished by universal philanthropy are the most capable of particular attachments. Nor do I see it an argument against the Christian dispensation that no rewards are promised hereafter for that which is so conspicuously rewarded here; for friendship brings its own reward. The virtues are all of one family. It is not one or two which constitutes a pious character; they must all unite. Nor does this union imply that *unattainable* perfection which some imagine may exist on earth. The best may err and still be good! None but a virtuous mind is ever susceptible of charity. Have we not an incontrovertible instance in our dear Redeemer? He wept over the tomb of Lazarus for he loved him, and his favourite disciple leaned upon his breast.

In the Old Testament we have frequent proofs of some distinguished friend. We are not forbidden to regard these, but commanded to love our God more than even these. As to the merit of fixing our affections on objects worthy of them, here I do not think it is a proper term. But though it does not prove our merit, it certainly evinces the *kindness* of our Creator, who has annexed such pleasures to life that they may teach us. *Engaging as they are*, they are trifling when compared to the friendship of our God!

I will add a short description of pity which I wrote at sixteen, and which, whether we term it “charity,” “benevolence,” or “goodwill,” appears to me that virtue the Holy Gospel recommends.

Pity wears the mantle of sweetness. Her eye is ever veiled, and her cheek moistened by the tear, for she speaks not—she boast not; but she can weep. Her bosom heaves with sighs and pants in

¹The editor of *UMFCM* suggests the recipient was “John Brown,” a son of Rev. James Brown (c. 1730–91), a canon in Bristol Cathedral, and his wife Mary; and that the son died young. We have found no record of such a son. But they did have a son James Brown (c. 1763–98). This son matriculated Magdalen College, Oxford, Mar. 1781, age 18; took his BA in 1785; was ordained in 1786 and appointed perpetual curate of Cothelstone, Somerset, where he served to his death (also being a precentor of Bristol Cathedral). Sarah likely met Brown during her visit to Bristol in July 1780.

²This letter is not known to survive.

³Sarah’s prior letter is not known to survive.

⁴See John Brown, *Essays on the Characteristics* (London: C. Davis, 1751), 330, et al.

sympathizing sorrow. Her ear is ever open to attend distress, her hand ever ready to relieve it. With her mantle of sweetness she covers frailty. From her breath flows comfort and from her lip drops peace.

Alas, my dear friend! You ask me whether age deduces its opinions from universal depravity, or disappointment? Much I fear that suspicion is the effect of the former, and peevishness the cause of the latter. No person of my years has had more reason to become a misanthrope. Yet I would sooner be deceived by all the world than injure any of its innocent inhabitants by an ill-judged conjecture! There is no snare so dreadful as suspicion, no evil so tormenting as disgust. The knowledge of mankind has not erased my integrity. I am more cautious, but equally *sincere*. You are become acquainted with me, my dear friend, when my acquaintance is less desirable according to the estimation of the young.

Most of my intimates are many years advanced before me. The glow of animating youth is divested of its madness, perhaps its charm, and I have nothing now to offer you but the experience of a mind which has thought much and seen much. Even my follies take a serious turn, and cheerfulness is my best joy! If these odd qualities should suit your disposition, I think I can promise you a continuance of my friendship. You may consult, confide, with me. I have vivacity enough to smile with you; and should I reason, you need not be afraid of my austerity. In short, I will enter into your amusement and contribute all that is in my little power to your information. Your ready acquiescence in my desire that you would give up novel reading deserves to be rewarded. Therefore I will name a pretty exception in that sort of writing: *The Man of Feeling* is one of the best.⁵

I do not doubt you are well acquainted with the much admired works of [Joseph] Addison, [Alexander] Pope, [Richard] Steele, and [James] Thomson. If not, they are a species of light study which joins the instructing with the pleasing.

I beg you will say everything that is affectionate and respectful from all this family to Mr. and Mrs. Brown,⁶ and believe unprostituted assurances that I am, with the most invariable truth and kind wishes,

Your real friend,

S. Wesley

Source: published transcription; *United Methodist Free Churches Magazine* 10 (1867): 463–64.

⁵Henry Mackenzie, *The Man of Feeling* (London: T. Cadell, 1771).

⁶James Brown Jr.'s mother's name was "Mary," according to his baptismal record.

From John Pawson¹

[Bristol]
c. November 1780

Reverend and Dear Sir,

I have for many years seriously thought what might possibly happen upon your brother's death and have sometimes wished that I might not live to see that day. But I have been frequently encouraged by often hearing you say how the faithful "God buries his workmen and yet carries on his work."²

You have often prophesied evil concerning us. If you can show us by what means those great and sore evils may be prevented, then we shall be very much obliged to you, and you certainly will do us a very singular kindness. But it not, then are you but tormenting us before the time? ...

John Pawson

Source: Pawson manuscript reflections; MARC, MA 1977/486, p. 61–62.

¹Pawson is replying to CW's letter of c. Sept. 1780.

²Cf. CW, Hymn on 2 Kings 13:20, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:188; and CW to James Hutton, Dec. 25, 1773.

From Thomas Carlill¹

Bishop Court
November 8, 1780

Reverend and Dear Sir,

This comes with my duty to you, wishing you all the blessings of the new covenant.

With pleasure I inform you, through kind providence, I got safe into Ireland.² Fine passage, went before the wind to Dublin's bay. Stayed a week, then set off for Lisburn. Soon began to feel the bad effects of damp sheets. Caught cold, terminated into a tertian fever. Through mercy I am now well.

I am determined to reform them in many things. And I hope by wisdom and patience to accomplish my design. But the worst is, here is a sad decay of religion among the people! Many have given shameful cause to the enemies of God to blaspheme.

Yet we have many hearers. So there is hope of a revival. Most of our congregations are made up of papists, Presbyterians, seceders, and New Church folk,³ which makes it more doubtful of any great revival—for my gift in preaching is chiefly to the Church [of England/Ireland] people. So that I am quite out of my latitude in preaching to the dissenters. However, I do as well as I can. I wrote to Mr. [John] Wesley, desiring I might return. Mr. Wesley expressed his surprise.

Arianism stalks along at noonday with us! I bend all my strength against it. Dear sir, is it possible for an Arian to be saved? Really, I have hard thoughts of them. Don't they deny the God that bought them? And so bring swift destruction upon themselves? God grant that Arianism may never break in upon us!

What a pure thing Methodism is when rightly understood. I look upon it in no other light than this: "We love him because he first loved us."⁴ O that this pure religion might spread and leaven the whole lump! And when I don't see this prevail where I am, I am tempted to desist from travelling. Not upon the account of the hardships I meet with. No, but purely this, I see so little fruit of my labour. That is the sole cause. And yet I have a real desire to do good in my Lord's vineyard as ever. But the Lord does not think fit to favour me with success. Therefore I can't think of being fed and clothed by the people and do so little good! I look upon it in this light, that it indicates God intends to lay me aside. I want advice in this matter. There is never any revival where I am, although never poor man desires it more. I bless God I am kept from sin, so as to bring no scandal to the good cause I am embarked in. God knows I love Methodism in my heart, and the Methodists are a people which I hope to live and to die with them!

There are many vile wretches in Ireland who hate my [King] GEORGE. I believe they would tear his heart out of his body with their teeth! Yet I still pray for and preach up loyalty to his person and government. I make some of them pull in their horns. What do you think, sir, will be the end? That's a fine stroke of [Charles] Cornwallis! Henry Clinton had given Washington such a drubbing we should of heard a cry, "Peace, peace to them that are near and to them that are afar off!"⁵ The Lord, in mercy, hasten the time, for Christ Jesus's sake, Amen.

I hope the work of God prospers in London. Indeed, it is the greatest pleasure in the world to them who wish well to Sion's cause to see her in full prosperity. O that the set time was come! I bless

¹Thomas Carlill (d. 1801) first appears in the *Minutes* among the Methodist travelling preachers in 1765 (see JW, *Works*, 10:304), though he could have entered these ranks as early as 1760. He became one of JW's trusted assistants, remaining in the itinerancy until superannuating in 1797, and serving as a local preacher until his death.

²Carlill was appointed to the Lisburn, Ireland circuit by the 1780 Conference (*Works*, 10:499).

³I.e. Swedenborgians.

⁴1 John 14:19.

⁵Cf. Isa. 57:19.

God, I “honour all men, love the brotherhood, fear God, and honour the king”!⁶ Whom God preserve!
Amen!

I hope you and family are well. I trust in God we shall have the happiness of seeing Mr. [John] Wesley in Ireland next year. There will be no danger. I pinch the papists, and not afraid! If I could but see the work of God prosper, it would be an heaven upon earth to me. I think in my mind it prospered in my hands more when I was at home. Sinners were converted, and societies were raised up. I lack wisdom. the Lord teach me.

Dear sir, I am in great sincerity,
Your dutiful son in the gospel,

J. Carlill

Direct to Mrs. Cumberland’s, Lisburn, Ireland.

Address: The Revd. / Mr Charles Wesley / Chesterfield Street / Marybone / England.”

Postmarks: “Down” and “21/NO.”

Endorsement: by CW, “Carlill Nov. 8 / 1780.”

Source: holograph; MARC, DDP# 2/9.

⁶1 Pet. 2:17.

Rev. John Wesley to Sarah Wesley Jr.

City Road [London]
November 15, 1780

My Dear Sally,

Some years ago, while you was at Bristol, you had a clear call from God,¹ and you was not disobedient to the heavenly calling.² But in a few months that happy impression died away, I know not how. It seems as if God was now calling you again. But you have many hindrances. This is just the dangerous time of life. If you wish not to be *almost* but *altogether* a Christian,³ you will have need of much courage and much patience. Then you will be able to do all things through Christ strengthening you.⁴

You want exceedingly a pious, sensible female friend. I scarce know any fit for you at your end of the town; unless it were that open, noble-spirited creature, Nancy Shorland, “in whom is no guile.”⁵ For the present your best helps will be prayer and reading; perhaps much in the method laid down in one of the *Magazines*.⁶ But you cannot pursue this without cutting off, as it were, a right hand,⁷ giving up trifling company!

To give you any assistance that is in my power will always be a pleasure to

Your affectionate uncle,

J. Wesley

Address: “To / Miss Wesley / In Chesterfield Street / Marybone.”

Postmark: “Penny Post Paid / WE.”

Endorsement: “Novr. 15 – 1780.”

Source: MARC, DDWes 5/6 (JW, *Works*, 29:606).⁸

¹See CW to Sarah Jr., c. Sept. 16, 1778: “My brother thinks you was in some measure awakened while you met a band.” Similar in CW to SGW, Sept. 7, 1778.

²See Acts 26:19.

³See JW, *The Almost Christian* (1741), *Works*, 1:131–41.

⁴See Phil. 4:13.

⁵John 1:47. Ann Shorland (1735–86) was a single woman who ran a fruitmarket, and lived on Shepherd’s Market in St. George Hanover’s Square. See JW’s description of her when he visited during her last illness as a “saint of God . . . triumphing over pain and death” (*Journal*, Feb. 20, 1786, *Works*, 23:385). JW spells the last name “Sharland” in this letter and “Sherland” in his *Journal*. We use the spelling as in her will, which included bequests to support Kingswood School and JW’s ministry among the poor in London.

⁶JW had just published in the Nov. 1780 issue of the *Arminian Magazine* a letter (to Miss L. [Mary Lewis?]) describing “a female course of study”; see *AM* 3 (1780): 602–04. JW would repeat several of the items in the course of study in his letter to Sarah Jr. of Sept. 8, 1781.

⁷See Matt. 5:30.

⁸A previous transcription was published in *WMM* 72 (1849): 1064–65.

From Robert Bremner¹

Strand [London]
November 18 [1780]

Sir,

I expect to have every note of the concertos engraved by the end of next week, so that if they are speedily corrected there will be a whole month for printing and drying them properly.² If there is to be an ornamented title or dedication, such should be in hand. I shall only observe further that there is nothing more honourable for an author that to have his productions very correct, and that the author himself is the worst person in the world for that purpose.

My best wishes attend your sweet family, and [I] am, dear sir,
Your very humble servant,

Rob. Bremner

Tell that ruffian Sam that I shall pay him a visit soon with a claymore³ by my side, and that I am determined to cut off any part of his bow hand elbow that gets behind his back when he fiddles. I cannot bear to see him imitate a tailor.

Address: "The Revd. / Mr Chs. Wesley / Chesterfield Street / Marybone."

Endorsement: by CW, "Bremner / Nov. 18. 1780."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 7/110.

¹Robert Bremner (c. 1713–89) was a London music publisher.

²Bremner was preparing for CW Jr., *Six concertos for the organ or harpsichord with accompaniments for two violins, a tenor and bass, two hautboys, and two French horns* (London: Printed for the author, to be had at his house ... and R. Bremner's music shop, 1781).

³A broadsword.

Katherine Hutchings [Jr.] to Sarah Wesley Jr.

Bristol
November 20, 1780

Dear Miss Wesley,

I received both your favours.¹ The first found me dangerously ill; the last, hardly recovered. I have been long afflicted, but into the hand of infinite wisdom I resign myself. How different an aspect do all sublunary things assume when we stand on the brink of eternity. This is a truth which experience must teach; without it, we shall never be able to convince the gay votaries of pleasure. Methinks I hear you say “Heard enough.” I will therefore spare you.

It gives me real satisfaction to hear you found your family and friends well. I sincerely wish they may long continue so. I hope your health is perfectly reestablished. I am almost inclined to reproach you for entirely forgetting the great anxiety I was under to hear of my dear friend, on whose account I applied to your aunt [Martha] Hall. Pray tell me, does your aunt receive my letters? My heart assures me she would not neglect a request in which I was so earnest. Give my love to her and tell her so.

I have a vast number of letters to write and an almost continual headache which makes writing very disagreeable. Be assured I am incapable of ingratitude or neglect of my friends. My mother [Katherine] joins me in love and good wishes to you and all your family. I remain

Your faithful,

K. Hutchings

Address: “Miss Wesley / Chesterfield Street / Mary Bone near / London.”

Postmarks: “Bristol” and “21/NO.”

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/428/1/150.

¹These letters are not known to survive.

From Ann Chapman

Bristol
November 24, 1780

My Dear and Honoured Sir,

It is a shameful time since I wrote to you last. The occasion was partly (I may say chiefly) absence from home, with a dying friend and with a sick uncle.

Did I not acquaint you of dear Mr. Griffin's death?¹ It was a blessed one indeed, the most to be desired of any I every yet saw. Whenever I think of it that text occurs to my mind "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."² No *only* in his last moments, but all through his sickness such lamb-like meekness, and yet such faithful dealing to his class and those who came to see him, as well as to his family, were striking proofs of his possessing that perfect love that casts out fear.³ Almost the last sentence I heard him speak was "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."⁴ Whilst I was standing by his bedside, beholding the lovely breathing skeleton, my mind was sweetly led into the cause of this delightful triumph over death, and I uttered these words, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."⁵ "That is my lovey's text," replied Mrs. Griffin.⁶ "He has chosen it for his funeral sermon."

At his funeral six men of his class held his pall, who (because they were mostly poor), beside hatbands and gloves, he had left them a guinea apiece in token of his regard. Except underbearers and relations, no others were invited. So his funeral was of a piece with himself. The minister said he never was at the like. The day after, the poor came (by appointment). About 30 feasted upon the overplus victuals—viz., roast beef, ham, tongue, fowls, etc., and were well filled. Our dear departed friend's behaviour seemed to strike with astonishment Mrs. Griffin's brother. She hopes well for him. Master Griffin, the eldest son, is a very sober, sensible youth, and earnestly desires to copy his father's bright example.⁷ [He] seems to be counting the cost, and is diffident of himself, which I think is a very good beginning. I do hope John Griffin will be a beloved disciple, and that a blessing will descend upon the whole family.

I wish I could give so good an account of my last visit—I mean to my uncle. Alas, I can only say the Lord knows him and what to do with him. the doctor has given him over. He is going to try one of your brother's recipes in *Primitive Physic*, which had he not a complication of disorders, I should think might cure. But I believe his end is near, though he will flatter himself that he may be relieved. As to myself, when with him I seem shut up and have scarce the use of my understanding in spiritual things. So that I am as in prison, till I get away. And yet reason and religion, as well as natural affection, dictates that I should sometimes go. O that the Lord would disperse the cloud upon my mind, and put words in my mouth, and send me to him; and at the same time, open his heart. Pray for me, my dear sir, and pray if you can for my uncle.

¹Benjamin Griffin (1734–80) of Chew Stoke, Somerset; see CW to Sarah Jr., Aug. 26, 1778.

²Ps. 37:37.

³See 1 John 4:18.

⁴Luke 2:29.

⁵1 Cor. 15:57.

⁶Benjamin Griffin married Anna Maria Butcher (or Bouchier; 1732–1816) in 1756.

⁷The eldest son was John Griffin (1764–1832).

[I am] please[d] to tell Mrs. [Sarah] Wesley Miss Gwynnes are tolerably well.⁸ I just sent to tell them Dr. [Thomas] Coke would take a letter for them, but the notice was too shore. They desired to be remembered and intend writing very soon, perhaps by post; it may arrive before this. I drank tea last night with Mrs. [Ann and Susanna] Staffords. They are very well and send their kindest love. Also I am desired to give Mrs. [Mary] Reeve's [love]. She is better.

Miss [Elizabeth Mary] Morgan I have some expectation of seeing home today. She has been at Stroud to have all the time she could with that dear servant of the Lord Miss Ritchie before her return to Yorkshire.⁹ I was not unwilling she should go to Mrs. Wathen's,¹⁰ for I have the satisfaction to find that my beloved friend gets good wherever it may be had. And I am through mercy in some measure made partaker of it also, when she returns from profitable visits. I forgot to tell you Miss Morgan was in the summer at Cheltenham and contracted an acquaintance with Penny Newman.¹¹ And I hear she has seen her again, this time at Stroud, and some more of the live coals in Gloucestershire of the Arminian persuasion, which I trust will confirm her in the truth that "The kingdom of God is not" (notion any more than "meats and drinks, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."¹²

I take too much of your time. Be pleased to give my respects to Masters Wesley, and love to Miss Wesley. Thank her for her kind letter.¹³ I don't deserve to be remembered by her. My late engagements must plead my excuse with her and many. An now, my dear sir, I will release you, with only my sincere thanks for your continual remembrance of so insignificant a creature as

Your affectionate,

A. Chapman

P.S. Miss [Sarah] Gwynne, I believe, has much real religion, and her sister [Jane] has sincerity. I love them and wish to serve them. A little I may, and by the help of God, will. But they need an extraordinary good servant, which is hard to find and requires great wages.

Address "To / The Revd. Mr. C. Wesley / Chesterfield Street / London."

Endorsement: by CW, "N. Chapman / Nov. 24 / Griffin translated."

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/502/2/9.

⁸Sarah and Jane Gwynne, daughters of Marmaduke Gwynne Jr., were currently living in CW's house on Charles Street in Bristol (see CW to SGW, Sept. 7, 1780).

⁹Elizabeth Ritchie (1754–1835) was the daughter of a surgeon/apothecary in Otley, Yorkshire. Her parents were Methodist and Elizabeth became active in the movement in 1772, soon serving as a class leader and teacher. By 1780 she was traveling and corresponding with several evangelical preachers, including JW. In 1801 she married Harvey Walklate Mortimer and settled in London, where she was again active in the Methodist society. She is interred in the Mortimer family vault at City Road Chapel.

¹⁰Ann (Iles) Wathen (c. 1738–1803), wife of Joseph Wathen (1726–86), a wealthy mercer in Far Thrupp, Gloucestershire, southeast of Stroud on the River Frome.

¹¹Penelope Newman (c. 1750–1831), a native of Cheltenham, was converted about 1769. She soon became the leader of two classes and a select society. Before her conversion she kept a bookshop. But afterwards she devoted full time to providing spiritual leadership to Methodists groups in the surrounding towns and villages, occasionally giving a public exhortation. She was instrumental in the conversion of Jonathan Coussins and they were married on Oct. 17, 1782.

¹²Rom. 14:17.

¹³This letter is not known to survive.

From Edward Walpole

[London]

Friday, December 1, 1780

Sir,

I send you the paper I promised. If it amuses you I shall be glad of it, for its credit.

I take this opportunity of desiring that you will not measure my estimation of the young gentlemen, your sons, abilities by my tardiness. It disgraces me, but cannot affect their established reputation. I know whenever I shall hear (and I still hope and believe I shall hear) their masterly and most ingenious contrivance for exhibiting Handel's great choruses upon two organs, I shall be in raptures with so singular and I may say wonderful a method of producing the whole of each singer's part, sung as it were by the voices of the organ, and by two young performers sung in a manner that they never have sung before. Mr. Handel himself would be in raptures, were he alive to hear them.

I am sir, with much respect,

Your obedient servant,

Ed. Walpole

Address: "To the Revd. / Mr Wesley / Chesterfield Street."

Endorsement: by CW, "Sr. Edw. Walpole / with Essay on Genius / Dec. 2. 1780."

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/428/2/85.

From Joseph Galloway¹

[c. December 1780²]

Dear Sir,

The letters I now send for your perusal came under an inclosure to Lord George Germain,³ who took them into the country with him and returned them last evening, or I should have sent them sooner. You will perceive by them that the horrid and impolitic practice of plundering yet continues, wherever the British army makes its appearance. That every measure to damp the spirits of our friends and raise those of our enemies is invariably pursued. That even Lord Cornwallis has not taken the proper and obvious measures to embody the loyalists for the defence of the territory as he has conquered it.⁴ That Sir Henry,⁵ at the head of 20,000 men, including a faithful militia and the loyal refugees, has remained inactive at New York during four campaigns, suffering an army of not one-fourth part of his numbers to besiege and insult his lines with impunity—when he cannot but know that this timid and indolent conduct will add thousands to the force of the enemy, and that his appearance alone in the field would most effectually prevent that supply.

May I here be permitted to remark, without being thought presumptuous, than when we consider the superior force committed to the direction of the present Commander-in-Chief, and the wretched management of it, that it does appear from the experience of more than three years that his conduct has been as bad, if possible, in every respect as that of his predecessor. Should the management of the war continue in the same line, it is impossible that America should ever be conquered—however easy the task—because the reverse of those very measures which commonsense points out as necessary to that end has been uniformly and pertinaciously pursued. There has been no change in the impolitic and indolent measures of the King's servants in that country ever since the war began. Every step they have taken during the course of six years, in the opinions of the most discerning men, have manifestly tended: to compel the loyalists, for their own safety, to violate their allegiance and take up arms against their

¹Joseph Galloway (c. 1731–1803), born in colonial Maryland and educated in Philadelphia, was an attorney and legislator who remained loyal to Great Britain at the time of the American Revolution. His effort in 1774 to settle differences peacefully narrowly missed adoption by the Continental Congress. Believing that the Revolution was unreasonable and unjust, Galloway left Philadelphia and joined General William Howe's British army. He returned to the city as a civil administrator during the British occupation and drew up several plans of union after the Declaration of Independence, with the hope that they might be used when the rebels had been defeated. When the Continentals retook Philadelphia in 1778 Galloway fled to England, where he served as a leader of remaining Loyalists and an advisor to the government. He also published tracts critical of how British military leaders were conducting their campaign, particularly *A Letter to the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Howe, on his Naval Conduct in the American War* (London: G. Wilkie, 1779); and *Letters to a Nobleman, on the Conduct of the War in the Middle Colonies* (London: G. Wilkie, 1779). By mid-1780 CW had become acquainted with Galloway and his writings (echoing some of Galloway's charges in MS Howe and MS Patriotism).

²The date is suggested by CW's endorsement and the comment that there had been "three years" experience of the current Commander-in-Chief (Henry Clinton, appointed in early 1778)

³George Germain (1716–85), 1st Viscount Sackville, served as Secretary of State for America in British cabinet during the Revolutionary war.

⁴Charles Cornwallis (1738–1805), 1st Marquess Cornwallis, was a leading British general during the conflict with the revolting colonists in North America, serving as Commander-in-Chief until defeats suffered in 1777.

⁵General Henry Clinton (1730–95) succeeded Cornwallis as Commander-in-Chief of British forces in North America in 1778.

sovereign; to raise the spirits of the disaffected and add numbers to the rebellion; to procrastinate the war and wantonly to waste millions after millions of the national treasure. What must be the necessary and fatal result of a series of such conduct, so contrary to sound policy and commonsense? Is it not much to be feared from the present state of public parties, and temper of the nation, that they will be soon tired of granting millions after millions for the public safety and seeing them thus wantonly wasted by the public servants? And in a fit of despondency, or perhaps of desperation, compel government to give up the colonies or to make peace on any terms? I wish this was my fear alone. But it certainly is that of many friends of the Crown and well-wishers of the present administration.

With this disagreeable prospect before us, what is to be done? If I may presume, humbly, to submit my opinion, the answer appears plain and familiar. The business to be transacted in America is both of a civil and military nature. And when its consequences are duly considered, of equal importance and magnitude to any ever yet transacted for any nation. America is to be reduced and government to be established in thirteen different colonies. These measures must, if conducted with propriety and lasting effects, go hand in hand with each other. In a business of so great magnitude, the men entrusted with it ought to be men of real integrity, above the biases and allurements of private interest, of real abilities, acquainted with the nature of military affairs in some degree, and well versed in the science of civil government, and of good address—by no means ignorant of the biases, passions, and propensities of human nature. His honour and his heart should be engaged in the business, and he should be capable of doing more by policy and address than by force.

Now the men who have been hitherto entrusted with this business have been totally destitute of all these qualities except the military, and even in that line they have discovered not abilities but those which were necessary to procrastinate the war. The present commissioners are both military men, who perhaps never thought of and much less understand the first rudiments of those principles upon which civil society is constructed. How then is it possible for such men to execute a most important part of their commission, the establishment of the colonial governments? Did we stand in need of a pair of shoes, would we send for a tailor? Or were we indisposed with a fever, would we employ a lawyer? Besides, these men are appointed to command the business of which is so copious and multifarious that it would engross their whole time and attention, were their abilities every so great. But more, the business of one of them is on the ocean; that of the other, wherever the enemy shall go—while one part of their commission must be executed on land and perhaps in a colony distant from his operations. Hence the impropriety of committing the civil business of the commission to such thus employed.

Should the continuance of the present commission be thought for these reasons inadequate to the great purposes intended, the measure pointed out by reason and the practice of other states in similar circumstances is a superior commission to be granted to a different person or persons vested with ample and sufficient powers to settle and direct all the civil and military affairs of America. All this may be done by the authority of the Crown in the appointment of a Lord Lieutenant. Ireland offers a precedent which cannot be controverted. The utility and necessity of the measure is so obvious that the great benefits which must flow from it need not be explained. However, this is certain, that without it no stop will ever be put to that barbarous and cruel scene of indiscriminate plunder which has already greatly diminished the numbers of our friends and increased those of our enemies. Nothing will be done to rouse into exertion that indolence and inactivity in our military operations which has already wasted so many millions of the national treasure. Nothing to recover the lost confidence of the loyalist. Nor, in short, anything that is necessary to conquer the colonies.

To have ignorant, faithless, and avaricious servants who attend more to their private interest, pleasures, and dissipation than to their public duty, is not the peculiar fate of the British nation. It has been common to all states. And where the scene of their business has been at a great distance from the seat of government, so as to prevent its immediate superintendence and correction, the only expedient of reformation has been a commission similar to the one I have here recommended. Many examples to support this truth, too tedious to enumerate, might be adduced from the practice of states. One however appears too apposite to be omitted. It will show what may be done by such a commission, conducted by

wisdom and policy.

1. Gonzalo Pizarro⁶ had usurped the sovereignty of the extensive empire of Peru. He repeatedly defeated the royal armies and reduced the whole country to his subjection. The emperor, then busily engaged in a war in Germany, could not spare troops to subdue the insurgents. He resolved to do that by policy and prudence which he saw himself unable to do by force, well knowing that the one was infinitely more powerful than the other in conquering an extended country. He looked for a man above the low allurements of avarice, of real abilities, and of refined policy and address. He vested Pedro de la Gasca,⁷ who though of not elevated rank in life was possessed of these qualities, with such a commission as I have described. This commissioner, attended by a small retinue, arrived at Peru and by his wisdom and prudence soon executed with success the design of his commission. He instantly published and dispersed over the country his powers and the terms offered by his sovereign to his rebellious subject. The former were found full and competent; the latter, just and equitable. Numbers deserted the standard of rebellion and came over to him. He fulfilled the terms he had offered and cordially embraced the well-affected. He embodied them in arms under their own leaders, in order to make use of their force, and soon found himself at the head of an army which he thought able to face the rebel Pizarro. But his policy and prudence did not stop here. He early found the means to spread discontent and disaffection in the army of his enemy; in so much that, when the two armies met and were ready to engage, a number of the rebel officers setting spurs to their horses deserted over to him. The greatest part of the army followed. The rest were dispersed. Pizarro and his zealous adherents seized, and thus the most formidable rebellion which Spain ever knew in America was subdued in a manner without force and without bloodshed.

Such is the power of policy and prudence, not one spark of which has ever been made use of in our attempt to reduce the colonies. But on the contrary, everything that ignorance, avarice, and a love of dissipation could suggest. Under these circumstances, I will not undertake to say that a like commission, and conduct under it, would at this time produce of itself the like great and desirous effects. Though I verily believe it would at the time of the arrival of the British troops in 1776. However, I will affirm, and I think from my knowledge of the distressed situation of the rebel affairs, the divided state of their parties, the yet-remaining loyalty and attachment to government ready to be exerted when ever called forth by a man whom the loyalists have had no reason to distrust and abhor and in whom they can safely confide; and that I can pledge myself that by such a commission in the hands of a prudent and sensible person the lives of many thousands of the king's subjects may be spared and preserved, many millions saved from wanton waste, and America be soon reduced to its former obedience.

Indeed, it is scarcely possible to describe all the many and various benefits which would flow from this measure. The following are only a few of them. This superintending being on the spot would be able, from the best information, immediately to discern what has been wrong and to trace the failures and miscarriages of the war to their true causes; to rectify former mistakes and to direct the measures which wisdom and policy shall dictate in [the] future. It would imperceptibly, as it were, operate in checking the shameful licentiousness, riot, and dissipation of the army. It would soon stop the rapine and plunder of the officers and soldiers, which ruins the discipline of the soldier and has already tarnished the character of the British government with the most barbarous inhumanity. It would recover the lost confidence of the loyalists, and secure a powerful aid towards suppressing the rebellion in the country. It would unloose those principles which have bound the recruiting service in chains, and greatly discouraged the raising numerous corps which out have been now in actual use. It would be able to advise and direct the operations of a great military force, which from its indolence, riot, and dissipation has become the ridicule of the rebels and an object of censure and contempt throughout all Europe. In short, it would soon produce a change, and a total reversal, of the measures hitherto pursued, which has been the only thing necessary to recover the colonies, and with them the lost reputation and fame of the British government.

⁶Gonzalo Pizarro Alonso (c. 1510–48).

⁷Pedro de la Gasca (1485–1567).

2. Will you be so good as to excuse the freedom of this long and incorrect⁸ letter, as it has arisen from long consideration of the total mismanagement of affairs in America and from a thorough conviction that nothing but the measure I have recommended can possibly recover them. If I am not too presumptuous, and there is nothing in it improper, you may make what use of it you think proper. If there is, I am confident from your former goodness you will burn it and impute it to an over zeal for the safety and happiness of this country.

I am, sir, with the most perfect respect,

Your faithful and most obedient, humble servant,

J. Galloway

Endorsement: by CW, “Mr. Galloway’s L[ette]r / about America 1780 / *si Pergama dextra Defendi possent etiam hâc defensa fuissent.*”⁹

Source: holograph; MARC, DDPr 1/31.

⁸I.e., uncorrected; there are several cross-outs.

⁹Virgil, *Aeneid*, ii.291–92; “If Pergamon could be protected by a right hand, it would have been protected even by this.”